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CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS,
PERSONAL, MORAL, DOMESTIC, AND RELIGIOUS,
OF
FREDERICK WILLIAM III.
KING OF PRUSSIA.

AS NARRATED BY

THE VERY REVEREND R. FR. EYLERT, D.D.

PASTOR IN THE UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF PRUSSIA, &c. &c.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY JONATHAN BIRCH,

HOLDER OF THE PRUSSIAN GREAT GOLD MEDAL OF HOMAGE,
DATED 15 OCTOBER, 1840.

*Author of "Fifty-one Original Fables and Morals," "Divine Emblems," Translator of
BOTH PARTS of "Goethe's Faust," &c.*

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DEDICATION.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

SIR,

THE very gracious and condescending manner wherewith your Royal Highness was pleased to receive my publication of “The Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III.”—your Royal Highness’s august and illustrious Father, emboldens me to inscribe the present volume to your Royal Highness; confident that my object, and endeavour to extend the knowledge of the moral virtues of his late Majesty, to the British nation—to whom he was personally and gladly known in 1814 as King, Conqueror, Ally,

and Guest—cannot be otherwise than agreeable to your Royal Highness's filial sentiments,—at the same time it affords me an opportunity of enhancing my tribute of gratitude to the memory of the late excellent King, under whose just and parental Rule I had the privilege and satisfaction of spending the most joyful years of my life.

With cordial wishes for the health and happiness of your Royal Highness and Family—and the prosperity of the Royal House of Prussia, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

May it please your Royal Highness,

Sir,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most obedient and very humble Servant,

JONATHAN BIRCH.

PREFACE.

THE favourable manner in which the religious selections from Bishop Eylert's work were received by the public, and the desire expressed by reviewers for additional information relative to the King's moral and domestic character,—have stimulated me to produce a Second volume from the same source: being in respect of paper, type, size, and binding, a perfect companion to the lately published “Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III.”—together, they may be considered a *full*, though concise translation of the Bishop's “Characteristic Traits,” so far as the domestic, moral, religious, and personal portions of the late King's character are concerned;—for the venerable ecclesiastic studiously avoids en-

tering on—what in a national point of view may be considered as of more importance—the legislative and military parts.

What drops from the King's lips (pages 135 to 150), in defence of Frederick the Great when walking in the park of Sans-Souci, and the account of his last interview with the illustrious warrior,—form an original and interesting historical document, worthy of paramount attention,—and particularly valuable to those who would *justly* estimate that renowned Monarch,—coming as it does from such truthful lips, and high authority.

ERRATUM.

Page 173, line 4, for "themselves" read "itself."

THE
CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS AND DOMESTIC LIFE
OF HIS LATE MAJESTY
FREDERICK WILLIAM III.
OF PRUSSIA.

It is desirable, and undoubtedly advantageous that the Prince—towards whom all eyes are hereafter to be directed—possess an external form likely to make a favourable impression,—such as gains the confidence and affections of beholders at first sight.

Socrates, who recognized the harmoniousness of nature, maintained, that primarily “a beautiful body was the habitation of a beautiful soul;” and it has ever been the wish of nations, to contemplate in their rulers the two united.

Nature had given to Frederick William III.* a prepossessing and imposing exterior,—so much so, that a

* Frederick William III. was the grand-nephew and favourite of Frederick the Great.

stranger walking in the Potsdam Park, struck by the personal appearance of one in simple attire—wearing no insignia of rank, and unattended—felt irresistibly moved to raise his hat and bow as he passed;—not knowing until afterwards, that that *one* was the King. It is related that the same has often happened in distant countries, where he had chosen to assume the strictest incognito.

It was not necessary to have studied Lavater, to discover mildness and majesty in the features and form of our deceased master.

The King was much above the common height, and his limbs were finely proportioned. His bearing was erect and military—at the same time wholly unconstrained—and gracefully agreeing with his stature. His look, which partook of the serious and tranquil, was agreeable. His high forehead and unwrinkled brow indicated purity of mind—his full underlip firmness—and around his mouth hovered a mixture of good-nature and natural satire. His eyes were dark-blue—full of animation and kindness—generally contemplative, yet indicating at times deep thought and experienced sorrow. His countenance was stern, intellectual, reposed,—never vacant, or as if moved by suspicion,—but open, shrewd, and truthful. When he chose to express satisfaction by a smile, benevolence marked his aspect: what might be

termed condescension, was in him graciousness of mind, for his eye beamed with good-will to all mankind. Never did human countenance more justly mirror forth the inward feeling—it might be denominated a panorama of received impressions.

Did discourse turn on the misfortunes or casualties of others—sympathy was directly seen in the peculiar movement of the features of his face—the shrug of his shoulders—and the remembrance-knot, stealthily made in his handkerchief.

His gait was firm and measured,—and the movement of his hands singularly graceful.

When young, his person was slim, and he never became corpulent ; but in his 35th year, when he had reached the prime of manhood, he was considered to be, not only the most exalted, but the handsomest man in Prussia—a very chieftain. This was most visible when on parade surrounded by his guards, the élite of the nation—the stranger had not to ask, “ Which is the King ? ” The best likenesses are that by Professor Krüger in unbuttoned coat,—and that taken of him on the 1st of June 1840, a few days before his death, wherein he is represented as standing at his palace window watching the ceremony of laying the first stone of the monument, then about to be erected to the memory of his predecessor, Frederick the Great.

The King's voice was less pleasing than might be expected, having inherited from his father, Frederick William II., a nasal twang; but as the *what* on all occasions is of more value than the *how*,—unfavourable as that might be to first impressions, it soon lost itself, and became a mere individual characteristic—nay, even agreeable to the ears of those who were about him.

As in everything else, the King loved SIMPLICITY, even in respect of his own attire.

His usual dress was a plain blue close coat, buttoned to the throat. Were he in the country—on the Peacock Island—or in retired Paretz, he then preferred the more commodious outer coat.

When he visited the Bohemian or other baths, he put aside all that could possibly indicate royalty, and then his general dress was a dark-olive coat, white waistcoat, grey trowsers, black silk neckcloth, round beaver hat,—and light stick in hand.

He was pleased when he could be a man amongst mankind,—then was he serene and buoyant, unconstrained and at ease—for he was delighted to escape from all that limited.

With reluctance he cast aside the garments to which he was accustomed, and he continued to wear them to the very verge of unseemliness. Were the object

in question a coat or cloak—it was always, “the old one is as yet good enough,”—neither would he separate himself from them, until his affectionate daughters, by dint of amiable solicitation, prevailed on their revered father to adopt the new apparel.

He generally wore the simple and convenient, yet significant, Landwehr-cap, putting it aside for the feathered hat only on court or gala days: on such occasions he wore orders, and dressed carefully, so that every portion fitted with the greatest accuracy his manly form. The Iron Cross was his favourite adornment.

The saying, “dress makes the man,” applied in nowise to him; for whether at the Coronation-and-Order Festival in Berlin, or strolling about the quiet streets of Potsdam unattended, and clad in the simple cap and grey surtout, it was all the same—he was King in every dress!

His desire for the simple and unornamental, was equally observable in his choice of residences, and manner of using them.—When he succeeded to the Crown, he did not inhabit the extensive Berlin Château of his forefathers, but remained in the small, yet comfortable palace he used when Crown-Prince — the same in which he died. The various rooms were tastefully furnished with valuable paintings and other

works of art, also a choice selection of perennials ; but decorations such as ornament the Great Palace were not to be seen there—he required not such in his more retired royal domicile.

The King was an admirer and good judge of Art in all its branches, and in the course of his forty-three years' reign, he expended many millions thereon. He built the Museum, and stored it with the costliest specimens.

In what may be termed his *own* rooms, pictures on scriptural subjects predominated, particularly those which represented scenes from the life of Jesus and his Apostles—and the *Ecce Homo* of Raphael, which was to him of surpassing worth. He took delight in making presents of biblical paintings to churches.

He spent the greater part of the day, particularly the forenoon, in his cabinet, where all was orderly, elegant, yet void of ornament. Potsdam was his favourite place of residence, and his abode there was the third story of the palace, on the side which adjoins the pleasure-garden and the long bridge over the Havel ;—these apartments are comfortable but small, and far from lofty—not equalling the suites of many a wealthy private individual. The furniture in his study consisted of a high desk, at which he wrote standing—a bookcase full of the German classics,—a corner cupboard,—a common sofa,—a small

looking-glass, and several cane-bottomed chairs :—on the walls hung ancient and modern representations of the Prussian army, and a copper-plate print of Christ Blessing the Children.

His bed-room, which was remote from noise, was rather dark, and without decorations ; containing only the usual washing apparatus—a simple camp-bedstead, such as every officer has—a cloak-horse—and a boot-jack. His bed was a hard mattress and light covering ; and on the small table by his bedside lay, together with a translation of Thomas à Kempis, various works of serious character. On the second floor the cheerful small saloon, hung with pictures, and its adjoining room, were alone in use ; the rest, which were state-apartments, being kept closed, except on extraordinary occasions.

The King, by his firm regularity, and simple living, preserved to advanced age his robust health ;—everything was done by clock-work throughout the day, and he was best pleased when nothing occurred to disturb this uniformity. The whole was planned out, and every occupation had its time to a minute. All who were about him were so well tutored, that each one knew what he had to do, and when to do it.

He was moderate in everything, particularly in respect of table enjoyments ; the pleasures of the gourmand

were therefore almost unknown to him,—nevertheless on court festivals, and when illustrious visitors were his guests, the royal table was richly served; and nothing *recherché* was omitted which the most refined epicure could desire in respect of elegance, variety, quality, and quantity.

The King neither loved, nor would tolerate the superfluous;—in the circle of his family and usual guests, his table was only that of any opulent merchant; even then, he partook not of all the dishes, choosing the plainest, and those thought most wholesome. He drank little wine, not more than two or three glasses;—yet he was well pleased that his guests enjoyed themselves, for hardly was a glass empty, ere one of the numerous servants filled it again; but his example checked immoderation, and never was seen at court, even on the greatest festival, an inebriated man. When the Court Marshal, on the King's return to Berlin in 1809, after the unfortunate war of 1806, asked “whether he should order a quantity of champagne?” the answer was, “Not yet!—not before all my subjects—even the poorest—can afford to drink beer again.”—He expressed himself well pleased when a fisherman, gardener, or any of the neighbouring country people, sent him cakes or other table fare. Of such presents he always partook; and when the surveyor of the

kitchen named the giver, he would say, “very agreeable to me; must make amends; put me in mind thereof!” and the presenter was sure of receiving a return-present.

Dinner was usually over in an hour and a half,—seldom lasting two hours; for supper the King took that which was light—generally milk—rarely a glass of wine. When he came to the crown, the Marshall proposed a more extended list of viands for the royal table, and received for answer, “Has my stomach become more capacious since I am King?—be it as it has been until now!”

His greatest enjoyment in the shape of food was ripe fruit of the best sorts; therefore he upheld with especial care the hot, green, and forcing-houses, established by Frederick the Great in and about Sans Souci;—and the accomplished court gardener knew how to keep his table supplied with the choicest—equal in flavour to what might be obtained in the south of Europe. After the congress of Vienna, when the King, accompanied by the Emperors of Russia and Austria, visited Italy, and together ascended Mount Vesuvius, they were presented with some of the delicious grapes that grow at its foot—well known by the name *Lacrimæ Christi*. The vines at Sans Souci being of the same species, the King had purposely ordered some of them to be forwarded, which

being placed in different flower-baskets, they were set before and partaken of by the illustrious visitors without being informed of the different place of growth ; and to the King's satisfaction the *Lacrimæ Christi* of Sans Souci were preferred to those of Vesuvius, as being fuller, riper, and more highly flavoured.

Every morning throughout the year small baskets of fruit were placed on an appointed table in his dwelling-room, and beside them labels with the names of all his children. Smilingly he selected and apportioned these delicious gifts of bountiful Nature ; into the several baskets, which he ornamented with flowers, he placed a label bearing the name of one of his children ;—each had a portion, and the already waiting servants took them to their destination :—such was the royal father's every-day morning salute to his children. Who feels not the sentiment conveyed ?—If the former anecdote may be likened to a *Symposian Dithyrambic*—then may we with justice denominate the latter an *Idyl*.

What the King saved of luxurious expenditure was dispensed for general purposes ; and never were the poor and miserable forgotten—for daily, and in all directions, flowed his noiseless benevolence. If Prussia, subsequent to those misfortunes that brought her to the verge of national annihilation, has, to the astonishment of the world, recovered her greatness so quickly in a financial,

moral and physical point of view, enjoying again extensive credit; such immeasurable good fortune may in a great degree be attributed to the virtuous singleness of mind, and frugality of Frederick William III. His moral maxims were the rule and guide of himself and family, and he made them to flow into and through all branches of the administration. As in every well ordered private economy, so in state management, the requisite is ever present, if inclination for the unnecessary and superfluous, with all its changing moodiness and endless desires, be sternly repulsed.

But this wisdom and moderation—firm regulations and serene frugality—must proceed from the uppermost, namely, the monarch; if fresh and healthy strength, shall invigorate the State-body.

Thence came our regeneration; for inasmuch as our never-to-be-forgotten King was a pattern of domestic life, so was he what the best of rulers should be—the firm, unbending, yet mildly virtuous father of his people. The following significant anecdote relative to his early moderation was told me by his confidential servant, Wolter, who was a truly estimable man. “When the King was a boy of ten years, and I had the duty of waiting on him, a fruiterer’s lad in the middle of winter made his appearance at his Highness’s apartments with a small basket of ripe hot-house cherries. The young prince was

delighted at sight of them, and wished to become a purchaser of the rarities; but being informed that the price was five dollars, he said, 'What! five dollars for a handful of cherries?'—and unhesitatingly turning from them, added, 'I ought not, neither do I desire to have them!' Almost immediately afterwards a shoemaker of Potsdam was announced, and I informed the Prince that the poor fellow had been long ill of a nervous-fever, —that he was in sad plight, and that his trade in consequence of sickness and exhausted funds had dwindled to nothing—that he was in want of leather to begin the world again, which would cost twenty dollars—that not having a stiver, he in his necessities had come to petition his Royal Highness graciously to give him that sum.

“‘How much have I got?’ said the Prince, with compassionate emotion. On my informing him fifty dollars, he instantaneously commanded me to give the poor man the desired twenty dollars in his name, with the wish that they might prove fortunate to him. The artisan received the boon and good wish with o’erwhelming joy and gratitude, and expressed a desire to be permitted personally to thank his Royal Highness. This the Prince refused in these words: ‘’Tis not necessary; ’twould only embarrass the poor fellow.’” Here have we the King *in nuce*. The young Prince estimates

five dollars as too much to lavish on cherries for which his mouth waters, and stoically dismisses the desired enjoyment,—whilst he readily gives nearly half of his small money-store to help an unfortunate artisan ;—then refuses from delicacy of feeling, to receive his grateful thanks, but adds to the boon a wish that God's blessing may attend it.

The pleasing anecdote has a thousand times crossed my mind when observing and meditating on the King's actions in after-life.

In tracing the King's INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES, the first and most prominent, and that forming the ground-work of the whole, was natural and healthy good common sense (*sensus communis*) ;—however strange it may appear, nevertheless it is probably true, that our present system of mental culture, which consists of so many heterogeneous elements, oftener tends in its commencement rather to crush natural and healthy common sense, than to awaken and vivify it,—for *that* does not originate in the understanding and its power of thought, but is connected with clearness and simplicity of temper, and has its force in the totality of the man : therefore in such respect it is primary, and the most precious gift of nature ;—and nothing better as a foundation can be wished for in man, or ruler. It is for practical life and its ever-varying snares—better than erudition,

and an isolated mass of dead and multitudinous abstract knowledge,—it is in life's chronometer, main-spring, weight, stroke and tick, and is indispensable to those who have much to think about, to judge of, and to decide upon. In a peculiar degree it was the property of the deceased King; and one may say with truth, that his natural, healthy, straightforward common sense, predominated in all he did; it was his help at hand. His life, rich in experience, had taught him that all and every matter, however brilliantly introduced and made prospectively flattering, proved in the realizing very different from what it promised. Therefore was he never led away by sanguine hopes, but ever remained moderate in his expectations; having learnt the important and difficult virtue of "being able to wait." His judgment for that reason was always sound and striking, being not only the product of his understanding, but his pure tact—not only of his clear head, but of his noble and feeling heart. Nothing in him was isolated but a concentrated flowing, and one saw in him a whole—as to-day, so to-morrow.

Thence originated, without surmising it himself, his calm preponderance—for the majority of mankind are fragmental—composed of patches. He might be said to be a form of a single cast, and therefore did his homogeny give to his *whole* preponderance; not only

valid in every day circumstances,—which would be saying little for one clothed in regal authority and loyally revered by all—but also in council with his ministers—such men as Hardenburg, Stein, and Humboldt: not that he undervalued their perhaps superior sagacity and learning, for he had chosen their Excellences to be of his privy council because of such qualities: but it manifested itself when, after long debate, opposition, and individual tenacity, they had brought themselves and the matter under consideration to a “fix;”—then the fast and complicated knot was generally loosed by the simple and sound views of the King; so that the ministers looking at each other with amazement, have admitted the solution to be proximate, and wondered that they should have taken erroneous views of the matter. His penetration and judgment were almost as prompt as Columbus’s egg-poising. In that which he thought right, real, and for the public good—supported by his divination-gift (*sensus numinis**), which told him what would or would not work, or what would or would not succeed—he remained decided and inflexible even *then* when all the privy council were of a different opinion.

Such has often happened on most important political matters—namely, in 1812, when the Emperor Napoleon

* *Nemo unquam vita magnus sine afflatu divino fuit, says Cicero.*

prepared for, and entered on, his gigantic invasion of Russia. The King was thereby placed in the most painful and frightful position,—for he was forced, through the untowardness of events and circumstances, to furnish a large portion of his troops to that powerful man—then at the culminating point of his greatness;—to assist *him*—his deadly enemy—he who had brought misfortune on himself, country, and people,—to carry on war against his friend the Emperor Alexander.

Shrinking from the hideousness of such a state of things,—all his confidential counsellors foreboding the worst, were of opinion, that with Napoleon (for he had distinctly shown his hatred of Prussia—and of the King personally, so lately as during his stay at Dresden) there should be no more negotiating. Therefore was it recommended by them that all tergiversatory measures should be abandoned, and the decided step taken :—namely, to risk the sacrifice of every thing for the moment, and firmly coalesce with Russia against France.

This view of the matter, respective of the then political circumstances, had much for it; and the most sagacious diplomatists were of that opinion,—not so the King; he was decidedly against such line of policy—for an inward presentiment made it impossible for him to acquiesce. “Who,” said he, “will guarantee to us

that if I not being strong enough to oppose, draw on me the French army,—and be forced to fall back beyond the Prussian borders to unite with Russia, sacrificing thereby everything—who, I say, will guarantee to us that the French Emperor does not change his whole plan, drop the intended war against Russia—and then in right of Conqueror, deprive me of the remaining half of my country? No; in such great worldly occurrences, we must not presumptuously anticipate Providence, but await the beckon: I see it not yet. According to my view of the matter, only two results can occur: if the French Emperor succeeds this time—then, inasmuch as I shall have fulfilled his wish in giving the demanded troops-in-aid—he cannot take from me that I have; if on the contrary he miscarry—which I ardently hope—then will the *future* teach what is to be done.”

How, through the wonderful assistance of the elements the King’s judgment and patience were justified—the destruction of the overwhelming French army on the northern Ice-plains, the world hath witnessed with joyous astonishment.

Who does not bless the determination of our revered lord and master!—through him the restoration of Prussia and one may say all Germany, has been brought about:—and when we reflect how he, in the most

weighty matters, where all was at stake, remained collected and still; and how he, depending on the inspiration of his straitforward, sound, common sense, spoke the wisdom of a Solomon concisely and without ostentation; then shall we be reminded of the ingenuous judgment the vigorous-minded minister, von Stein, passed on him: "The King is more penetrating, prudent and judicious, than any of us, without being aware of it,—even as the *truly* good man is unconscious of being good."

The King's clear *bon sens* void of sophistry, whether on great matters or the smaller affairs of the day, always hit the right point.

The King placed no decided emphasis on what he said, as is common with those who are egotistic—but all flowed from his lips pretensionless, clear, and void of ornament; therefore was it that his remarks were often heard without making deep impressions;—if however what had passed were reflected on, one could discover that his opinions uttered in so few words were pregnant with profound meaning. In the world much is pondered on, and much more spoken: yet how few are there, who, throughout a life of talk, have delivered one wise sentence!—clearness of thought, depth, and experience, combined with naïveté, are the requisites. The King loved proverbs; particularly those of our nation.

Such manner of thinking and form of expression aided him in the multiplicity and manifoldness of his occupations as Sovereign. His replies to the representations, reports, and petitions that daily came in, were generally written in the margins;—a selection from those resolves would be an authentic and admirable addition to his Characteristic Traits.

He was very apt at pithy answers, and his *coup d'œil* was so correct and quick, that he never had to ponder long. I will record two examples which came under my immediate notice.

When the organization of the Landwehr took place, preparatory to the great struggle for freedom, the authorities had proposed that the caps should bear the energetic motto, “Weaponless, Honourless!” On one being submitted to the King for approbation, he tersely replied:—“The sentence is too sweeping,—says too much, and is unjust: there are many worthy and brave men owing to their age, calling, sickness, family circumstances, &c., will be prevented from carrying a musket, and taking a direct and active part in the conflict,—who remaining at home will, through their influence, benefit the good cause in manifold ways: such may not be stigmatized as ‘honourless.’ No, no, the motto shall be, ‘with God, for King and Country.’”——

Mr. —, * was government registrar in D—, and performed his official duties efficiently and uprightly, —when in consequence of the unfortunate war of 1806 that portion of the country fell under French domination, † the registrar it is true retained his place and salary, but as the French authorities decided all cases that came before them off-handedly and without reference to the *ante acta*, they required none of the registrar's judicial deeds and rolls. The many-chambered registration *bureau* remained therefore unfrequented, and its chief had nothing more to do,—as search after documents for reference or otherwise was never demanded of him. He was married and had nine children, the most part born during the French occupation. His small stipend, never regularly paid him—often only in dribblets—no longer sufficed to purchase for his numerous family the common necessities of life,—and inasmuch as he thought Napoleon's domination firmly established, and the repossession of the country by the Prussians hopeless, he, from time to time, sold what he considered to be worthless portions of the acts and statutes to the shopkeepers for waste paper, and by that means provided for his family wants when hard pressed;—thus

* I do not give the name, because both he and his family are still living.

† Probably formed part of Jerome's Kingdom of Westphalia.
—T_R.

the registration, in the course of a few years, nearly disappeared,—unnoticed or disregarded by the French authorities.

After the fortunately-ended war of 1813 and 1814, when that country again fell to Prussia, and the former principles of government took place; the old registration bureau no longer existed, and the registrar, who had sold its contents, was arrested and brought before the Criminal Court, which, after legal investigation, condemned him to loss of place, ten years' imprisonment, and unworthiness to hold office again, or wear the National Cockade. In this dreadful plight—with a wife and nine children in want—the unfortunate, and but for this occurrence, irreproachable man, besought forgiveness of the King; and his excellent wife, whom I had heretofore, in my position of clergyman in Hamm, instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, most urgently begged of me to place the petition in the King's hands, and support it by my intercession. I held such to be my duty, and awaited a favourable opportunity. This ere long offered, being invited to join the King at Paretz.*

On arrival, the King invited me to walk with him in the adjacent park. My heart palpitated;—the pic-

* A retired village about 9 miles from Potsdam, where there is a small royal *château*.

ture of the unfortunate family was before my soul, and with emotion I said, "Your Majesty, I have a petition in my pocket which oppresses my heart." After concisely stating the particulars of the case, the King said—

"As respects the destroyed acts, the matter might possibly be arranged,—for in the offices there is more written than requisite. The world would not lose much, were it possessed of fewer of those *opera*! I know how I myself am teased by useless writings, and how sheets of folio are covered with what might be said on a page of octavo:—but 'tis the nature of the Bureaucracy.* The present case will greatly depend on, whether, amongst the disposed-of papers, there were any title-deeds and such like documents, the loss of which would prove detrimental, and perhaps ruinous, to the rights of *others*. Is it so?—then will it be difficult to help the poor man. I must be officially informed on the subject, and will order a report to be made me on that point. If however they are only acts relative to passed and settled transactions,—then one may be induced to show indulgence. The old order of things is past, and a new era begun; respective of the former we have much to forgive and forget;—it is to be hoped

* A word recently much used in Germany, meaning officials belonging to the civil government.—Tr.

the present will work more beneficially." So spake our royal master:—circumspectly and sympathisingly.

The commanded report turned out favourably for the Registrar, for it appeared that title-deeds and documents of real importance, so far from being sold, had been carefully selected and preserved. It resulted that he was pardoned, and attached to the Government office in M——.

When I presented the happily-rescued family's letter of thanks to the King, he mildly said, "I am well pleased that the affair admitted of such act of grace."

Many such instances of justice and humanity happened during his long and paternal reign. No day of his life was *sine linea*.

The King possessed healthy common sense, logically arranged, and at his command;—I have heard him speak uninterruptedly in conference on Church affairs for twenty to thirty minutes, with conclusiveness and eloquence, so that that which he purposed and desired, was expressed in a most clear and connected manner. He hated the diffuse and confused, and when about to be annoyed in that way, he repulsed the parties with "It's out of place—to the point, to the point!" He disliked sophistical and abstract combinations, and he never allowed himself to be bewildered in the transcendental mazes of artfully arranged ideas.

When such were on the tapis, he withdrew, saying, "That's too lofty for me!" He disapproved of depth without clearness; eschewed shallowness and trifling, and abhorred vulgarity of manner and expression.

He neither loved nor cultivated philosophy as a science; had it been otherwise, surrounded as he was by a concrete world, time would have been wanting to obtain mastery over it. Although not unacquainted with its historical outlines, he desired no nearer intimacy: for its prominent changeableness—as when one highly-prized system is repudiated to make room for another, and that in its turn is pulled down only to be recreated under a novel form and colouring,—had caused him to place little confidence in human wisdom. So that when books of such tendency were sent him, he was used to say, "I thank the author for this mark of attention; but I take no interest in such Sisyphusian labour." Then satirically smiling, he would add, "Most likely the old affair of Gellert's hat; it always has been so—and will be so to the end of the chapter."

In his early years he had heard much about Kant's philosophy, and had read several of his works, particularly that "On the Conflict of the Faculties,"* and was much amused at the question of whether philosophy was the handmaid of theology, or *vice versa*?

* Ueber den Streit der Facultäten.

Since then, having personally known Kant when in Königsberg, he spoke of him as of a powerful soul in a small feeble body; and felt a friendship for the deep-thinker, owing to Dr. Borowsky's biography of him, so much so, that he took an interest in knowing what strides the Kantian philosophy made.

Professor Fichte, although accused of atheism and driven from Jena, being at that time a disciple and follower of Kant,* the King nevertheless inclined to invite him to Berlin; and the minister Beyme, himself a clear-headed man, and fond of all species of knowledge, fostered that feeling in the King. But when after Kant's death he saw that Fichte sported a new system, and thereby drew on himself the homage heretofore offered to Kant—which system in its turn was obscured by Schelling's—and this pulled down by Hegel, who had been called to Berlin—the matter became too motley for the King—and he lost all desire to follow the labyrinthian march of intellect, in that direction, any further: yet he always evinced a lively interest in the prosperity of his country's universities, and other educational establishments. To his death he never ceased to invite to them the most renowned doctors in all the Faculties, whether foreigners or not.

* Fichte's anonymous publication, "Criticism on all Revelations," was attributed to Kant himself, until he publicly denied it.

With a royal munificence, surpassing that displayed by any of his ancestors, he placed the Professors in comfortable circumstances, and by their celebrity the institutions so advanced in character, that students who desired a well-grounded education flocked to them. He valued Hegel personally; and when he heard that Hegel had allied himself to Biblical Christianity, he rejoiced; but afterwards, understanding that it could be demonstrated that Hegel, in the use of Biblical expressions, combined a meaning to them different to the obvious sense of Holy Writ, and that the Hegelites were become disunited and violently at variance, he shook his head; and lost confidence in respect of philosophy in divine matters.

A lively sally, to which he refrained giving expression, was often discernible in his countenance; for he never uttered a conceit that was likely to wound the hearer. In confidential and intimate circles, namely, at table, he was unreserved, and when a witty comparison or innocent thought struck him, he freely gave it vent.

The conversation once turning on Russia and the General Field-marshal, Diebitsch-Sabalkansky, who had made himself renowned in the Turkish war; it was observed by Colonel —, one of the King's adjutants, a witty and amiable man, but who, owing to his "bonhomie" and numerous family, continually found

himself short of cash, and whose debts the King had often paid, "that he was especially glad, since the renowned Diebitsch was a born Prussian, and educated in the Royal Cadet-establishment of Berlin."

"You see, my dear Colonel," said his Majesty, "what may be made of a Prussian. Should the Emperor of Russia be in want of a Finance Minister, I shall propose you!"

This undoubtedly piquant remark was so good-naturedly toned, that it foreboded further pecuniary assistance. Not long after, when the King presented the same brave man, with whom he liked to joke, a sum of money which shall be nameless, by means of a draft on the Treasury, he entered it in the first book that came to hand under the following heading, "First Instalment," which presenting to Col. —, he good-humouredly said, "How do you like that book?" "Admirably," replied the Colonel. "The first part is precious; and I long to see the second." The King repeated the present in the same manner and form, jocosely heading the entry, "Second and Last Part."

He had ordered a carriage to be built for his journey to Italy;—when the Berlin coachmaker brought it to Charlottenburg, for the King's inspection, he said, "The main point is this,—will it, in addition to the comfort I required, possess the qualities of strength

and durability?" "In this carriage," said the maker, "your Majesty may drive to Rome without starting a screw." The King, by way of trial, proceeded from Charlottenburg to Berlin in his new carriage; but strange to say, exactly opposite the sign of the "City of Rome," the front axletree snapped. The King got leisurely out, saying, "truly the man has kept his word; I've got as far as the city of Rome."

Be it permitted to record one of the King's pleasantries relative to myself. I had preached before the King from Luke xiv. 8—11: "When thou art invited," &c. Led by the text, I expatiated on the virtues of diffidence and humility—recommending them as safe preservers of our happiness.

Being that day invited to dine at the royal table in company of many high in office, I hung back, and having entered the banqueting-room last, took my place at the lower end of the table. The King surveying his guests, called to me, "Eylert, you are probably applying to-day's text? But it also says, 'Friend, go higher!'—Come, take the chair opposite to me." The undeserved and unexpected honour, nevertheless embarrassed me. Such joyous temperament, however, was the exception, not the rule, for his equanimity and dignified earnestness hardly admitted of joking.

Inasmuch as practical understanding, in unison with moral tact, was his distinguishing strength, so was his IMAGINATION a subordinate faculty, which, far from domineering, proved only a collateral decoration. To give himself up to fancy, to describe her pictures, to indulge in rapsody, was no affair of his.

The wholesome tendency of his goodwill and striving, permitted not of poetic flights: yet had he, with a happy evenness of soul, a decided feeling for the beautiful. He was attached to music,—more so to the successful creations of the painter and sculptor,—moreover he was a decided friend of the drama.

Together with the useful, he loved and fostered the beautiful in art and science; but the useful, as being that which would prove most beneficial to his subjects, had the preference:—that secured, he turned with pleasure to the beautiful and diverting. He felt not what is termed rapture when contemplating a work of art; and to ecstasy and enthusiasm he was a stranger. His phantasy was the phantasy of reason and warm moral feeling. He hated extremes; and eccentricities, and all sorts of delusions, apparitions, and hocus-pocussing, occasioned in him disgust, which he failed not to express: therefore did the sanguine project-mongers of 1806 to 1812 never get his ear. One heard him often say, “I have no love for phantoms

and phantasmagorias ; I can make no beneficial use of phantists ;” adding, “ Phantasus was brother to Morpheus.”

EQUANIMITY never forsook him, whether in prosperity or misfortune :—such can only be the case, when fancy with its equivocal blessings is kept within bounds.

His MEMORY was retentive—a gift most important to a ruler ;—everything he read, saw, and heard, took full hold, if worthy his attention ; even figures and names were at his command, when in connexion with any circumstance or person that had interested him.

It appears hardly credible, nevertheless it is strictly true, that he knew the greater portion of his guards,—generally greeting those on duty at the palaces by name, when he passed them ;—such recognition from the King’s lips was highly estimated by the brave men.

When he journeyed to Westphalia, in 1799, he halted on the 7th of June at Hamm, the capital of the province of Mark ; before the government-house, at which he alighted, a crowd of huzzaing folks had assembled ; amongst them the King espied one of the tall Potsdam Guards in uniform ; he was the son of a sexton, named Koch, belonging to a neighbouring village, to visit whom, he had obtained a furlough. The King was standing at the window enjoying the gratulations of his trusty Markers, when he caught sight of the guardsman,

and opening the window, he shouted—"Koch, what are you doing here?" Being informed, he gave him money to spend with his father.

In 1810, the King being at Potsdam, was standing at the window—his usual custom after dinner—and beside him the then Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Guards, Von Kessel; looking towards the road he remarked hard-by a poorly-clad man, who, with uncovered head, was staring up at the window, holding at same time a letter in his uplifted hand. "I know that man," said the King, "he has a peculiar face; his name is Arnold Schultz, and was one of the Magdeburg garrison. He served under me when Crown Prince, in the campaign against France, in 1792, and was wounded before Mayence." Colonel von Kessel remarked, "Is your Majesty quite sure?—from 1792 to 1810, are eighteen years, almost too long to remember suchlike occurrences."

"I'll convince you," said the King, ordering one of his adjutants to show the man up. As he entered, the King said, "What's thy name, my son?"—Arnold Schultz." "You were a soldier?"—"Yes, belonging to the Magdeburg garrison; marched against the French in 1792, and was wounded before Mayence. Your Majesty, then Crown Prince, was very kind to me,—had me taken to the next Lazaret,—gave

me money—and ordered that I should be taken good care of.” “What, then, has brought thee to Potsdam?” “Alas! I’m badly off now. The French in Magdeburg, because I won’t leave off feeling that I’m a Prussian, have dismissed me from my post of gate-keeper. I have no bread for wife and children,—therefore am I come to Potsdam, to beg of my rightful and gracious master a little help.” “And thou shalt have it, old man,” said the King—ordering, at the same time, that he should immediately receive nutriment in the palace kitchen, be clothed from head to foot, and have money and support until he was appointed to some post. A few years before his death, the King was taking a ride in a carriage and pair, accompanied by only one of his adjutants, as was his custom, in the park. Driving at a slow pace, he saw amongst the saluters an aged man, a merchant of Königsberg, who, in the unfortunate years extending from 1806 to 1809, had displayed much interest and attachment towards the King and his lamented consort during their sojourning there.

The King ordered the coachman to stop, and calling to the Königsberger, who, with wife and children stood near—he by name bid him approach.

“My God!” said the King, “you in Berlin, and not call! Have you already forgotten me? I, how-

ever, am mindful of the loyalty and attachment you showed to me, and my deceased Consort, during our stay in Königsberg. Where do you reside?"

The King commanded that the whole family should be invited to dine with him next day; and such summons was several times repeated. When the merchant left for Königsberg, he and his family were surprised by appropriate and pleasing presents.

The King's character, as displayed through his prominent individualities, was conditional; at the same time enlightened by the quality and direction of his intellectual powers—having an active and decided mind—and that mental action always under control,—he was more guided by ideas than feelings:—whence, as a matter of course, the fundamental principles which fixed his character developed themselves. With his self-staidness, it was a never-deviating necessity of his nature, to have a firm groundwork for what he thought, felt, desired, decided on, and did,—so that in all that came before him, he, in the first place, dived into the origin and motive of the matter: was anything equivocal or impure therein, he was sure to discover it,—which dismissing in the most summary manner, there was little chance of his being troubled with a second application from the same quarter: were the matter of high importance—without directly inquiring into its grounds and

consequences, he hesitated, saying : “ Time will show—we must wait.” In such cases he deferred—not from mental vacillation, but on the principle of non-precipitation ;—and valuing the lessons of experience more than systems of theory, he became a decided enemy to all experimentalizing ;—therefore was his reign so full of interim-measures—often and severely criticised by the rash writers of the day,—who ignorantly overlooked, or maliciously misconstrued, the just moderation and caution of the King they would rudely school. The well-informed, however, knew that such proceeded from anxious consideration, and great foresight.

It is not to be denied, that his diffidence and reserve made him appear, until 1813, distrustful of himself,—and his tender scruples, when difficult cases of collision presented themselves, often anxious and uneasy ;—for in his conscientiousness, and knowledge of his duties towards the Omniscient Judge, the King’s character had deep rooting, and renewal of strength.

His character was real,—and from its decided truthfulness, proceeded the King’s other eminent qualities :—nature seemed to have organized him for that virtue of all virtues. In his manifold conflicts with men of all sorts and degrees during his long reign, he never intentionally deceived any one. His yes was veritably yes, and his no, final. His commands were self-evident

axioms. If explanation were asked, he was liable to feel annoyed; when so, he would turn away with these words, "It explains itself!"

Truth was his end and aim, and veracity the only means of obtaining his favour. It was impossible to stand before him without acutely feeling it—therefore have *some* foreigners admitted to audience said, "When he spoke and looked earnestly at us, we forgot all we purposed saying, and could with difficulty get out a few commonplace sentences."

His rigid love of truth caused his dislike of flattery: truly he was pleased when his actions were justly judged of, and the purity of his intentions appreciated. He quickly remarked personal attachment—and men of tact, who could worthily and politely say the agreeable, were not unacceptable to him—but the line of demarcation was most delicate, and a frown was seen on his brow if anything said bordered on flattery—for he suspected wrong so soon as truth was violated.

In 1836, the sons of the King of the French, namely, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, visited Berlin;—after many days' sojourn a grand farewell entertainment was given them, in the New Palace. At parting, the Duke of Orleans several times motioned to kiss the King's hand, who, somewhat embarrassed, placed it behind him. But the accomplished Prince, watching

an opportunity, repeated the attempt, saying, " My father commanded me not to return until I had kissed the beneficent hand that for twenty years has preserved the peace of the world." Thereupon the King gave his hand, and afterwards cordially embraced him.

A reigning Grand Duke standing beside the King at a window in the Old Palace, which looks towards the Museum, remarked: " Berlin has only become splendid under your Majesty !" The expression, as being an historical fact, contained no flattery, it nevertheless discomposed the King's temper, who answered in simple and pretensionless manner, " Circumstances have favoured me ; under the same, my predecessors would have done more :"—turning the conversation to another subject.

On occasion of the triumphal entry into Paris, at the head of his brave and victorious army, which was the most glorious and splendid moment of his life,—and later, his return entry into Berlin between two Emperors, surrounded by his huzzaing people ; no mark of self-conceit, vanity, or egotism, was depicted on his face. All who were eye-witnesses of that scene, and the events of those remarkable days, report that he received with perfect serenity the jubilating homage of the people ; and with deepest gratitude he acknowledged the singu-

lar good fortune which had raised him and his people : but when anything was said or done that would attribute the happy result to his wisdom and guidance, then would he say, "Not us ! not us ; to God alone be the honour."

Journeying through Silesia, the Clergymen of a town he stopped at, were presented to him ; it being Saturday, the senior expressed a hope that the King would attend public worship the next day ; "with pleasure," said the King, "provided you do not from the pulpit—which should be the holy place of eternal truth—breathe anything complimentary, or relative of myself. It is consoling to me to know, that every Sunday in the churches of our country, whether Catholic or Protestant, our one and universal God is implored for blessings on me and my government ;—anything further, would be sadly out of place—such inane absurdity I once for all peremptorily interdict."

Visiting a town which shall be nameless,—the Superintendent* read an inflated address : the King however suffered him not to finish, by turning displeased away, and saying to his adjutant, Colonel von Witzleben, "That's not to be endured ; the man is mouthing untruths !" Thereon, the King desired to have a list of the

* The superior clerical officer of the place.

persons invited to meet him at dinner ; and drew with his own hand, the pen across the superintendent's name.

A talented young clergyman, who had the gift of oratory, was recommended by the proper authorities to fill the office of chaplain to a division of the guards. The King desired he should preach his probationary sermon in the Court and Garrison church in Potsdam,* purposing to be present.

The candidate spoke eloquently on heroism ; as however in due course of winding up, he proceeded to apply what he had said, to the King and the Prussian army in unmeasured terms of praise ; the King, who was otherwise noted for sitting still and paying undivided and devotional attentions, became uneasy, stood up, and surveyed the church. Afterwards he expressed to me his displeasure, thus, " That ecclesiastic has never made the Bible his study—at least he has not possessed himself of its spirit ; otherwise he would have known that the Divine Word compliments not human beings. A clergyman who would make my soldiers self-sufficient—and thereby drowsy—is of no use."

When the King and Family returned from Königsberg, he celebrated the Good Friday of 1810 by taking,

* It may be thought strange that that Church is always so denominated, instead of by a saint's name ;—it never had a saintly patron appointed to it.—Tr.

for the first time, after three melancholy years of absence, the Lord's Supper with his parishioners in the Potsdam church.

The pious re-union of our country's King with his neighbours in a holy place, so filled all hearts with gladness, that I thought it right to utter a few words relating to past circumstances and the King's presence, in the most delicate manner possible. But even that displeased him. "I thank you," said he, "for your sermon; nevertheless I was annoyed to hear my name mentioned with praise when expounding the Divine Word."

Even in short addresses, on occasions of family festivals, such as betrothments, christenings, and also at the Coronation and Order Festival, he forbade all personal allusions, and thereby confined the speaker's oratory,—for exactly on such opportunities, delicate references to character and circumstance occasion the chief interest. I therefore made bold to observe, "that that festival, in its intentions, was a royal festival; and that the reigning King, in his own person, was its centre and soul. If, therefore, one were not allowed to touch on past and present circumstances, connexions, and necessities of the times, wherein the whole point of such addresses lay, then would they lose all interest, by creating no sensation. "That must you," said the

King, "as orator, having such *difficult* speeches to deliver, know best. But when you would make *points*, I must request that you will not especially and personally point at me;" then amiably smiling, "if you must interweave some praises,—do pray be merciful with them."

Nothing in him or about him was studied, nothing artfully adopted, no bridling up, as it is called: firm in body, mind, and intentions, he could, and dared do, what his heart dictated;—ever the same, whether conversing with the Emperor Alexander, or in his grey coat and field-cap pacing the quiet streets of Potsdam without attendant, or hastily placing, that he might not be observed, a piece of gold in the hat of a poor person standing by the roadside. His ruling principles were never dependant on the changing temper of a mutable policy—never dependant on the now favourable, now unfavourable, influence of those around him, or occurring events; yet truly was he—since there are circumstances happening in a King's life which are not always to be constrained—often forced to tack and accommodate himself to the times; but in a purposed matter, which he was once convinced was right, real, and lasting, and more particularly so, if misfortune had etched it in, he was, one may say, obstinate and unmoveable,—and under no circumstances did he give it up.

In matters of every-day life he was condescendingly

tractable; but when privy councillors and ministers in important affairs proceeded on principles opposed to his own, they could make nothing of him; of which many examples might be offered. "Fear God; act justly; shy no man; right must ever remain right, and at last be topmost;" were the keen and sententious expressions we have often heard him use when weighty matters were under discussion. To sanction anything that was contrary to his conviction, he called a sin which can never be forgiven.

No potentate ever possessed, in a greater and fuller measure, the love and attachment of his people, and never did a ruler do less, by artificial means, to obtain that love, or gain popularity.

Of such there was no trace in our King's conduct. The love and confidence of his people was his highest desire, his choicest good; but the means by which he obtained it was to his dying day of a very different nature. Popular he was in the noblest and fullest sense, if under that word is meant feelings of honour and reverence, entertained by all classes towards the sovereign. Nevertheless, through his apparently morose earnestness, natural taciturnity, abruptness, and off-hand despatch, he was thought unpopular by those who saw him once and no more—an opinion often entertained and rashly promulgated. Taught by long experience of mankind,—

that the generality, when seeking their own advantage, are feigning and importunate, he was in most cases unapproachable to personal and *vivâ voce* representations,—and seldom granted those with supplications a private audience. He did not like petitions to be presented to him in the street, and therefore refused to accept them, saying, “ You know where I live !”

On occasion of the King’s return from St. Petersburg in 1818, he found the road in the near approach to Elbing crowded with people, who intended to take the horses from his carriage and draw him with huzzas into the town. His adjutant, General von Witzleben, who had preceded him, knowing that such servile demonstrations of homage would displease the King, exerted himself to prevent the well-meaning people from such like display of loyalty, but in vain ; they maintained it to be proper and suited to their feelings. When the King arrived, and was received by loud shouts, he thanked them most cordially. But when they began to unhook his horses, and saw the folk ready to draw his carriage, the King forbade them in these words, “ It is beneath the dignity of man to do services which belong to the beast ; my love for my subjects is too great to accept of such debasement.” But these mild words did but animate and strengthen the masses in their purpose. The King now saw in their perse-

verance, disobedience, and became vehement,—commanding that those who resisted orders should be forthwith taken into custody. Several were arrested, and the West Prussian authorities put the matter in train before the criminal court ; but it was quashed by the King's word of mouth, who took that opportunity to make known, that he never would accept of demonstrations of attachment, in which respect for the dignity of man was wounded.

Still more displeased was he when passing through another town. He was returning from Paris, *incognito*, and without attendants :—immediately on his arrival, he proceeded on foot, in his grey upper-coat, to the celebrated cathedral. In the mean time the news of his arrival had got spread amongst the people, and the town was in movement. Crowds traced him to the church, and in unison with their feelings, gave the King, who was earnestly contemplating the beautiful edifice,* a jubilating three times three.

This display of homage, in a highly sacred place, vexed the King, and he loudly reprimanded them.

His sympathy for the misfortunes of others was so lively, as to be, on all occasions, strongly depicted on his face ;—if such met his eye, he did not pass on to avoid

* Probably Cologne.—Tr.

unpleasant sensations, but instituted careful enquiry into all the circumstances, also as to the manner in which help, that was sure to follow, could be best administered. Having severely suffered himself, he poignantly felt for the guiltless sufferings of others, and delicately relieved ; in respect of such feelings, it is characteristic that he, although a great friend of the drama, had a decided disinclination for tragedy, which during his stay in Berlin and Potsdam was seldom performed. I have often heard him say, " Life has enough of tragedies ; there is no necessity for having them exaggerated on the stage, which on the whole blunts feeling ; one ought rather to seek strength to oppose new troubles, by that which is cheerful."

His greatest regal burthen was what he called the " pitiable right of life and death." Most reluctantly, and after much mental conflict, did he sign a death-warrant ; and the privy counsellor Albrecht informed me that it was always done with a trembling hand ; moreover, he would remain for some time afterwards silent and contemplative. He generally mitigated the sentence of death to imprisonment ; and when, owing to the weight of the crime, such was inevitable, he nevertheless required another report from the criminal judge, at the same time expressing a wish that some circumstance in extenuation, might be discovered. Was such

impossible, he put the matter from him, until he was repeatedly reminded thereof. He had one word for all subjects that pressed heavily on his soul, namely, "horrible," and it was uttered in a tone of anguish.

From this psychological point of view, we may judge of the King's deportment on occasion of the famous criminal process against Fonk, condemned to death by the Assize Court: which sentence the King hesitated to confirm, because he could not convince himself of its righteousness. He had me summoned to his presence. I found the King pacing the room in great agitation, because of the accounts which had reached him, namely, that the plaintiff and other enemies of the unfortunate Fonk, overjoyed at the sentence of death, had sent out invitations for a ball. "Horrible!" shouted the King, "to rejoice that a human being should be condemned to death: when such feelings and expressions break forth, the passion of party-spirit governs—prejudicing investigation. Such joy is satanic. God forbid! my conscience is against it," &c. &c.*

* P. A. Fonk, of Cologne, was charged with having murdered a Mr. Cönen of the same place, on the 9th of November 1816; he was twice tried and acquitted: the 3rd of November, 1820, he was arrested again, and, on doubtful evidence, condemned to death by the Treves Assize Court, on 22nd of August, 1822. The king pardoned him in 1823, and moreover paid the whole of the law charges, amounting to above 10,000*l*. Fonk died in 1832.—Tr.

This tenderness extended to men and things ; and, in his long reign of forty-three years, it often came into practice. The world is partially informed thereof, but the extent has never been made public.

Myself, through many years, even to the end of his life, was constantly the instrument of his benevolences. He gave me permission to name the diffident house-poor of the town and my parish—and I forthwith received from himself or private chamberlain Wolter, later Timm, invariably more than requested. Often have I been the bearer of his gifts—carrying in his name help and comfort to the dwellings of poverty and secret sufferings. It was no agreeable affair when, at the request of the sick or dying, I had promised to thank the King for the received kindnesses,—because of the difficulty of enunciating their gratitude in such short and simple manner as to be agreeable to him. The most part, and even best of men, are pleased to hear expressions of thanks ; and their faces brighten up at grateful remembrance of favours. With him it was otherwise : he neither expected, desired, nor tolerated acknowledgment of simple charities,—and his countenance became clouded when thanks were in a measure forced on him.

The impoverished widow,—of a major in the army whom he had valued—was for many years the object of his benevolent care. When about to die, she communicated

to me several commissions to the King, and I was forced to give her my hand as pledge that I would bear her grateful thanks to his Majesty for the kindnesses which she had unintermittingly received. After I had fulfilled my promise in a few simple words, he said, half turned away, "It is unpleasant to me to hear these things mentioned. The trifling good that may be in such matters is lost through much talk. You know the beautiful saying, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right doeth!'" He then left me, evidently excited, at the same time passing his hand over his eyes to conceal emotion. I must add, that the widow left behind her several children unprovided for, besides poor relatives. The King ordered detailed enquiries to be made about them, whereupon he sent the required help—but chose in that instance *another* to be the bearer.

One cannot say that his benevolences flowed from a joyous confidence in mankind: for the afflicting and dejecting experiences of the year 1806,—when disloyalty, deceit, weakness, and forgetfulness of duty seized those in whom he had confided, and on whom he had lavished riches, honours, and dignities,—yet who in the hour of danger and necessity, treacherously abandoned him,—had weakened his faith in man; and if later experience of an opposite character again raised and

cheered his confidence, there nevertheless remained in his soul the resonance of what had happened, and it cannot be denied that his caution often bordered on distrust.

This approximation to distrust caused him to appear, so long as things and persons were new to him, reserved, distant, hesitating, and sometimes shy. It was, therefore, characteristic to remark the measuring glance he cast towards those who presented themselves for the first time;—he surveyed them from head to foot as though he would penetrate to their thoughts. Before he let himself into a conversation on the purport of the interview, he put out what I may call his feelers; and if a chain of questions which he sent in advance was not clearly and promptly answered to his satisfaction, he broke off, fixing another day and hour for the business on hand.

It was difficult to obtain his confidence—which could only be acquired by degrees;—he sometimes, with intentions of testing, gave commissions of a nature not likely to proclaim his drift;—he directed his scrutinizing eye towards mind and motive, and only when he considered that all was straightforward and upright, did he turn his heart towards the new candidate. Once possessed of his good opinion, one held it by

frank and honest conduct, for ever :—then was his ear deaf to all inimical insinuations.

His caution was eminently conspicuous when officers were to be chosen for important situations in the departments of State or Church.

Called on to recommend for a responsible ecclesiastical post an able and fully-qualified clergyman,—possessing the requisites of learned theologian, pulpit orator, and active man of business,—I consulted Drs. Knapp and Niemeyer of Halle on the subject, and at length proposed the one we jointly considered most fitting. However urgently I supported my choice by applicable arguments, the King was by no means satisfied. “As to what relates to the proposed person’s learning and scientific knowledge,” said the King, “I must take the judgment of the learned men, who, better understanding *those* matters, have recommended him. So far being in order, it behoves that I should know whether the man is a true Christian, and his moral life exemplary ;—otherwise, talent and learning are unavailable : for evil example destroys the good created by doctrine, and vexations and personal scandal follow ;—so that at last *I* am reproached for having nominated him.”

To such cogent argument I could merely reply, “What passes in the bosom of man, can be only known to the

Omniscient—no mortal can be security for the conscientiousness and moral rectitude of another:—nevertheless, the recommended person has produced distinguished testimonials from credible witnesses, as well as from all his parishioners.” As I added, “Were I not to place faith in such vouchers, then must I place no faith in mankind.” The King said, “As respects pinning one’s faith on the veracity of mankind—there’s not much to boast of in that quarter; my faith thereon is very shaky.” The result was, that after the King had heard him preach,—neither his person, delivery, form, nor contents of his sermon pleased him,—and consequently he was *not* appointed.

The miseries attendant on unsuccessful warfare, had been experienced by the King in manner and measure known to few; he had drunk of the bitter cup to the dregs,—yet never was its bitterness imparted to others. His temper partook of earnest sadness, and in it he embalmed and preserved his mildness: therefore were his benevolences the result of reflection, not of momentary impulse.

Often, when about to be sent on such gracious errands, I have heard him say, “God has helped me; shall I not, with the powers which have been entrusted to me, render help?” In such spirit he thought and did. Walking along Potsdam High Street with

a single adjutant, the latter would spring forward to disperse a swarm of joyous boys who were playing at top on the broad smooth flag-stones, thereby blocking up the King's path; but the King caught the adjutant by the arm, saying as he stepped into the carriage-way, "Have you never played at top?—Such happy children must not be unnecessarily disturbed, and thereby grieved. Our youthful days are few!"—On another occasion, a handsome pastry-cook boy, belonging to Potsdam, was carrying out a cake, when his foot slipping he fell, and smash went the dish;—he was bitterly crying, just as the King happened to pass. Without further remark, the King said to the boy, gently patting his cheek at the same time, "Come along with me!" The lad followed tremblingly. Arrived at the palace, the King desired a handsome dish and a large cake on it, to be brought from the palace confectionary, with which he gladdened the unlucky boy, saying, "More careful in future." Not long after, having desired inquiries to be made,—which turned out in the lad's favour,—the King ordered him to be placed under the palace confectioner.

His Majesty, in officer's undress uniform void of star, whilst walking in Potsdam accompanied by one of his daughters, was followed by a poor boy who knew him not, and who had run beside them for some time

with a basket containing neat little purses, which ever and anon he presented; begging hard that he would buy one. The supposed subaltern officer repulsed the child—who however continued to press a purchase. “Ah, Mr. Lieutenant, do buy *one* purse of me; it only costs six groschen;*—if you don’t want one for yourself, you can make a present to the handsome lady who has hold of your arm!” Again repulsed, the little fellow, sighing from the bottom of his heart, muttered, “Well! we shan’t have any dinner to-day.” The King halted, and took from the urchin’s basket *six purses*, putting at same time a double Fredericks d’or† into the child’s hand.

The lad eyed the piece of gold, and said, “Kind Mr. Lieutenant! pay me rather in groschen, for I’ve no money, and can’t give you change.” Touched by the simple honesty of the child, who with innocent and open countenance looked up at him,—he inquired his name and condition of the family, and was answered: that his mother was a corporal’s widow, with six children—that she lived in a garret at No.— in — Street, gaining a scanty livelihood by knitting money-purses. “Then go along home,” said the supposed lieutenant, “and take the piece of money to your mother;—

* About 9d.

† About 36s.

I make her a present of it." Made fortunate by the gift, the poor family were about to partake of a frugal, though more ample meal than usual; when, to their astonishment, one of the King's adjutants entered the cleanly apartment, explained the mystery, and discovered that the boy had spoken truth in all he told his Majesty—all which being confirmed by inquiries made in other quarters—the King had the younger children placed in the Orphan-house, and granted the widow a yearly pension of 100 dollars.

The King's life was full of such traits of mildness and humanity; which if collected would give subjects for a large gallery of *genre* scenes, whereon the sympathizing eye would delight to dwell. Truly, if ever there was man or Ruler, to whom in the fullest sense, the beautiful saying, "*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto,*" applied, it was to him.

Mildness and delicate-mindedness are attributes not always meeting in the same person. There are benevolent, worthy, even-tempered men, of rough natures; persons who make no compliments, and are, moreover, abrupt in all they do and say;—they willingly, readily, and abundantly give; but having only the requested help—the circumstance in view—they are uncouth in the manner of conceding the boon.

The good they do is from love of doing good, and they

require no thanks ; but they accompany the munificence by marginal notes and exhortations. They help from a pure heart ; but they accompany the help by a something that mars the beauty of the deed, and damps the grateful feeling. They raise, but at the same time humiliate ; by wounding—perhaps unintentionally—self-esteem and honourable intentions. One stands before such person, thankful and confiding ; but bend the eyes downward, and feel the preponderance of the donor. One is benefited,—but wish to be from his presence. One goes away relieved,—yet have lost heart, and desire to be far away.

Frederick I., the father of Frederick the Great, was of a martial and Spartan nature, which in their metallic character petrified ;—yet was he a noble and excellent ruler, though often misrepresented. He was more feared than loved, because, with all his good qualities, he was harsh, obstinate, choleric almost to unconsciousness, severe, and not seldom cruel. All trembled in presence of that King, even those of his own family ; for even when in good humour and playful, he was dangerous. Every one honoured his firmness, justice, and benevolence ; but every one said, “*Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine.*” The people under him were contented, but not happy ; for the love that should emanate from the throne, filling all hearts with confidence, was

wanting ;—a timid, odious, distrustful manner chilled every one ; and the nation, although become powerful, felt itself far from buoyant and well ;—the flow of blood to the *head* was too strong. Pity ! that so excellent and richly endowed a ruler should have failed of the classical humanity of his renowned Son,—and the accomplished DELICATE-MINDEDNESS of Frederick William III.

Examples will best make that reference clear and convincing. From the many which his life offers, I will relate a few, obtained from eye-witnesses, or which have come under my immediate observation.

The Empress of Russia had presented to her revered father a beautiful Asiatic plant of brilliant colouring, and agreeable odour,—a flower until then unknown in Germany. It was entrusted, according to the directions of Humboldt and Lichtenstein, to the artistical court-gardener, Fintelmann, to be placed in the Palm-house on the Peacock Island, amongst other exotics.

The King, always a friend to botany, took great pleasure in this scarce plant, and named it after his beloved daughter, Charlotte ! Whenever he visited the Island, his first enquiry was, “How thrives my Charlotte?” which naturally caused two-fold attention to the favourite by the gardener. The public were permitted to visit the Peacock Island two days in every week during summer, and thousands flocked to that delightful spot

to enjoy the privilege and inspect the choice collection of exotics. Who can describe the fright and anxiety of the careful gardener when he discovered that some one had plucked and borne off the flower held in such extraordinary estimation! Irritated and provoked, he rushed through the crowds of visitors, eyeing each individual in hope of discovering the stolen jewel. After fruitless search, he fixed himself at the landing-place by which the visitors must return. He had not waited long when a young and well-dressed man came on, with the identical flower displayed in the button-hole of his coat, apparently unconscious of having done wrong. Seized and questioned as to the robbery, he excused himself on the score of ignorance, and sorely regretted the thoughtless deed. The deeply-offended gardener, who could not be propitiated, dragged the amazed stripling to his dwelling, that in the presence of three witnesses a protocol might be taken of the affair, and documentarily laid before the King, as exculpatory of himself. His Majesty, ere long, came to the Island, and as usual asked "how thrives my Charlotte?"—the court-gardener, with tears in his eyes, related some of the particulars. Though evident displeasure marked the King's countenance, he calmly remarked, "It was unkind to deprive me of that small joy."—"There'll be no end to such

conduct," said the angry gardener, "if your Majesty does not forbid the public visiting the island."

"How can the public help," said the King, "that amongst thousands, an ill-behaved *one* should abuse the permitted liberty? The island was not placed there for me alone; you know I can only find time to visit it occasionally; wherefore then these beautiful and quickly fading flowers,—am I alone to enjoy the sight of them?" The gardener begged that the committed robbery might be examined into, and the offender punished. As he motioned to hand in the protocol, and was about to mention the culprit's name, the King abruptly stopped him, saying, "No, no, I desire not to know his name;—I have an unlucky memory;—hereafter the man may have occasion to ask some favour, and his name causing me to recollect the unpleasant circumstance, tend to his disadvantage. No, no, forgotten is forgiven!"

His strong memory he calls a misfortune, if it retain an unpleasant circumstance which might hereafter prove disadvantageous, even to the perpetrator. Knowing the human heart, and the power of a bitter feeling, he wards off the temptation. He refuses to know the name of the man who had offended him, by destroying his simple joy—not from vexation, not disgust, not hauteur; no, but because the remembrance might occasion a hurtful bias hereafter.

This was not the result of studied reflection, but the rich booty of a severely-proofed life — his mind, his tact, his existence; and therefore was all belonging to him natural, and unadorned. The court-gardener, Fintelmann, further informed me, that the King uttered those sentences without marked intonation—as if it was a matter of course that the affair should be treated in that way, and no other. Breaking off, the King drew his hand over his face, and asked about something else;—never was the vexatious affair again named.

It is widely known that the King treated General von Köckeritz with marked kindness and confidence. He loved him as a friend, and as Adjutant-General he was always about him. This delicate and intimate intercourse was of long standing, and became firmer every year—lasting until Köckeritz's death. It was grounded on sympathy of sentiment, and subsisted by their reciprocal feelings of uprightness and truth. Von Köckeritz, without possessing distinguished talents and scientific knowledge, was a dignified man, of sound and clear understanding, who grasping all the occurrences of life on the practical side, tried them by the standard of public usefulness. Being no friend to abstract theories, he held experience of paramount value: and led by it and its analogies, he knew how to touch the mark, and

to impart good and practical counsel. Without being phlegmatic, his whole being was qualified, calm, and free from movements of passion. He always preserved his earnest and friendly deportment, and well knew the ground whereon he stood. Nature had given him a form and physiognomy that beamed with good-nature, and a voice indicating true-heartedness and philanthropy. Joyous with the joyful, and condolent with the sorrowful, he never disturbed the condition of parties. He became easily intimate, and felt a pleasure in healing dissensions. Of good property—a bachelor, and simple in his mode of living,—he was generous almost to prodigality towards the poor and wretched. The greater portion of his kindnesses, however, were so silently practised, as to be only known since his death. His memory is dear to all who knew him. The King became attached to Köckeritz when only Crown Prince, and soon gladdened him with his confidence.

How complete that confidence was, may be best drawn from a letter which the King, who was then twenty-seven, addressed to him on ascending the throne, *viz.*, the 16th November, 1797,—so interestingly characteristic of the august penman, that, as a remarkable and authentic document, it must not be left unrecorded in this biography.

The royal rescript is in these words :—

“ So long as I have known you, my dear Köckeritz—more particularly during the last years in which I have had daily opportunities of close observation—I have found myself more and more strengthened in the idea that I possess in you a man, who, by means of his noble-mindedness, correct discernment, natural understanding, firm character, and proved integrity, may be able to render me hereafter most distinguished service. On the above grounds, I feel justified in *now* investing you with my whole confidence.

“ I am a young man, who knows as yet too little of the world to depend on himself without fear of being deceived by dishonest men, notwithstanding every caution ; therefore must advice be welcome to me when honestly meant. This good counsel I more particularly expect from you ; and I repeat again, on the grounds above stated.

“ I therefore beg that you will always remain my friend, even as you have been up to this time ; change not your manner of thought and action towards me, and be convinced that I will always remain the same,—be my title what it may. In my present position, I have greater need of a trusty friend and counsellor, than any man. Nothing, however, is more difficult to obtain.

How oft have not good-intentioned rulers erred through want of such, and how often has their choice turned out unfortunate ! That cannot be in respect of you ; I know you too well, and am therefore on sure ground : but permit me to put a question : ‘ Will you always remain the same as now ?—always so think, always so act ? ’ O, do so !—not suffering yourself to be dazzled ;—but keep always on the straightforward path, not permitting yourself through false ambition, nor self-advantage, to be deluded,—nor let yourself be outwitted by false whisperings and fallacious representations.

“ Avoid party-spirit, and act firmly according to your inward conviction,—that is, according to duty and conscience. Do not think, when you read this, that I have the least suspicion that you can possibly get into such bye ways. No, truly not ; I hold such to be impossible with you ; but history teaches loudly, that the best of mankind, when arrived at a certain height, become giddy, and are far from being the same persons they were.

“ Although you, according to inward conviction, feel such change to be impossible, delay not therefore to examine your motives and acts by these tests—remembering always that you also are man, and therefore liable to err. That you possess great knowledge of

mankind,—namely, that you are capable of justly estimating their transactions, their deeds and omissions, I have had the opportunity of proving;—also therein must you help me. None err more in estimating man, than a born Prince; and such is very natural; for every one is habituated and zealous to put themselves off to the best advantage, sagaciously keeping out of sight their blemishes,—ever appearing to the Prince's eyes different to what they really are. The whims and preponderating inclinations of princes are soon learnt, and the clever man has no great difficulty in forming and adopting the most appropriate mask.

“Therefore do I expect, that you will stilly, and without suffering it to be remarked that you have peculiar motives in view, cast about for brave, upright, and intelligent men;—assay them, that I may know in what manner they can be made more available—or better rewarded.

“You must also endeavour to find out what the public opinion is as relates to myself, my measures, and my purposes,—weigh those opinions, and if they have worth in your sight, then speak confidentially with such persons as you believe capable of conversing on the subject matter, void of prejudice and party-spirit, and who are likely to take a right view of things. But as everything has a good side and a bad side,—the circumstances

must be nicely weighed,—so as to see which preponderates; if the first, then be they brought into operation.

“Crooked and unjust criticism, of which there is never any lack, may be best let alone; more especially when such proceeds from persons who take an erroneous view of things, or are partizans, or have objects of their own, or who censure for the sake of criticizing. We must not suffer ourselves to be irritated on account of such observations, otherwise we effect nothing, and fail to reach the purposed object;—shallow and impertinent judgments are inevitable.

“Therefore one must always act from inward conviction of what is right and just, and, in the end, matters will accommodate themselves.

“When you have made these discoveries,—then I expect of your honest-mindedness, that you will take a fitting opportunity to communicate to me your candid opinion. Be assured, that I will never undervalue your good intentions and intimations,—but endeavour to turn them to beneficial account.

“Yet another weighty matter: and in respect of which I mean to avail myself of your services. After much pondering, I can hit on no better measure for establishing the disordered state of the finances on a well-regulated and firm system, than by selecting ex-

perienced and clever men of business, to form a commission, which shall examine into all the branches of internal government, and then report to me of the crept-in abuses, and of the best means of improvement; that so I may further examine for myself, and make such changes as I think advisable.

“It will be of the utmost importance, that in this examination-commission the members work in unison, and that no party-spirit be mixed up in it, and they be led wholly and solely by that which is for the welfare of the state;—which object must be kept constantly in view, as being the only cause of their being constituted a Commission of examination.

“But, inasmuch as experience has taught, that men of great talent seldom agree; and that much which is disadvantageous occurs through dissensions,—and the good object often lost through the caprice of single members. . . .

“For such president no one is more fitted than yourself. You possess the very character and temper requisite for such post, therefore has my choice fallen on you, requesting you to observe the following:—You will be present at all the conferences, that you may be fully informed and master of the subject-matter discussed, so that you can concisely report the same to me. You know the direction of my mind; should you therefore

observe that they incline to go too far, and thereby risk failure of the good intentions I entertain, . . . and endeavour to reinstate unity.

“ Your straightforward understanding, good judgment and coolness, will be the best and readiest means thereto ; moreover, you possess the eloquence necessary for such object.

“ From all this you observe, that in future you will have a large sphere of action committed to your charge.

“ Continue therefore the same upright man you have hitherto been ; and, as an honest subject, give me at all times frank counsel.

“ You may then be assured of my fullest gratitude : at the same time bear in mind, that what you do, is not alone a favour done to me ; but inasmuch as I, to a certain degree, call on you in the name of the State, to be operative for its welfare ; you will hereafter have the agreeable conviction and satisfaction of having assisted, not a little, in the weal and advancement of the nation, and thereby deserved the thanks of every well-thinking patriot. For a man of true honour and worthy ambition, there can be no greater or better reward.

“ FREDERICK WILLIAM.

“ *The 16th November, 1797.*”

This confidential rescript, even now, after a lapse of forty-five years,—when both the writer and the written-to have finished their earthly career, creates agreeable and honourable reflections. One sees clearly and pointedly the sentiments, purposes, and objects that filled the King's soul at the time of his ascending the throne. He knew and felt his high destiny, and was firmly determined to fulfil its duties;—then twenty-seven years of age, and hitherto kept distant from participation in the business of governing, (State affairs,) felt the necessity of a trusty and honest counsellor; and he found such in an acquaintance who had always proved worthy of his confidence. He pours out his full heart artlessly, and without reserve. On the one side, he, with humility, feels the limitation of his powers, and the necessity of help,—on the other, his regal strength and firmness of mind.

So was he as royal stripling; such as young man; and so he remained throughout his eventful and grandiose life. Such was the blossom,—since then we have beheld the fruit; then was he beginning his historical career: and *we* have seen how afterwards he reached the hard struggled-for goal, and the starry crown of Fame. Honour also be to the man, whom he, in the fullest sense of the word, created his veritable privy-counsellor,—perchance in a more intense degree than

was ever the lot of subject—and who knew how to preserve the honourable confidence to his dying day.

Köckeritz accompanied the King after the destructive battle of Jena in 1806, on his melancholy retreat to Königsberg, and participated in the fears and oppressions of that fate-impending time. He staunchly stood by his side during those blows of destiny, and his purity of character, calmness, and mildness, had a balmy effect on the King's heart.

In 1809, he returned with the King to Berlin and Potsdam; and ere long had to participate in his Royal master's soul-anguish on death of the Queen. Thus, by degrees, did time jog on, until this honourable man reached the completion of his fifty years of faithful service. He had no desire for increase of earthly honours; for, beyond the many Orders that decorated the breast of the Lieut.-General, he possessed what surpassed them all—the King's heart!

No friend at any time to honourings and display, he had carefully preserved silence as to the day of his fifty years' service; little foreboding that the King had treasured the same in his memory, purposing to surprise him. Köckeritz's dwelling was well suited for the residence of a bachelor, near the Neustadt-gate, in Potsdam. At dawn of that day he was pleasingly

awakened by the hautboyists of the guards playing a piece of choral music below his window, preparing, as it were, his mind for the solemnity of the occasion.

Soon after, one of the King's adjutants entered his chamber, bringing him a royal rescript, in which the King, in intimate and kindly language, congratulated him on the day. "When I reflect," it said amongst other expressions, "on the manifold examples of loyal devotion and personal attachment which you have openly and honestly shown me for so many years, I find myself incapable of rewarding you in a manner sufficiently expressive of my perfect satisfaction and gratitude. You have not, it is true, as has been the order of the day, served me with propositions, projects, theories, and plans, useless when brought to the standard of practicability, but with your rich experience, which has proved of permanent help to me;—moreover, during the whole of our intimate connexion, I have ever found you a man inspired by sentiments free from alloy,—a man whose intentions have been always straightforward and honest, fearing God, and doing that which is right. As a token of my esteem, I herewith on this the festival of your fifty years' service, confer on you the Order of the Black Eagle, and send you the Decoration, accompanied by

my wish that you will wear it *this* day, and that you may for many years be an ornament to it. Be ever the friend—of your most sincere friend.”

At ten o'clock the King's adjutant and several generals then in Potsdam made their appearance, for the purpose of conducting him to the Lustgarten; where Köckeritz was not a little astounded to find assembled, in parade uniform, the regiments of the Guards,—as well cavalry as infantry.

The King was already on the ground wearing all his orders. Having placed Köckeritz on his right hand, and the General Field-marshal on his left, His Majesty stepped forward and gave the word of command himself, a circumstance which rarely happened. All the troops filed past the astonished and excited veteran, and as they passed, amid the thunder of drums, trumpets, and cannon, the colours of each regiment were waved. The King, for a reason which will anon appear, prolonged this splendid military review.

When finished, the King, after a few impassioned words, embraced his old, tried, and respected friend, in sight of all the troops and the crowds of assembled people. After that the generals and other high officers in the state had wished him joy, the King said, “ Now, my dear Köckeritz, in the first place, we mean to conduct you home,—afterwards, take

lunching with you." Köckeritz had never been married, and though his house contained many good sized apartments, and an ample dining-room, it was not so domestically arranged as to admit of entertaining a numerous company on so short a notice—in fact it was impossible, and easily accounted for—inasmuch as he had for many years taken his dinners and suppers with the King.

The first surprise being over, he was inclined to treat the King's expressed intention of lunching with him as a good-natured joke;—but when he found it was meant in earnest, he experienced the most painful embarrassment,—he deprecated the intended honour,—an honour which had never happened to any one before, in the most obligatory language; all which the King good humouredly turned off by saying, "No, no, it is decided,—Gentlemen, we accompany Köckeritz home, and take a comfortable breakfast with him."

"It is really impossible," said the embarrassed Köckeritz; "my confused bachelor-economy is not in a fit state for any such thing." "Why are you not married, then?" retorted the King; "I have often joked you on that head; *now* it is too late,—you shall therefore be punished for the omission to-day." "If it must be so," said Köckeritz in a sorrowful half tone, "I must at least beg of your majesty a delay of four hours, that

I may make the necessary dispositions—there's nothing in the house!—and all my rooms are in disorder;—I cannot possibly receive your majesty *instantly*.” “Eh, what!” said the King, “a lieutenant-general will surely have a crust of bread and butter and a glass of wine to offer us?—it's all settled!” then turning to his suite, “Come along, gentlemen!”—The whole party put themselves in motion through Broad-street to the Neustadt-gate, Köckeritz all the time in a most disagreeable agitation, not seeing how the thing could be managed. A deep sigh escaping him;—the King jokingly said, “You are rightly served; it would have been infinitely more agreeable to be received by a handsome hostess attended by her children.—Well, we shall see what's to be had at the old bachelor's, and endeavour to treat him as mercifully as possible.”

As they approached the house the royal party were greeted by drums and trumpets, and a crowd of the servants of the palace in their gala-liveries were discernible. The steps leading to the door were strewed with flowers,—the dining-room and adjoining chambers tastefully ornamented,—the table elegantly spread, and decorated with costly porcelain—whilst a valuable service of plate covered an abundance of smoking dishes.

The King, on entering the dinner-room, turned to his attendants, and said, with peculiar good nature,

“Would you have surmised this of Köckeritz?—he said there was nothing prepared, and we find all charmingly arranged!” He then took his tried friend by the hand, and placed him next to himself,—the rest were soon seated, and joy and gratitude filled every heart.

When the *déjeuner à la fourchette* was finished,* the King said, “Now, my dear Köckeritz, since we have breakfasted with you—you, and the rest of your guests, must make it convenient to dine with me. But, inasmuch as we have done justice to your hospitality, the dinner shall be ordered for a later hour than usual; and in the mean time, we will take a drive into the country.” He then invited Köckeritz into his own carriage, and resuming his natural sombre-silence, requested him to recount his early history;—he did so, mentioning by name his early friends, of whom, only a small remainder were living.

In a few hours, they arrived at Neugarten, where the company were already assembled: but who shall describe the amazement and transport of the honest veteran, when he beheld on entering the banqueting-hall, the only three surviving friends of his youth, whom the King had managed to bring together from distant places, and who now stood with open arms to receive

* It will be understood, that, as a matter of course, the china, glass, silver service, &c. was a present from the King to the jubilated host.

him?—an exhilarating scene from the realities of human life.

The King's eye rested on them, whilst a ray of satisfaction, at all having so well sped, enlivened his countenance. Then, that the hearts of the four old warriors of the Seven Years' War might revive, he ordered the band to strike up the exhilarating "Des-sauer March;" and at table, where Köckeritz and his friends sat near him, the King successfully awaked merriment and good humour.

Be it understood, that the King, knowing from former recitals, all the incidents of Köckeritz's life, and the names of his remaining early comrades, had, under command of secrecy, invited them to the festival some days before.

Generally speaking, all who participated in the King's esteem and confidence, clung to him with unbounded devotion; none, even intimates after many years' intercourse, ever committed an obtrusive familiarity: and his trusty servants who felt themselves free in his presence, were, by the calm power of his sombre-mildness and strict morality, kept, as if instinctively, within their respective limits.

General von Köckeritz, who belonged to my parish, and with whom I was on intimate terms, has often told me, *that during his many years of confidential inter-*

course with the King, he had never seen or heard an action or word that could for a moment lessen the profound and respectful esteem he had for him.

An official, who had rendered good service to his country, and on that account highly esteemed by the King—died. He had, partly through the position he held—more perhaps from inclination, kept an expensive establishment, and loved the joys of the table. The worthy man had not been buried many weeks, when several chests of *first quality* Champagne, containing 1,000 bottles, arrived in Berlin, in pursuance of a previous order—invoiced at two dollars per bottle. The commission-house in Berlin duly informed his son and heir, who lived in the country, of the circumstance, and the amount of invoice and charges. After much correspondence, the son did not find it convenient to accept the wine. The agent laid the matter before the King, and petitioned His Majesty to purchase the choice wine for the royal cellar. At first the King frowned; but quickly recovering his placidity, said to his private chamberlain Timm, “I cannot permit a scandal to sully the fair name of that statesman. The wine he *ordered* must be paid for—I shall pay the merchant on account of the deceased;—but, doing so, the wine will become a portion of his property, and belong of right to the heirs!—so be it. I charge you

to see the affair arranged." That took place: the merchant was immediately paid, and the son received the wine his departed father had ordered.

This delicacy of feeling became with time an habitual portion of his being, accompanying even reproof. At a court-dinner, the ambassador of a great power, seated opposite him, allowed himself to speak of a meritorious Prussian officer recently dead, as were his services very problematical, thereby casting a shade o'er his memory. The King looked earnestly at the speaker, and said, "Would you express yourself equally disparagingly of the deceased were he alive?—absentees, not being able to defend themselves, ought not to be attacked; least of all, one who stands before the Omniscient Judge:—the person you have censured, was better known to me,—he deserved well of his country, and I honour his memory."

In that year, 1818, when hearts were still full of the late victorious times,—the Dowager Empress of Russia, Maria Feodorowna,* finding old age advance apace, had visited the country of her birth; and from Stuttgart announced her purpose of visiting the King on her return to Russia.

* She was a Princess of Wurtemberg, and the widow of Paul, Emperor of Russia, consequently the mother of the Emperor Alexander and the present Emperor Nicholas, and much beloved for her many virtues.

To our King she was peculiarly endeared, because of her motherly love to his daughter, then Grand Duchess, *now* Empress of Russia.

To show the illustrious lady, during her presence in Potsdam, a signal mark of his grateful esteem was his heart's desire.

Fortunately, it so happened, that the imperial mother had fixed on the 23rd of December for her arrival in Potsdam. The 24th was Christmas Eve, and also the birth-day of the Emperor Alexander. This happy coincidence determined the King to celebrate the natal day of his friend, relative, and ally, by a religious festival,—which proved most unexpected and comforting to the pious heart of the imperial mother.

The King sometimes took pleasure in operating a surprise; on such occasions, he knew how to mask his purpose so well, that the parties petitioning have left his presence thinking the boon all but refused: having put aside the application by the laconic remark, “the thing is hardly feasible!” when, in reality, acquiescence was only suspended until he thought the moment arrived, in which the recipient's joy would be greatest.

From amongst numerous examples I will produce one, relative to the University of Halle, and its then Chancellor, Dr. A. H. Niemeyer.

Niemeyer had been long personally known to and

esteemed by the King,—even since the time of his passing through Halle with the Queen—soon after ascending the throne—on which occasion he alighted at his house, and visited the Orphan Establishment and Pedagogium. As a mark of his great confidence, he had granted him the diploma of Consistorial-councillor, with a seat and vote in the ministry for conducting Ecclesiastical and School affairs. When weighty matters were about to be discussed, Niemeyer was *specially* summoned to attend, and the King placed great reliance on his opinions.

When, in 1806, Napoleon possessed himself of Halle, Niemeyer was offered the honourable appointment of Upper Consistorial-councillor in Berlin; and later—on occasion of founding the University—that of Professor of Theology. He declined both, because he felt it to be his duty to watch over the interests of Franke's establishment, of which he was the director. From the rank he held, he was qualified, and chosen one of the Deputies in the newly-erected Kingdom of Westphalia; and as such, often visited Cassel, where he became known to King Jerome and his ministry, more particularly to John Müller; and therefore had many opportunities of benefiting Halle, the town of his birth, in respect of its scientific institutions; that he did so

honestly, cheerfully, and disinterestedly, facts and documents have amply revealed.

But Niemeyer experienced the lot of most distinguished men ;—their names have to stand the brunt of evil and good report, they are loved and hated, honoured and derided, praised and reproached, exalted and trodden under foot. Niemeyer was charged with an ambiguous tergiversation, in unworthily approximating the new Napoleon Dynasty ; he was publicly and loudly charged with lending a barbaric hand to the destruction of the *Pedagogium* belonging to the cloister in Berg, and annihilation of the University of Helmstädt.

But when it was known that he had received the order of the Westphalian crown from King Jerome—and actually wore it—his opponents became more bitter ; and his after-deportation from France, by order of Napoleon, did not mitigate their anger—for they only saw in that arrestation and removal, the just punishment of his vanity and double-tonguedness.

The King, inaccessible to slander and calumny, participated not in the prejudicial judgment passed on Niemeyer by his opponents—on the contrary, he held firmly to the favourable opinion he had previously formed of him. After the glorious termination of the war, when matters were brought back to their old standing, and all

acquired fresh life, the King gave Niemeyer his former unqualified confidence, and confirmed his appointment to the Chancellorship of the University in Halle, made during the Napoleon domination. What more particularly caused the King to retain his good opinion, was the losses and sufferings Niemeyer had undergone in the last seven years, owing to his strenuous support of the establishment founded by A. H. Franke : for the King's piety sympathised with the Christian spirit, which that celebrated man had breathed into his institutions. The King honoured and wished to preserve them ; therefore did he refuse all propositions for erecting new educational buildings, declaring that it was better to assist those which were preserved,* than to found others, that might prove problematical. At Niemeyer's instigation, the King gave large sums for the re-establishment of those in Halle, so that Frederick William III. may be said to be the second founder of the A. H. Franke's Institutions. At that time Niemeyer often came to Berlin and Potsdam, and the King gave him long private audiences ; he was a man, who from personal appearance, learning, manners, and temper, was well fitted for the highest society.

* Until the downfall of the Napoleon Dynasty, the Town and University of Halle were under Jerome, forming part of the kingdom of Westphalia.

On the morning of the 29th March, 1827, Niemeyer entered my room, saying, "God be with you, my dear friend!—I have a weighty matter at heart; therefore am I come,—I want your counsel and help. For many years I have thought on, and wished that the King would graciously please to present Halle with a University similar to those in Berlin and Bonn, namely, that he would give us the necessary funds for suchlike building. You know our old tumble-down place of study, the heretofore Weigh-house?—I once hinted the matter to His Majesty, but he did not take: now, there is a good occasion for putting the affair in motion again. Next 18th of April, God willing, is my academical jubilee. I desire for myself no honorary distinction or pecuniary increase; I have enough, and more than I have deserved, and am besides, near the end of my career;—but I should be unspeakably delighted if the King, in his great graciousness, would make my jubilee the occasion for presenting to our University such a building *in sempiternam memoriam*. How is it to be brought about? You are friendly to Halle, and speak in enthusiastic terms of the happy days you spent when studying there; therefore you must assist me: I hear the King is now in Potsdam. How can we best get at him?"

After we had talked the matter over, I wrote to Privy Councillor Albrecht, and requested he would obtain a

private audience for Niemeyer. The King did not consent thereto ; but had us both invited to dinner. This made Niemeyer apprehensive, and doubtingly ask, "how will it turn out?"—I replied, "you must delay to prefer your suit until after dinner, when it is the King's custom to converse singly;—we will isolate ourselves, taking position in the recess of one of the distant windows in the great audience-hall, and await the favourable moment: in such spot I have preferred many a petition with happy results—in this instance let us hope the best."

The next day at the appointed hour we arrived together at the palace, and found in the assembling-room a brilliant company. When the King entered, on seeing Niemeyer, he welcomed him, extending his hand: a very unusual courtesy.

At table, the marshal seated Niemeyer opposite the King, who directed his chief discourse to him; amongst other things asking of matters relative to Halle. Niemeyer's eminent talent for social conversation developed itself most amiably; he knew how, with adroitness, to improve any observations that dropped from the King by agreeable remark, and to dilate, without losing the thread of the conversation;—he told lively anecdotes of his deportation-journey under Napoleon; spoke intellectually on the properties and constitution

of Oxford University, and was withal so unembarrassed, and happy in the choice and timing of his observations—at the same time so courteous in manner and elegant in diction,—that the King listened to him with marked pleasure.

After dinner we placed ourselves in the appointed recess. Before long the King approached us with visible good-will, saying to Niemeyer, “you have greatly interested me—I thank you;—what do you bring to Potsdam?”—“Alas,” replied Niemeyer, “I bring nothing; I would willingly take something *from* Potsdam—a royal favour!”—“Well, what is it?” With the utmost reverence, but at the same time with manly worthiness and position, Niemeyer in a subdued voice petitioned for a royal donation to build a substantial University in Halle; which he backed by such convincing reasons, that his address evidently made a favourable impression on his Majesty.

Therefore was the King’s sonorous reply unexpected: “If I remember rightly, you have spoken to me on this subject before; perhaps some new and *more* urgent cause has arisen?”

“May it please your Majesty—the most urgent cause,” replied Niemeyer, “is the approaching 18th of April, on which day I shall have been 50 years at College. For myself I have nothing to ask or wish,—

for, through God's mercy and your Majesty's kindness, I have been loaded with undeserved favours. But for the University, which purposes to celebrate my jubilee, I hope for the gracious vouchsafing of the petitioned-for royal boon. Your Majesty's gracious gift would immortalize the festival, and fill all hearts with joy and thankfulness."

The King's countenance brightened,—in a reflecting manner he placed his hand to his chin, and drawlingly said, "so, next 18th of April!—I congratulate you from my heart, and wish you many happy years to come. Well," he continued pleasantly, "so the short meaning of the long address is, *pecunia*:—you see I know a little Latin. One of my ancestors was wont to say: *Non habeo pecuniam*. The erection of a university, if it is as it should be, costs much money;—the matter is hardly feasible!"—"But it brings a blessing," said Niemeyer;—I added my grateful testimony in favour of Halle. The King however did not enter further into the affair, but closed the interview by abruptly leaving us,—dismissing the company soon afterwards.

Niemeyer looked woe-begone, and sighed out, "*Oleum et operam perdidit!*"—He seemed inclined to give up all hope, for the damper placed on his jubilee-harp had unstrung him. "What will my colleagues in Halle

say, who, acquainted with the object of my journey, hoped with myself for a more propitious result !”—

Not long after, I was commissioned by Minister Altenstein, in name of the ministry for ecclesiastic and educational affairs, to proceed to Halle, and present to Niemeyer, on the festival of his jubilee, its salutations. Eight days before the festival, the King said to me, “ When do you purpose arriving in Halle.” I answered, “ If not earlier, certainly two days previous to the 18th; because by witnessing the preparations, I shall acquire the proper festal humour for concocting the speech which the ministry expected me to deliver on that occasion.”

“ Good,” rejoined the King; “ I thought you might possibly be journeying later ;” hastily adding, “ a pleasant trip to you—greet Niemeyer in my name.”—I felt I could not urge anything relative to the University-building.

On my arrival I found every one joyfully occupied, preparing for the festal 18th,—save the professors, who deplored the non-attainment of a royal grant,—which would have made the occasion remarkable.

But who shall correctly depict the joyous amazement of all on the night of the 17th ?—a courier arrived from Berlin, bearing a Cabinet rescript for Niemeyer, in which the King cordially wished him joy, adding : “ that for the erection of an appropriate building for the Uni-

versity, he had granted 40,000 dollars.*—Niemeyer read the royal rescript again and again, with emotion and tears of joy,—and his assembled friends, with hearts full of thankfulness, struck up the precious old chaunt :
Domine, fac saluum regem !

The preparations proceeded joyously,—and the University, and all the towns-people of Halle, felt themselves honoured, endowed, and gladdened through Dr. Niemeyer. Thus, at the right hour,—in the most appropriate moment, the King granted what he had before waived, with seeming disinclination ; that he might make the favour he intended more pleasing through surprise ;—the solicited posy was not to fade and lose its sweetness by several weeks' exposure, but to be presented on the festal day with the pearly dew of morning on it : when he reflectively said to Niemeyer, “ So, on the 18th of April,” he had already made up his mind as to how and when he would vouchsafe the boon requested.

Yet one proof of the King's premeditated and considerate delicate-mindedness,—in itself embracing all that I have offered on that head—remains to be told : it proves that such was not a quickly-passing flash of feeling or lively fancy, as with most men ; but a firm and deeply-founded characteristic, evidencing how calmly

* This sum was greatly increased during the building.

he could entertain an intention, years before manifestation.

I have long doubted of the propriety of making the circumstance public—inasmuch as it intimately relates to myself; but as the alto-relievos of the King's character throw into shade the bas-relievos of others—and as twenty-four years have already elapsed since the circumstance happened, and I moreover become a greybeard of seventy-three years,* when the prismatic colourings of vain life lose their brilliancy at the near prospect of the tomb;—I will not depart from this world without increasing thereby my sacrifice of reverence and gratitude, to the manes of the immortal King, for the delicate kindness and grace—ininitely beyond my poor deserts—which he displayed towards me for thirty-five years,—even to his death.

In the year 1815, I felt that the conditions of my service oppressed my mind; not so much from the quantity, as from the multiplicity and heterogeneousness of the official duties committed to my charge,—which, rendering my time and powers fractional, brought on a sadness until then unknown to me.

As Court and Garrison preacher, and pastor of a respectable and numerous parish,—besides constant visitors

* Probably written in 1842.

—I had every alternate Sunday to do service in the church, morning and afternoon—daily to instruct a multitude of children in the principles of Christianity—to manage the church property—to appoint thereto officials,—and take care of the poor. The inspection of preachers and governesses for the widow Institution was also my affair, and that brought me into a permanent exchange of letters with expectant clergymen and governesses belonging to the province. I took part also in the pedagogic business of the great military orphan-house, and was superintendent, and Consistorial councillor in the government of the province:—this portion of my functions it was—although undertaken with ardour—which chiefly oppressed me,—for it alone, if duly attended to, would have amply engrossed my time.

A new life had been thrown into the church and school affairs, through the direction and labours of the excellent presidents, von Bincke, von Bassewitz, Maassen,—and the upper Consistorial councillor, Natrop, who, working thereon with power, endurance, and devotion, had incited his colleagues to unceasing exertion. Notwithstanding all my endeavours, I could make no advance; for although I took a lively interest in the matter itself, I found the forms, and all therewith con-

nected—such as dry voluminous acts, tables, controls, revisions, re-revisions, long sittings and debates,—so contrary to my nature, that I felt harnessed, and laboured *invitâ Minervâ*.

Cleaving to the origin of the Christian Church and her apostolic formation with love and attachment; I felt no sympathy for such bureaucratic machinery;—certain, should the Master of the Church hold visitation, he would, as heretofore in the Temple, overturn the tables and drive out the traders.

With affright I was aware, that the calmness produced by undisturbed ascetic study, refreshed by solitary country walks,—which previously in Hamm, and in the commencement of my appointment to the cure of souls in Potsdam, had caused me to go through my duties with animation and joy, abated; so that what was once to me a lively desire, became alas! a forced obligation. I strove against the feeling; but if I succeeded in bringing back genius enough to pen a sermon, it was forced away again by interruptions and annoyances incidental to so complicated a service. A review of a volume of my sermons, published about that time, remarked,—“The author of these Pulpit Addresses preached better sermons in Hamm than in Potsdam, In those one could see the out-gushings of an overflowing

heart ; in these nothing but homilistic studies." The critique saddened and humiliated me, because I was conscious of its truth.

A cloudy hypochondriacal state of mind ensued, increased by the residue of a nervous fever, which I caught whilst visiting the hospitals. The post of a country clergyman had ever been the ideal of my wishes, and my desire for more quiet and simpler appointment amounted almost to yearning : but, just at this time, through a sudden death, the place of fourth chaplain in the Cathedral in Berlin became vacant. As such chaplaincy promised a more homogeneous and less occupied life, I determined to ask of the King the presentation.

Not without long and painful conflict with myself could I decide. The office I held in the Court and Garrison church was of greater emolument, and had personal preferences,—inasmuch as it is a royal endowment,—the King the absolute patron, and the Ecclesiastical minister, *de jure*, the only mediate authority. Add to which, the church in Potsdam, since its erection by Frederick William I., has ever been the reigning King's place of worship, so that its chaplain, in an evangelical sense, is the King's father-confessor. Moreover, Frederick William III. felt attached to that fabric, attending it regularly every Sunday, even in winter leaving Berlin for that purpose. Throughout the coun-

try there was no better church patron, and the King was always satisfied with my unworthy endeavours.

To be translated to Berlin I should therefore sacrifice many privileges. But what are externals, if joy of office is wanting?—my hypochondriacal state of mind repulsed contentment!

In those days I looked through a clouded glass; and the advantage of a comfortable glebe-house, with pleasant garden reaching down to the Havel, was no longer regarded. I required and sought inward peace from outward position, as if true happiness were only to be found in that direction.

With anxious expectation I looked forward to His Majesty's reply to my request; for owing to the regularity the King had introduced, a Cabinet answer usually followed in eight to twelve days. Four weeks elapsed without my receiving a communication, although in the mean-time I had had several royal mandates to effectuate in respect of ecclesiastical matters;—moreover, the King had attended church as usual;—but I was no longer invited to the royal table. From the privy-councillor, Albrecht, I learnt that no such document had come before him,—and I might therefrom infer that my petition had been displeasing at head-quarters.

I could remain no longer in suspense,—so requested a private audience of his Majesty, which was granted;

but, instead of being immediately conducted into the King's apartments by the adjutant in attendance as heretofore, I was shown into the audience-hall, and desired to wait. At length the King entered, and eyeing me from head to foot, spoke as follows:—

“I have purposely held back my answer to the paper you sent, in hope that you would reconsider the matter, and withdraw the petition. Is it still your will and wish to be appointed to the cathedral in Berlin? The clerical gentlemen there advance by seniority as vacancies occur, which is only fair; consequently, you will be the junior—namely, the fourth. Here you are the first; reflect therefore on what you are doing!” I replied, “May it please your Majesty, my humbly presented petition is free from by-considerations of ambition or avarice; were such my views, I should desire to remain in Potsdam, for I shall be a loser by the exchange. But as I am convinced that thereby I shall be a gainer in respect of internal calmness and joy; and through the greater simpleness of my official duties there, regain that power of unity which my present complicated and heterogeneous service has deprived me of;—I still entertain my well-considered wish.”

“That wish,” said the King sternly, “proceeds—to be candid with you—from commodiousness. Diversity of employment is no proof of heterogeneity. You may,

and ought to bring all your varied occupations under the one head—‘churchly piety’—and then you will find the homogeneous unity you so much desire. Manifoldness and variety if properly divided, compartmented, and worked upon with calmness, will combine, and produce in the end harmonious unity: but thereto exertion and perseverance are requisite, which should be evinced so long as one is capable. You are still in your best years—amongst the forties?—But you are hypochondriacal, and deceive yourself relative to your position here, and what it may be in Berlin. I mean well towards you. Your desire to be translated to the cathedral is a mental maggot. You will repent of it. But man’s will is—at least for the moment—his heaven; you shall have the appointment.”

With that the King departed—shutting the door in a louder manner than usual. Confounded, humiliated, and alone in the great hall, I could have wept!—So had I never seen the King—so had I never heard him speak! If in private life it is painful to have been the cause of aggravating and filling with displeasure a noble-minded person, whom one honours and loves—it is frightful and truly dejecting, when such happens in the delicate relationship of sovereign and subject. However severe and displeased the King appeared to be, it was still evident that his anger proceeded from a kindly feeling, and that

he wished me well. I felt deeply afflicted, and would probably have requested permission to withdraw my petition—had he given me opportunity, by not leaving the hall so precipitately.

Now it was too late; the dice were thrown, the matter decided;—and in four days I received from the Minister of State my appointment.

After I had engaged a commodious dwelling in Berlin for my family, and imparted my changed position to the venerable Bishop, Dr. Sack, and my other friends,—I started off for the place of my birth in the province of Mark, in pursuance of the physician's advice, and my long-cherished desire; and there I sojourned happily for several weeks, surrounded by my relatives and former acquaintances.

Who can explain what in *that* spot can be
That so attracts—that so enchanteth me?—
Is't that the air is sweeter—sky more clear?—
The fields more green?—or boyhood-haunts more dear?*

Atmosphered by the breath of love, friendship and truth,—at home, encircled by my former parishioners—and those whom in my early manhood I had instructed in virtue; I felt free from all that oppressed and limited intellect, and truly enjoyed myself both in body and mind.

* From the Codrus of Cronigk. part I., page 185.

The dark clouds dispersed, and I was refreshed. But ere long I began to reflect on the past, and to look into the future;—often employing my thoughts with the question, “Hast thou not done wrong—thus self-sufficiently to meddle with thy course of life and destiny?”—and I felt the inward monitor say, “Thou wilt run from God’s school; that will never do!”

In this uneasy state of mind was I, when on a serene summer morning,—being at that time on a visit to a friend who resided in Hamm—I chanced to open the Bible at the 28th chapter of Isaiah, and I cast my eyes on the 16th verse,—reading to the end of the chapter, I was particularly struck with the latter part of the 16th, 19th and 29th verses. As I ponderingly repeated the words, “He that believeth shall not make haste,” a messenger sent from where I usually sojourned, delivered to me a letter just arrived by the post. It was a Cabinet rescript; the contents as follows:—“The enclosed original petition contains not only the desire of the parishioners belonging to the Court and Garrison church, but also of the citizens of Potsdam in general, that you would return to your former official church duties; and not think of changing them for those of the Cathedral in Berlin. With pleasure I am acquainted thereby, that your ministration has not been without advantage, and a blessing;—I therefore consider the

giving up of old and tested connexions—which carry with them respect and confidence, for new combinations, whose results may be uncertain, a matter for grave consideration. You will act advisedly to remain in Potsdam.”

Feelings of astonishment and gratitude seized me;—the letter fell from my hands; and deeply affected, I stood in earnest counsel with myself. It was more than I could have thought, hoped, or expected;—such kindness I deserved not!—Although I felt conscious of having honestly fulfilled, according to my poor abilities, the duties committed to my charge, I nevertheless thought my then ten years’ cure of souls in Potsdam, and my intimacy with parishioners and towns-people, were circumstances of too isolated, distant, and cold a nature to occasion such great personal interest in my change of clerical position, and residence. What I did for the town in the unfortunate years 1807, 1808, and 1809, was small in comparison of the aid rendered by humane persons in distant parts,* consequently I

* The author, in those years, published and widely disseminated several ascetic trifles and single sermons, for the benefit of the suffering inhabitants of Potsdam, who, under the oppressive weight of the French soldiery, had become so poor, that every fourth man was a beggar. In consequence, unexpected support came in from all parts of Germany, particularly Frankfort, every month, so as to reach the monthly amount of 5,500 dollars, wherewith, under

believed my agency to be long forgotten.—I felt thankfulness towards them ;—and in the King's gracious communication I recognized and honoured a command, which should govern my conduct ; the powerful word of God was before me—"He that believeth shall not make haste!"* To remain, to labour on with fresh strength, and to bear with resignation the bitter and oppressive, was my determination. With renewed health I hurried back to Potsdam—with much emotion thanked the King for his graciousness,—and on the next Sunday I preached before my parishioners.

About the end of 1817, the aged and venerated Bishop Sack died. Of all the clergymen belonging to the monarchy, Bishop Sack, as successor to his celebrated father, had been for a series of years more the intimate of Royalty, than any of his predecessors, or likely to be the lot of any future Court chaplain. He had baptized, instructed, confirmed, and married the late King,—baptized all the royal children born in Berlin ; and lastly, instructed and confirmed the Crown Prince, our now beloved Sovereign.

the management of the "Poor-Directory," a Rumford soup-establishment was erected, and a large proportion of the miserably poor supported.

* "Wer glaubet, der flieheth nicht."—As usual, Luther's version is clearer, and more nervous than our English translation.—TR.

Sack enjoyed the King's full confidence,—possessing all the qualifications requisite thereto in a high degree. He was a learned theologian, firm and positive in his faith, yet liberal and mild in the practice of it,—withal frank and bold in avowal, when the rights of the Free Evangelical Church required defending. He courageously opposed the Examination Commission under the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, Wöllner; and declared openly and freely that, as an honest man, he could not sympathize with the promulgated Religion-Edict, because he found its formal limitations incompatible with the Gospel; and as his remonstrances proved unavailing, he requested, though then in his last years, with manly strength and spirit—his dismissal.*

* This frankness and indomitableness of character he inherited from his deceased father and predecessor, who having to christen a child of Prince Ferdinand's for whom Frederick the Great stood godfather—the monarch said to Sack when all was ready. "He may begin, but mind he cuts the homily short!" That baptismal address, although short compared with what was usual in those times, proved nevertheless too long for Frederick, who ceased to give it his attention,—talking rather loudly to the princes standing near him. What did Sack do? He fixed his eyes on the King and stopped—remaining silent so long as the King continued to talk to his neighbours;—all present were astounded, and thought some bodily cause was the reason. Frederick asked: "Is anything the matter with him?"—Sack answered calmly and firmly, yet in excited tone, "It is the duty of a servant and subject to be silent when your Majesty speaks." Frederick felt the rebuke, and replied, "Well, let him leave off growling, and bring the

It was found, in respect of public opinion, as expressed in Berlin and throughout the country, relative to this revered man, unadvisable to accept of his resignation; the matter was therefore arranged, by releasing him from all responsible participation in that portion of the affairs of the Church, as was contrary to his conscientious opinion.

One of the most remarkable and last of Bishop Sack's clerical duties, was the confirmation and consecration of the Crown Prince; memorable on account of the political moment when it took place—namely, the 20th January 1813, in the palace at Potsdam.

The King's determination, with God's help and his people's loyalty, to throw off the French yoke was fixed although not promulgated,—and at that moment about to be acted on :—for, on the 22d January, two days after

matter to a close!" But Sack began the address again at the beginning, and delivered it with dignity and serenity, no longer interrupted by the King. As according to the baptismal ceremony, the babe must be held by Frederick,—the King advanced rashly with the child in his arms, but coming too near the wax candles, which were numerous on this occasion (owing to the many royal godfathers and godmothers present, who each held one), the fringes of the babe's dress caught fire,—which however was quickly extinguished by the ladies in waiting. Frederick, intent on revenging himself on Sack, and not unapt at biblical texts; after the ceremony was over, said: "Does he see, he baptized with water; I with fire." Sack retorted, looking steadfastly at the eagle-eyed King, "Yes, your Majesty; but not with the fire of the Holy Spirit."

the confirmation of the Crown Prince, the King—not without great personal danger, surrounded as he was on all sides by French soldiery—left Potsdam with all the Princes of his house, for Breslau in Silesia; which he intended should be the focus for assembling and organizing his army: his Guards having orders to follow shortly afterwards. The confirmation of the heir-apparent therefore took place, when it was about to be decided whether the monarchical throne of Prussia should be further abased, perhaps abolished—or restored to its former strength.

All who were invited to the ceremony—viz., ministers, generals, privy-councillors, clergy, &c. &c.,—felt the solemn occasion, and the profound meaning of the holy business under such circumstances.

The Crown Prince stood beside Bishop Sack at the altar,—the whole royal family forming a half circle, in the centre of which was his august father,—and every eye was directed towards the royal stripling, then seventeen years old.

The Prince answered the questions put to him frankly and firmly; and as one could evidently see, not so much from memory of what he had learnt, as from presence of mind and own opinion. Sack, systematically proceeding with the train of fundamental truths of Christianity, and advanced to the provings under the

head of Faith and Divine Providence;—put this question to the Crown Prince: “And how should this faith in God’s all-encompassing, all-wise, and kind government of the world, operate on you under the present dark and mysterious epoch?”

The Prince, feeling the immense importance of the question, and what depended on the avowal, heroically answered:—

“This faith—should and will exalt me, strengthen me, and give me confidence;—firmly and serenely I believe in Him who said: ‘Hereunto, and no farther!—here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’ I believe in the All-Righteous, who suffers the holy light to break joyfully on the upright heart. The aurora of a happier day appears. I hope with a gladsome confidence that an Almighty and Gracious God will be with my royal father, and with his house, and with his loyal people. Amen.” All present were electrified, and deep emotion was relieved by tears.

The culminating point of the holy festival had arrived; therefore Sack, with his usual correct and pure tact, perceiving that anything further would be comparatively flat and ill-timed, merely added to the Prince’s ‘Amen!’ a pathetic prayer, and gave him the benediction;—thereon, the consecrated heir-apparent fell with childlike piety on the affectionate breast of his agitated Father.

The following day, the Crown Prince received the Sacrament, and the day after, they departed for Breslau,—resolved to struggle to the last with the powerful Oppressor of nations.

After this episode, I come back to what occurred on Bishop Sack's death, showing how the King, had long purposed a benevolence towards myself.

Whether the title of Bishop conferred on Dr. Sack was a personal favour intended to cease with his death, or to be carried over to other members of the National Evangelical Church in succession, was problematical. The former opinion appeared likely, as the King said nothing to the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, on the subject.

Who can describe my surprise, when I received, on the 18th January 1818, a Cabinet rescript, appointing me Bishop in the Evangelical National Church!—Habited in my official dress, I went to the King, on his arrival in Potsdam. Entering his cabinet, he addressed me in the following words:—

“So have I wished, and long intended. But you almost deprived me of the satisfaction, when a few years ago you would resign your duties here, for an appointment in the Cathedral. Had that your urgent desire been consummated, *this* could not have been brought about, for as fourth Cathedral preacher, I could not

have created you Bishop, without wounding the feelings of other worthy men. By remaining in Potsdam, and succeeding to the more important position, the matter became regular; more particularly so, as you are in service and age, the senior of those in the Cathedral. To have told you earlier of my intentions would have been against my principles, since everything in life depends on connecting circumstances, which time alone developes. Several years are elapsed since then, and I am satisfied with your exertions, and the assistance you have rendered me in respect of the Church-union. Also, the deceased Bishop, on his death-bed, informed me through the privy-councillor Albrecht, that he wished me to appoint you his successor; moreover I yesterday received a letter, signed by many clergymen belonging to your native province, expressive of their joy at my election having fallen on you. All this is very agreeable and comforting to me; it now rests with you to justify my choice. As my personal Bishop, you will approach me nearer than heretofore, and I shall make use of your services in all clerical affairs coming immediately before the cabinet:—on that subject you may speak with Albrecht. From this you will infer that my favour has been, and still is, towards you. I see you are excited; take good heart, and trust in God. Henceforth, you may frankly and honestly tell me the

dictates of your heart ;—we will commune together, and all will go well.”

With that the King quitted the room, and I was glad to be alone ; for I was completely unstrung. Now could I look back with thankfulness, and clearly see how my gracious Master had long meditated on benefiting me, even *then*, when I unwittingly strove against his good intentions. Is it possible for a noble, high-minded father to treat an opposing son with greater kindness and forbearance than in this instance the master displayed towards the servant, the King towards the subject ?—The depth and treasure of his noble and generous character was unveiled and open before me. From that moment my whole heart's gratitude was his ; my full and unqualified confidence was dedicated to him : and in cases when he appeared to me incomprehensible, I suspended my judgment, quietly awaiting the issue ; and never, during a thirty-five years' experience, have I found my faith in him shaken. His keen insight into matters was clearer and deeper than mere political understanding is capable of ; for then, when combinations and calculations arrived at a stand-still, there dwelt in him a higher presentiment of the forthcoming, and therewith a resignation and tranquillity, that enabled him firmly and calmly to investigate ; in every instance, he knew how to await the appropriate time for develop-

ment. The pulsation of his heart was delicate-mindedness: and from that source arose his MAGNANIMITY.

Of the noble virtues possessed by reigning monarchs, magnanimity appears to me to be that which costs least, and is most easily attained: by birth and position raised above others, they are free from the movements of envy, and its secret promptings and grievings,—for they come not into collision with the wrangling passions of man. They neither know nor experience what other classes of mankind are unavoidably, and permanently, doomed to undergo in their transactions with their fellow-men:—surrounded by a crowd of devoted attendants and servants,—what they hear is for the most part the agreeable: even should adverse opinions be publicly expressed; they remain for them a secret, if within the fine and well-masked influence of intellectual flatterers. Does however, under circumstances of such watchfulness and limitation, aught intrude to excite their anger—it more generally relates to matter, than person:—so situated, it is no great affair to show magnanimity.

The important truth, that Providence working silently and for the most part unremarked by us, moves worldly circumstances,—is sometimes peculiarly visible.

Who could have surmised that the most abasing epoch in the King's life, embraced in itself a rich fruition

for the future ; and that just then, a man should present himself as co-operator, who, of all others, best suited the King's individuality ; and who possessed the ability to nurture the germinating seed of state-regeneration, that lay in the heart of the heavily-tested Monarch ?

If the then mighty Napoleon, carrying in his bosom the harassing inmate of all usurpers, was so quailed and hunted by secret fear, as to demand and obtain as a condition of peace, the dismissal of the minister, v. Stein, whom he foresaw might be dangerous to him ; he nevertheless had no presentiment of the hidden treasure that was concealed in the heart of a single-minded clergyman in Königsberg,* whose name, had it reached the ears of the despoiler, would have been thought unworthy of his scorn and derision.

The road to the exalted height which he eventually reached, was long, steep, and thorny ; such as few kings have trodden : and the measure of his bitter trial was so great, and upheaped, that we have no standard by which it can be correctly estimated. By the battle of Jena the whole monarchy was shattered, and fell into fragments, without the power of self-support. Everything rocked, as if undermined by a frightful earthquake, and the burst-out hurricane bent

* Dr. Borowsky. See Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III.

and uprooted those who until then were believed to be loyal, and stout-hearted. Of the tactics of Frederick the Great, there remained nothing but the dead letters—the spirit was long flown—yet on his victorious wreaths had the nation, with vanity and arrogance, gone to sleep. The delusion, and the thereout springing presumption, had reached all grades, more particularly the chiefs of the army. At the marching out of the troops from Potsdam, in 1806, I remember a colonel saying to me, “It is a scandal, for the hero-army of Frederick, to march against the French with guns and swords! cudgels were sufficient to beat them back;” and on my modestly remarking, “one should not estimate the enemy too meanly!” his brusque impertinence was very offensive. No wonder that Napoleon, knowing with whom he had to deal, was confident of victory ere the battle commenced;—the day before, when surveying the Prussian army and position from a height, he scornfully cried out, “Ha! ces peruques-là, ils se tromperont furieusement.”—The most unheard-of cowardice and dereliction of duty ensued; thousands of armed Prussians were seen running away from as many hundred Frenchmen; every pass and military position was abandoned, and the fortified cities were an easy booty. The Commandants of fortresses,—whose names until then had been mentioned with reverence and confidence,—

men who had been advanced to dignity, and loaded with gifts and estates,—were so heedless of duty to King and country, and in several instances, to the remonstrances of honest citizens, and even the huffings of an indignant soldiery, as to surrender, with abundant materials for defence at command, without firing a shot. No, never was a noble, just, and mild king so egregiously deceived; or ever vile one, treated with such black ingratitude and disloyalty: in respect of the construction of his upright and deeply-feeling heart, none ever suffered more and longer.

To the sorrows springing from general calamity, were added innumerable instances of indirect and direct personal affronts and injuries; not from the victory-intoxicated enemy alone, but shamelessly from his own subjects,—even from those, who, as his attendants, had stood near his person. The beau-ideal of monarchical greatness, as respected the past, present, and to come, was for them the victorious Napoleon,—and they felt a satanic pleasure in slandering, through the press, the already bowed Emperor of Austria and King of Prussia,—be-praising him. Even John Müller, the celebrated author of the History of Switzerland,—sur-named the *German Tacitus*! threw up the honourable post of Prussian Historiographer in Berlin for an appointment in Cassel, under Jerome Buonaparte,—and

then penned a dirge over the Prussian monarchy, as were it ended. At this epoch a German university, which shall be nameless, presented in the name of all the Faculties, on Napoleon visiting it, a superb celestial chart, on which his name was given to one of the stars of first magnitude!

It was a crushing time; yet, supported by the counsels of v. Stein, and the holy confidence of the ecclesiastic Borowsky, the King saw in the character of passing events, hieroglyphics of the future. One bright star remained above the horizon, silently heralding the approach of better times—the star of the unchangeable attachment, loyalty, and devotion of the people to their rightful sovereign. Under the word people, is to be understood, though not exclusively, the respectable class of citizen, yeoman, and peasant, which in its compact mass constitutes the fundamental strength of a country. Therefore have all discerning and wise rulers, such as Frederick the Great, endeavoured in the first instance to possess themselves of the goodwill and confidence of that grade, by making their advancement and welfare the main object.*

* This was evidenced in a peculiar manner by Frederick the Great during the Seven Years' War. After a battle in which that King lost many men the province of Mark made itself renowned;—thence the Hellengers in white—the Sauerlanders in blue jackets,—each with a rye loaf and ham on his back and oaken staff

Notwithstanding what they gave, did, and suffered from 1806 to 1810, they never wavered in their loyalty to the King; never did they lose their firm belief in the return of happy times, but remained staunch under every pressure: all this was known to the King through a thousand secret and trustworthy channels, and it consoled his heart more than the flood of detracting libels teased and distressed his mind.

The most shameful, false, and daring ones, were a publication, entitled, "Confidential Letters," and a periodical, called the "Firebrand." The public voice

in hand,—all sons of well-conditioned burgesses and yeomen,—marched off by batches of a hundred at a time, to search out the distant head-quarters of their royal father, Fritz! When the first batch presented itself before Frederick, he said, "Where do ye come from?" "From the province of Mark." "What do you want?" "To help our King." "I did not summon you?" "So much the better!" "Who recruited you?" "Nobody." "Some one must have sent you?" "Yes! our fathers." "Where is the officer who conducted you?" "We had none." "Who commanded you then?" "Ourselves." "How many deserted on the way?" "Deserted?—if we had been capable of that, we should not be what we are—volunteers!"

The eagle eye of the monarch glared with joy on those trusty sons of Prussia. "You are welcome, my valiant men!" shouted the King, "Brave, upright Markers, I can depend on you." That royal expression is still treasured throughout the province as a holy saying; its sound is continued from generation to generation, and lives at this day in the breast of every high-minded Marker, who dwells on the borders of the rushing Lippe, Ruhr, Lenne, and Volme. I had this anecdote from the mouth of Othmer Wiese—one of the first batch of volunteers above mentioned.

(though unjustly) accused Colonel von Massenbach of being the author.

Colonel von Massenbach was undoubtedly an interesting and intellectual man; brought up in the school of Frederick the Great, he was, as was his colleague, General von Rüchel, an enthusiastic admirer of that King; and whatever history had developed of glorious regal deeds, he saw and honoured in the person of the sage of Sans-Souci. Nothing was right in his eyes save what had emanated from him, and to preserve everything in form as he had ordained, was the object of his pen and acts. He therefore felt happy in being of the general staff,—and as a matter of course the rigid military discipline of bygone-times was retained as a holy relic; but full soon was the sorrowful discovery made that the battle-field of Jena was something very different to parade in the Lustgarten at Potsdam.

Massenbach's moral strength gave way,—the until then mettlesome man fled from the enemy; and the large corps d'armée entrusted to him, he cowardly surrendered at Prenzlau to an inferior French force.* He

* The Bishop might have added—*again* without firing a shot!—the very gentle way in which he records the base surrender at Prenzlau—in my opinion the most disgraceful and untoward event subsequent to the battle of Jena—is *more* than remarkable. But his “almost daily intercourse” with one who had “dipped his pen in gall” and vomited “bitter reproaches” against the Good King he had betrayed—is to me unaccountable!—Tr.

now went from one extreme to the other, and found in the great Napoleon his long-worshipped Frederick,—honouring in him the renovator of a diseased, and, as he called it, a “rotten state of things.” His former love for the Prussian state went over to antipathy; he did not go, as others did, to the King in Königsberg—but returned to Potsdam, and dipped his pen in gall.

At this time, 1807, I had much intercourse with him, and he called on me almost daily, although we differed in politics wide as the poles;—often desperately quarrelling,—the King coming in for his bitterest reproaches.

He held the Prussian state to be irrecoverably lost, and was of opinion that its heretofore greatness was alone the work of Frederick II.; that it was all over with Prussia as a kingdom, and that if the mighty conqueror, in his new arrangement of worldly circumstances, treated it with generosity—it could only be permitted to remain a dukedom.

This had become a fixed idea with Massenbach, and he proclaimed it with the flaming enthusiasm of a madman. Starting from false premises, which had become axioms to him, he arrived at monstrous conclusions; which dictated the most unheard-of propositions. He read to me one day a representation addressed immediately to the King, in which he in eloquent diction expressed his opinions on the situation of affairs.

It ran thus : “ After the misfortunes that had occurred, Prussia could not stand alone ; it must have a support. In Russia and Austria there is no safety ; for neither of them meant honestly and uprightly towards Prussia : that the only radical point of safety was unqualified submission to France and its wonderful Ruler ; that everything depended on propitiating him, if all was not to be lost. But to bring back the vanished spirit of foresight and courage, *there must be placed as President in every province, and as General to every Prussian regiment, a native Frenchman* — chosen by the Emperor Napoleon ; and as pledge of the King’s honesty of intention, the Crown Prince of Prussia was to be sent to Paris,—that he might be brought up under the invigorating influence of the Emperor,” &c., &c.

“ How, Colonel ?” cried I, enraged, “ you a Prussian officer, and a member of the General Staff ! dare to offer *that* to your King ! Do you not feel that such act would be the height of insult and mockery ?” “ Not at all,” replied Massenbach, vehemently. “ It is my full, upright, and well-pondered opinion. There is no other mode of salvation. Whoever means honestly towards the unlucky King, as I do, must open his eyes for him. Give me candle and wax—my seal I have ; it shall to the post directly.” “ God forbid,” I exclaimed, “ that such an infamous communication should be sealed in my

glebe-house." "Sir," cried he, "*you*, are also fumbling in Egyptian darkness!"—He left in choler, slammed the door, and I firmly believed he would never more cross its threshold. But at the end of three weeks he again came, greatly altered in tone and manner; he said, "My upright intentions are wholly misconstrued. There; read the King's answer!" It was short, and to the following effect:

"Your counsel was not required:—You have to answer for your dastardly conduct at Prenzlau!"

A painful silence ensued, which Massenbach ended by saying, "The King does wrong in rejecting my advice;—but his reproach is just. One way remains,—I will write to the minister, von Stein, and send him the repulsed representation, for reconsideration and reflection."

"To minister von Stein?" I observed. "The hater of the French,—he who, with Germanic energy, has made it his life's-problem to oppose their abominable usurpation?"—"So was he," replied Massenbach; "but he is no longer of that mind. His cataract is pierced; he *now* comprehends the epoch, and its juvenescent tendency." I remarked, "Beware Colonel, that *that* keen-minded man don't pierce you!"—But he rejected the hint, and posted his letter.

When next he called, he was under considerable excitement; and with the word "Infamous," threw a letter

on my table. "Read minister von Stein's answer!" The contents were—

"Inasmuch as I do not stand on the pinnacle of intellectuality, so as to grasp your grandiloquent and daring ideas, nor in a political position to give them birth,—I return the same under cover, as being wholly worthless; and am with profound respect," &c., &c.

"Is not that enough to drive one to desperation?" cried he, pacing up and down the room. "The King is serious and honest in his answer; but that fellow is scornful and sarcastic." Such was Massenbach when he left Prussia to reside in Stuttgart, on the return of the King to Berlin, in 1809.

Instead of resignedly settling down, and, by virtue of his powerful mind courting philosophy, he with fretful impetuosity wrote "Memoirs of Frederick William III. —relating to his person, house and court." In that disgraceful work, he poured out the vial of his wrath in slanderous stories relative to the King; and moreover, dared with recreant hand to attack the pure character, and spotless life, of Queen Louisa. Most astonishing! he sent the calumnious manuscript to the King, with the notice: "that he proposed having it printed and published; but that being in want of money, he would destroy the work, provided the King would give him a larger sum for it than he had been offered by a publisher

in Tübingen." If Massenbach, calculating on the King's unbounded kindness, (which he had often experienced,) expected his Majesty would accede to such a proposition, he judged most superficially; for he ought to have known that there are attacks and insults which the noblest mind cannot forgive.

In this instance the King remained true to his mild and earnest character; and refraining from any precipitate and passionate step, which in this case would have been almost justifiable; he sent the libel to the Minister at War, with this remark: "that inasmuch as he, together with his deceased consort and royal house, had been grossly wronged, he would abstain from giving judgment himself on an affair so personal; but required that a searching and impartial examination should be instituted, and the result laid before him." The court martial sat, and the unanimous verdict was, "That the heretofore Prussian colonel, von Massenbach, is by law and this court adjudged guilty,—and condemned to imprisonment for life in a fortress. Massenbach, who was then at Frankfurth-on-the-Main, was, after the necessary legal procedure, arrested, and by the Prussian military conveyed to the fortress of Glatz. The King however mitigated the penalty to a fixed number of years.

About the end of the year 1826, the worthy son of that unfortunate father, together with his excellent and

pious mother, came to Berlin, and expressed to the General Adjutant, von Witzleben, their wish "to have an audience of the King," on his replying; "such could hardly take place, the King being confined to his bed by a recently broken leg, and forbidden to speak to any one, save his doctors and immediate attendants," young Massenbach remarked, he was sorry for it, inasmuch as he was come in his father's name, to express deep-felt thanks to the King for restored liberty.

"What?"—exclaimed von Witzleben, with astonishment, "your father no longer in the fortress of Glatz!—where is he then?" "At home with his family these eight days." "By whose command?" "His Gracious Majesty, the King's." "Strange! I know nothing of it, although all Cabinet-resolves, relating to the military, pass through my hands,—and since the 14th December, when the King broke his leg, he has kept his bed, and been incapable of writing; besides, he doubtless would have mentioned the circumstance to me; I must therefore hesitate to believe what you say!" As young Massenbach persisted in his story, Witzleben looked critically at him, dubious whether the misfortunes of the father had not turned the brain of the son—but when he repeated the story, with its special combinations, Witzleben said, "It is possible that Cabinet-councillor Albrecht, may know something about it:—come with

me, we'll ask him!" But the scene continued, for Albrecht was equal ignorant on the subject.

I chanced to be sitting near the sick Monarch's bed, when General von Witzleben entered, and recounted the particulars. A blush came over the King's pale cheek, as he said, "The matter is even so; he has told the truth. About a week ago, being in pain and enduring a sleepless night, I ruminated on the multifarious past, when Colonel Massenbach came across my thoughts, and his image, hitherto so repugnant to me, presented itself to my mind under a more agreeable aspect. At last I dozed off. When I awoke, refreshed by the sleep I had supplicated, the sun was shining on my bed, and I desired writing materials to be handed me, and immediately wrote—that there might be no discussion—to the Commandant of Glatz, authorizing him to set Colonel Massenbach at liberty.—I will not see the son; it would embarrass him—I dislike tableaux!—but tell him,—I wish that his father, in the re-union with his family, may enjoy repose and happiness;—be all forgiven and forgotten!"—an instance of *true* magnanimity.

As General von Witzleben was leaving, the King motioned me to remain. I expressed my delight at the noble and christianlike conclusion of the affair. "What is therein particularly noble?" replied the King; "I have only done what every Christian should do:—outward

circumstances may assist. Sickness and disasters prepare the mind for milder judgments." The venerable Hufeland now entered—and as I retired, I may safely say that in body and soul, I bent before my august and christian Master.

The King sometimes showed buoyancy of spirit,—and, under happy circumstances, even an inclination for pleasantries. Such happened when beside the lively and graceful Queen, whose quick turns and witty sallies, which I may justly call "dance of ideas," gave her ever the victory:—or it took place when with his intellectual children. His attendants held themselves aloof from remark on such occasions, remembering that the line of demarcation is delicately drawn in *that* sphere, and the adage, "It is unadvisable to eat cherries with Potentates."

Many anecdotes exist of the King's readiness at repartee—I will relate a few.

A farce was brought out at the theatre in Berlin, called "The Mechanic's Festival," which succeeded mainly in consequence of the humorous parts being in *pâtois* German, which is the Berlin folks' dialect. One of the merriest scenes is where an otherwise excellent journeyman was ever behind time,—never making his appearance until business had begun; the scene occasioning most laughter, was the operative's manner of propitiating the displeased master, viz., by invariably

holding out his hand, and saying, "Now, measter, nevertheless, no animosity on no account!" To which the master as invariably answers, "He knows me better; am I not always that one—which—"

A few days after, when the farce had become much talked about, the King came to Potsdam with his family. All were assembled for dinner, which was punctually at two o'clock; the King thinking the minute passed, asked the time, saying: "not yet ready?"—The Court Marshal, von Maltzahn, replied, "Yes Sire; but His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince, is not yet here." The King, holding his watch in hand said, "In five minutes!"—when that had elapsed, all took their seats, and the soup was handed round. At that moment the Crown Prince entered—his look and action denoting a slight degree of embarrassment. With his natural presence of mind,—and assuming a show of artlessness; he approached the unoccupied chair beside the King, and putting forth his hand reverentially—yet with constitutional quaintness and true-heartedness—to his royal Sire, said: "Measter, nevertheless, no animosity on no account!" The King squeezing his beloved son's hand, replied in the same dialect, "thou knowst me better, Fritz; am I not always that one—which—"

Such gaiety of temper sometimes drew other of the table guests into its magic circle, and with delight I

remember one of those pleasant scenes,—it took place in the royal château at Paretz.

The neighbouring church-living of Ketzin had become vacant through death,—and as it was a lucrative cure—Paretz being its *Filia*,—the number of clerical candidates was very great. The King, as immediate church patron of that parish, having it in his gift ; sent the whole of the petitions, amongst which were several from Superintendents, Consistorial Councillors, Doctors of Divinity, and celebrated Theological writers ; to the Council for Ecclesiastical affairs—charging it to select and present to him from the numerous aspirants, the three most distinguished names, that he would hear their probationary sermons himself, and confer the living on him whose lecture pleased him most.

So stood the matter, when, being invited to Paretz, I alighted at the house of the Domain-farmer, Uebel, and had not been there long before the pastor of the village church in Bukow, Parson Kärsten, entered—for *that* Sunday happened to be his turn on the rotation-list, to do duty at Paretz, during the year of grace granted to the widow of the deceased incumbent.* When the

* I think in such cases the duties for the year are volunteered by neighbouring clergymen,—the widow receiving the husband's salary, and all collections and other emoluments, as fall in during that time.—TR.

modest and discreet man heard that the King and Royal Family, with a large suite, were at Paretz, and would certainly attend the Church, he became anxious, and declared, "he felt himself incapable of preaching before His Majesty, for, living as he had done, in retirement, and away from the great world, he had never so much as seen the King;" he therefore earnestly entreated that I would take on myself the duties of the day.

I declined doing so, as being unseasonable and improper; but I did my best to encourage him to preach fearlessly the sermon he had prepared for the occasion; that if the same,—which I doubted not,—was simple, clear, from the heart, and biblical, he would find in the King a mild, equitable, and most attentive hearer.

And so it was to be. The humble and worthy man preached to a full church, from the subject of the ten lepers, whom the Lord, at their own intercession, healed, and of whom only one turned to thank him; whence he took the opportunity of dwelling on "the wickedness of ingratitude," with such effect, and in so clear a manner, that it was perfectly suited to the comprehension of the veriest peasant,—and at the same time edifying to the highly educated. The King, on leaving the church, expressed his approbation, by gently placing on the exposed poor-plate twenty golden Fredericks.

Arrived at the château, the King said: "How did

you like the sermon?" on my replying, "Right well!" he added, "And I, very much!—much better than many I have heard preached by celebrated, and titled orators. Such, usually heat themselves in hunting about for fine phrases, and serve out nothing but decorated confectionary. This man has given us the good wholesome homebaked bread of life, such as all of us are in need of. He expounded the biblical text in a clear manner, and what he said relative to the impiety of man's ingratitude, was true and striking,—spoken as if from my own soul. He is a valiant man!—Is he one of the candidates for the vacant Ketzin and Paretz living?"

"No, Sire!—I have not seen his name on the list of aspirants."—"Do you think him a fitting person for the vacant cure?"—"I cannot as yet permit myself to form a judgment thereon; I am not acquainted with him, and know nothing beyond the edifying sermon just delivered: at the same time I will not doubt of his possessing the necessary qualifications:—but the pastorship of Ketzin and Paretz is one of the most lucrative in Havel-land; and on account of your Majesty's often attending public worship in the church of Paretz, one of the most honourable. Therefore have more than 40 clergymen become candidates for the same, and amongst them several famed Theologians. The chief President, von

Bassewitz, with whom I conversed yesterday, will, in conformity to your Majesty's commands, present the names of the *three* most eligible next week." "I have," interrupted the King, "all respect for theological erudition and celebrity—desire to take therefrom not an iota:—but such learned and renowned gentlemen are often in the near, very different to what they appear in the distance. The best theorist is not always the best practitioner. A learned theologian is not exactly necessary for the Ketzin and Paretz peasantry;—I wish to give them a pious, and in his conduct, exemplary shepherd of souls; one whose life and conduct may edify. The more homely and simple-hearted the better!" As the King said this, Finance Minister- Count von Bülow entered; and the King adjourned with him to his Cabinet.

When we assembled in the garden-hall, preparatory to dinner, I found that Parson *Concionator* had been invited. The high opinion the King had formed of him in the church, lost nothing by his conduct at the dinner-table. Placed opposite the King, the following conversation occurred: "What is your name?"—"Kärsten." "Where from?" "The village of Bukow, near Brandenburg." "How got you there?" "I was teacher in the noblesse-academy at Brandenburg, and the Cathedral Chapter preferred me to the church

in Bukow." "Perchance lucrative?"—"Your Majesty, I am fully satisfied?"—"What is the fixed stipend?" "With glebe-house and garden, it may be worth 460 dollars." "Married? Children?"—"Yes, your Majesty, two sons and three daughters." "And you and your family can live on that, without being anxious for to-morrow?" "Oh yes, very well." "How manage you that?" "I hold fast to the old proverb, 'Never suffer your expenses to exceed your income;' doing so, I have always a little over."—"Excellent!—Count Bülow, do you hear that?—We may learn something from a country parson. *With good housekeeping, expenditure should never exceed income!* We, too often reverse the matter, saying, '*So much we propose to expend, therefore so much we must have!*'—Did you suffer greatly by the war, Pastor?" "Not more than others of my parish—our maxim ever was, 'With God! for King and country!'—and Almighty God has marvellously helped us through." "Very good,—you please me:—preached an excellent sermon this forenoon!" "Your Majesty is pleased to take the will for the deed; it was a sermon intended for the peasantry;—I anticipated not such an audience." "Twas well you did not know it; otherwise you might have refined and added oratorical flourishes—such as many of your cloth delight in. There is no flourishing and polishing in the

Word of God—all there is clear and profound,—as for the village Church, so for the royal Chapel;—one goes not to the house of prayer for amusement, but for improvement; of *that*, we have all pressing need, whatever our rank may be. You spoke to the purpose on ingratitude;—have probably experienced it?” —“Alas, your Majesty, that is the fate of all. Even in my limited acquaintanceship with the world, I have not been spared; having been slandered and cheated by those whom I have endeavoured to serve and foster—pretended friends!” The King muttered—nevertheless distinctly enough to be understood—“*Tout comme chez nous !*”—then louder, “The *whole* must be kept in view when individuals disappoint us;”—with that, passing his hand over his face to hide emotion, he said, “*Laissez passer.*”

Champagne was now handed round;—a glass being offered to Parson Kärsten, the King jokingly said, “Is it not true Parson Kärsten, when you get home on Sunday, somewhat exhausted by clerical labours, you take a glass of champagne with your family?” “Ah! my gracious Master, hitherto I have only known this wine by name;—and I rejoice to taste it for the *first time* at the table of my King!—Permit me, please your Majesty, (rising, and humbly bending,) to empty my

glass to your Majesty's health and welfare." The King raised his, and emphatically expressing his thanks, chimed glasses with the delighted parson.

But he was to be more delighted; for after dinner, when the King retired, he beckoned me, and said: "Pastor Kärsten is not only a good preacher, but a clear-headed man with much tact; he shall have the Ketzin and Paretz living—tell him so." When I communicated to Kärsten the King's grace, the surprised man shouted out, "No! that is too much for one day!—more than my mind can compass and bear."

What in a fortunate hour he received, he continued to administer for a series of years to the King's satisfaction. The King, after the incumbent's death, provided for two of his sons.

However strict as to order and punctuality in state and domestic affairs, the King was lenient towards those who in daily life committed small faults.

The domestics were one day busily employed dressing the dinner-table for a large party, in the palace at Potsdam; when the Marshall, who was very punctilious, detected one of the lacqueys in the act of taking a hearty draught from one of the bottles of wine. Alarmed at the unexpected appearance of the Marshall, he withdrew the bottle hurriedly from his lips,—and in

so doing, the claret spouted over his white waistcoat, The Marshall having severely rated the offender, was about to dismiss him from the royal service, when the King,—fortunately for the poor fellow,—entering, became eye-witness of the comico-tragic scene. The doubly terrified culprit now dropped on his knees; but the King, with slight expression of displeasure in his countenance, motioned him to rise, saying: “another time when thirsty, drink white wine, that your waistcoat be not so soiled. Forgiven this time!” adding smilingly: “You must not enrage the Marshall again!—every one must do his duty.” The royal seriousness reproved him; the kindness filled him with gratitude. Thus did the King, by a happy mixture of gravity and good-humour, attach hearts, so that all immediately about him were devoted to his person.

He was particularly partial to children, willingly joked with them, and enjoyed their waggery.

As in many towns, so in Berlin, the street boys get up comic scenes,—sometimes going in parties, they sing national or burlesque-airs;—woe then to those who have committed a scandal, for they are sure of being balladed.

Such a harmless scene took place in the spring of 1827 before the King’s residence,—after his recovery from a broken leg. A crowd of youngsters had as-

sembled, and as the King opened the window, their caps flew in the air, and they chaunted a doggerel, beginning—

“ Hail victor of the Rhine and Main !
Our good King’s leg is sound again.”

Instead of being angry at their audacity, the King laughed heartily,—and commanded that they should be admitted into the court-yard, where the children were treated with cakes and fruit.* The King’s gaiety of humour, was combined with a certain child-like simplicity of feeling, in which it pleasingly shone forth.

* When Frederick the Great rode through and about quiet Potsdam, on his old Mollwitz Grey, he was often surrounded by a swarm of street urchins, with whom he sometimes joked. They called him “Papa Fritz,” touched his horse, took hold of his stirrup, kissed his feet, and sang popular songs, one of which the old King was particularly fond of hearing, “Victoria! with us is God, the haughty foe lies there.” One Saturday afternoon they carried the matter so far, that Frederick raising his crutch-handled cane, said, “Ragamuffins, get to school with ye!” but the youngsters shouted out, “Ha, ha! Papa Fritz dont know that there’s no school on Saturday afternoons.” Shortly after the Seven Years’ War, the King was riding towards Sans-Souci; when near the Brandenburg gate he remarked an old Fruit-woman, who still retained her post; greeting her as heretofore, “Well, mother, how has the times used you?” “Why, pretty well; but where have you been so long?” “Don’t she know that I have carried on the war for seven years?” “How should I know that; besides, what’s that to me? Rabble fight and rabble slay, and rabble are friends another day.” Frederick laughed, and said to the General Ziethen, who was riding by his side “We’ve regularly caught it! did you hear her?”

This gentle tone of mind unveiled itself with captivating loveliness, when he partook of the joys of retired domestic life, on the Peacock Island or elsewhere, beside his amiable Consort and encircled by his children. There, in peaceful separation from the world, and happy seclusion,—he could put aside all that in his exalted station restrained and in a thousand ways oppressed;—there was he unsophisticated man, and experienced in quiet the true blessedness of paternity:—joined in a marriage which proved most concordant,—rewarded by children who, in respect of form and mind, were richly endowed,—and joyous and hopeful in their development—he could and dared to be a child amongst them;—and he was so in the purest sense of the word.

From a worthy and still living lady, who was nurse to one of the royal children, I am informed, that the King every morning visited the nursery. Then (as she relates) disappeared the cloud of sad seriousness which had gathered on his brow, and his countenance brightened. He received the children one after the other from the hands of their mother, and bestowed on each fond marks of fatherly affection;—he would sometimes tarry long with them, playing and joking, and each trifling circumstance, so weighty to children, he treated with participating interest, as were it a matter of high importance. If any of them received special praise for

good behaviour, &c. he took from his pocket a small reward,—and one could not help wondering how a sovereign with so many political matters passing through his head, and pressing on his heart, could be so debonair;—even so heartily did he enter into their pleasantries, that he often seemed chained to the spot, forgetful of the flight of time,—for the Queen, not seldom, had to remind him that the Adjutant had been announced. Every evening before retiring to rest, he, together with the Queen, visited the sleeping infants, and stealthily kissed the forehead of each.

He was pleased to talk with them of the Christmas presents, weeks before the long wished-for Christmas-eve; and on that occasion he was used to light the tapers which thickly surrounded the Christmas-tree * himself.

After the separation caused by death,—the King's frame of mind became more sombre, and never regained its earlier sparkling freshness; but this child-like mindedness remained, ennobled by sorrow. Wherever,

* A small pine-tree is generally selected for this amusement, which being firmly fixed on the table, is surrounded by a number of wax candles, and the branches thereof richly hung with small presents commensurate to the whole family, often extending to the very domestics; various amusing sports take place; at length they choose according to rank and seniority,—by degrees disrobing the branches of their chosen treasures, till all have disappeared,—shortly after, the candles being burnt or put out, all retire to rest.—TR.

in the strict sense of the word, he needed not to be King, that simple accord was ever heard, marking his enjoyments and recreations. In possession of the choicest treasures of *virtu*, and a lively feeling for the arts in general,—he nevertheless clung with devotion to Nature's originals, and willingly forgot the world in their contemplation. It was not alone in superb specimens of rare exotic flowers which the gardener cherished at the stately palm-house, or daily placed in his room, that he delighted;—the simplest grass, or more elaborate field-flower, had equally his good-will, and he would discourse eloquently on the wonderful harmony and beauty of the works of Nature. If a splendid specimen of ripe fruit were handed to him when at table, he would, after contemplating it for a time with much pleasure,—as if reluctant to spoil its beauty, carefully put it back again, or give it to one of his daughters who might be sitting near him, saying, “It's very beautiful! preserve it!” With the same interest he meditated on the various animals of the Peacock Island. A fine lion, which became as quiet and tame as a lamb whenever soft music was played, attracted much of his notice,—and he combined therewith psychological remarks on the power of harmony. But he lingered longest at the dovehouse, amusing himself with the variety of colour, form, and habits, of its inmates; and though he spoke little

on such occasions, one could notice by dropt words, that analogies occupied his thoughts ;—his comparisons were startling and ingenious.

On this account he often chose to be alone, loved solitary walks, and disliked to be disturbed in his contemplations. Alexander von Humboldt was the companion most agreeable to him—his table guest—his attendant when journeying—and his confidential friend.

In summer, the King frequented his châteaux and gardens, and lived much in the open air : following the bent of his mind for SIMPLICITY OF LIFE.

If he dined in the apartments of the upper terrace at Sans-Souci, he nevertheless spent his mornings, evenings, and nights, in the stately, yet lonely new palace, erected by Frederick the Great, shortly after the Seven Years' War.

Neugarten, however romantically situated, and enriched by picturesque groups of trees, was no favourite ; neither did the King ever pass a night in the splendid Marble Palace.

Paretz, and the Peacock island, with their châteaux and gardens, were preferred to all others. The village of Paretz, nine miles from Potsdam, though pleasantly situated amidst meadows on the river Havel, has nothing remarkable to recommend it ;—but the character of the surrounding country is that of an idyllic spot,—such as

makes a soft impression on the minds of those who love the quiet of retirement. The eye willingly dwells on green plains and meadows animated by flocks and herds; and the lungs cordially inhale the balmy breath of peaceful husbandry;—the village, consisting of neat cottages,—and the parish church, is approached by avenues of trees—bespeaking serenity. The peasant families dwelling there are, through the King's bounties, in comfortable circumstances,* and the children instructed in an appropriately organised school, are joyous and well-behaved.

On a delightful spot—the church forming the immediate vista—is the royal villa, simple and unadorned. There, the King passed his happiest hours.—When he would be alone—so far as a King can be—he chose the undisturbed quiet of Paretz for his meditations on the most important national circumstances,—and many weighty ordinances are dated from the village of Paretz. There, was the burthen of the crown lighter, and the compulsory state of his affairs less felt. There, was he free from annoying ceremonies, and his days and weeks passed over agreeably, whilst the objects and principles which occasion inward peace, sunk deeply into his heart.

His sojourn there was a happy time for the villagers;

* The King constituted himself Burgomaster of the place!—TR.

and did any casualty happen to a family, the King's hand was ever ready to help. At eve the King was wont to stroll about the village and adjacent country, and was delighted, with truly patriarchal feeling, to watch the returning cattle at sunset. At such times the playful and innocent children would approach him,—and it had become a permitted custom, during the King's prolonged residence there, for them to assemble before the dining-room, and receive the remains of cakes and fruit taken from the royal table. Which small but welcome gifts were generally distributed by the King, Queen, or Royal children, and the well-pleased youngsters scampered merrily home.

On one occasion, the King said to a comely lad, “Hast ever tasted pine-apple?” On his replying, “No;” the King gave him a slice, saying, “Eat!—but reflect on what thou art eating.” Presently the King said, “Well, what does it taste like?” The boy still munching, and thinking on what to him had always proved the greatest delicacy, said: “Why, I think it tastes like sausage.” All laughed—but the King smilingly remarked: “Thus, you see every one has for himself a peculiar standard,—guiding his feelings and judgment, and each one believes himself to be right. One fancies he discovers in the pine-apple the flavour of the melon, another of the pear, a third the plum; yon lad,

in his sphere of tastes, finds therein his favourite food—the sausage.”

The King had erected a Belvedere in the neighbourhood of Paretz, whence he had a beautiful panoramic view of the surrounding country. He delighted to tranquillize himself there,—but after the Queen’s death he generally visited it alone.

When he would indulge in contemplation, he desired to be away from the world, and divested himself of all that could embarrass his musing. The solemn beech and oak avenue in the Park of Frederick II. had therefore great attractions for him.

One fine summer evening in 1823, I had strolled into the public grounds of Sans-Souci. Near the Japanese House I observed the King with folded arms* pacing up and down, sometimes stopping, as if in deep thought. Knowing how much he disliked to be disturbed when in such humour, I endeavoured to avoid him—but he had caught sight of me. I therefore stood still, respectfully bending ;—he seemed sad, and as he passed me, merely raised his hand to his foraging-cap,—but turning, he in a friendly tone invited me to join him.

“ You are willingly at Sans-Souci ? ” I replied,—
“ Yes, your Majesty ; its ancient druidical groves make

* I am inclined to think the folding of the arms was not across the breast, but only hands crossed behind ;—so I have often seen His Majesty walk when deeply meditating.—Tr.

it the most interesting spot about Potsdam ;—it is the sublime theatre of great remembrances.”

“ It offers much for rumination and comparison,” said the King. I continued, “ In the sorrowful years 1807, 1808, and 1809, I often paced, with heavy heart, this hallowed spot, comforting myself with hopes of happier times. God has mercifully brought that about, and now it is delightful to wander in Sans-Souci!” “ Do you remember Frederick II.?” said His Majesty. “ I recollect having seen the Great King in my boyhood—his large flaming eyes will never be forgotten by me.” The King said,—“ Yes, his eye was the mirror of his mind ; and that mind was bright, full, and profound. He kept in advance of the age, and much of what he purposed and left behind in writing, is *now* bearing fruit.” I remarked,—“ When one reads his works—namely, what he wrote on ‘The Rights of Man,’ it would appear that his principles were milder and more general than his practice—in which severity and absolute power often showed themselves.” The King, fixing his eyes on me, continued,—“ What you say I have often read and heard ; nevertheless, ’tis a mistake, although it have the seeming air of truth. The difference between then and the present, must be taken into consideration ; the individualities and regulations of that great man, though suited to his time, would be improper

and not work now. Other times, other customs!—Everything was more compact, sounder, and bolder then; we have become politer, genteeler, more flexible—whether for the better, I will not stop to examine; and where is the man who will dare the solution?—As with every man, so has every age a peculiar blending of good and evil—light and shade;—the latter often to make the former more conspicuous. The miserable herd of dog-like lickspittles, who see in Frederick II. all perfection—no weaknesses—I abhor from my soul;—unbounded praise and panegyric indicate inanity and empty-mindedness.

“The rising generation, who have seen little and experienced less, marvel at the unusual; whereas to the seriously thinking, staid man, who has correctly studied the annals of past times, and has gained experience with age, all seems to have proceeded according to the common order of things.

“I feel suspicious of the utterers of flattery. In them there is always want of discernment or purity of heart—often both!”—This was all said when standing. Then, as he was wont to do when growing animated, he advanced his right foot firmly, and continued,—“Doubtlessly many weaknesses and faults clave to Frederick, and the adage may be justly applied to him, ‘Where there is much light there is much shade!’ For he was, and

remained, purely man. But those comprehend him least who—as you did just now—attribute to him a natural propensity for severity and despotism. No, no! the natural and real sentiments of his heart were pure love to mankind, and a lively sympathy, which often rose to strong emotion. He carried those feelings so deeply in his bosom, and found therein so cordial an element, that it was his unceasing desire to encourage and strengthen them.

“Thence his lively sensations for friendship, his love and tenderness towards his kin, and, notwithstanding the great difference of rank, his faithfulness and constancy towards his companions, and his love for music and its soft impressions;—it is well known that on the flute he succeeded best in adagios;—thence his decided inclination for the sciences and erudition, as well the depths of abstract philosophy as the joyous heights of poesy;—thence his love for animals, not forgetting his dogs;—thence his sympathy for retirement, and the eternal newness of nature. This spot, how sombre, solemn, and serene—yet how pleasing and consoling!—How often did he pass the hours of evening here, strolling up and down, full of the noblest sentiments and sensations!—He who so thought, felt, chose, and enjoyed with equanimity, must have been a stranger to the austerity of misanthropy.

“ He was maltreated in his youth ; yet did he never feel intimidation ; his strong and eminent mind shielded him from fear. Nevertheless harshness made him suspicious, —and this suspicion, fed by the artifices, intrigues, and cabals, which those who were about the court of his choleric Father had spun around him, his mother, sisters and associates, —became fixed ; and therefore a prominent feature in his character. Approximated to, and daily viewing and estimating the higher and highest ranks from this gloomy side, —may account for the severity, bordering on dislike, which he often displayed towards such in terms of bitterest sarcasm. *Not from inclination, but from principle*, was he stern, often harsh ; being of opinion that fear, in most cases, namely, with the higher classes, effectuated more than love. Those, and more particularly the officials, he therefore kept in continual tension and fear ; he looked on them with a distrustful eye, and was inexorable towards them, whenever he discovered they had been guilty of dereliction of duty, or injustice. On the other hand, he placed ready confidence in the common man, the citizen, and the peasant ; but most of all in his brave soldiery ; —and he felt the loyal attachment of his people to be his greatest treasure. In one word, every thing about that Potentate partook of the grandiose, —all, the out-flowing of his firm principles.”

The King spoke quick, emphatically, and long, as was

always the case when he got well into a subject ;—he stopped, leaned against a beech-tree, and looking pensively forward,—in a low tone said,—“ Yes, he was indeed a great man !—It was on this spot, sitting on this very bench, that I saw and spoke to him for the last time. His goodwill towards me, which on that occasion was expressed with the utmost tenderness, has been ever dear to me, and of lasting reminiscence.

“ He examined me on such branches of learning and science as were then my study, particularly history and the mathematics. I was required to converse with him in the French language ; and he drew from his pocket an edition of Lafontaine’s Fables, fixing on the one I should translate to him. As it happened, I had construed it before to my tutor, consequently I did it fluently. Upon his praising my improvement, I informed him of my having previously translated it : his face brightened up, and patting me on the cheek, he said,—‘ That’s right, my dear Fritz ;—always honest and honourable !—Never seem to be what thou art not ; but always more than thou appearest to be.’—That admonition made an indelible impression on my heart, and though I disliked falsehood from my childhood, from that time on I have hated and detested all species of dissembling and lies.

“ He particularly incited me to a perfect knowledge and

fluency in the French language, as being the diplomatic language of the world, and thereto highly appropriate from its flexibility. Truly, on account of its pliancy, I speak it more correctly than the German ;—nevertheless, I like the German best.

“When Frederick permitted me to retire, he said, ‘Mind, Fritz!—be something extraordinary *par excellence*. Great things are expected from thee. I am near the end of my career ; my day’s-work is all but finished. I fear that after my death matters will go *pêle-mêle*. There is everywhere enough of inflammable stuff, and the ruling Princes, particularly those of France, feed the flame instead of calming it, or extirpating the cause. The masses of the people already show themselves on the surface, when they break out, then is the devil loose—I fear that it will be thy lot to witness troublesome times. Qualify thyself—be prepared—be firm—and think of me. Keep vigilant guard over our house’s honour and fame. Be guilty of no injustice ; at the same time tolerate none !’

“Thus talking, we had arrived at the extremity of Sans-Souci, where the Obelisk stands: ‘Behold,’ said he, ‘how tapering, lofty and aspiring, yet is it firmly erected and fixed, defying wind and storm. Yon structure says to thee, *Ma force est ma droiture*. The culminating point, the apex, crowns the whole ; it bears

not, but is borne by the beneath, more particularly by the invisible foundation. That foundation, is the people in unity. Always hold to them, in a manner, that they love thee and have confidence in thee; through them only canst thou prove strong and fortunate.' He then with steadfast eye measured me from head to foot,—gave me his hand,—kissed me,—and dismissed me with these words, 'Never forget this hour!'—I have not forgotten it, and at this moment he is before my soul as when he lived. What say you thereto?"

"Such heart-exalting remembrances," I replied, "bring the great and incomparable King before one, clad in philosophical dignity—and make reproachful criticisms unworthy of notice.

"May it please your Majesty, a short and naïve anecdote occurs to me, bearing on this point, which I think I must have read in the Jena paper not long ago."

"What is it?" said the King.

"The upper Consistorial Councillor Büsching of Berlin,—who, in his time, was an esteemed clergyman and author, published a Biography of Frederick the Great; and because he considered himself to have been neglected, and wounded by many severe and sarcastic Cabinet-orders, he took on himself to judge the King, from his own feelings and position—in a very one-sided manner, and brought together a *masse* of anec-

dotes derogatory to his character; particularly in respect of his irreligion. The reviewer's remark on Büsching's book was short and pithy:—'*Few men present a wise face when they look at the sun.*'"

"Excellent!" said the King, and a satisfactory yet satirical smile played on his lips.

Having entered thus far on this interesting topic, I permitted myself to remark, that "Frederick II. was chiefly reproached in reference to religion."

The King's brow wrinkled as he said, "You have touched on a point, about which I reluctantly speak. I have heard and read so much that is one-sided and erroneous on that head, that the subject has become irksome to me." He was silent awhile; then deeply drawing breath, he said, "Great and distinguished men, about whom is individuality and originality, ought not to be estimated by the common standard; they have their own peculiarities, for all belonging to them is peculiar. Such can only appear in those who are above mediocrity, and who have an eye for the greatness in question. It does not show itself in single and detached acts, anecdotes, or fragmental expressions; but in its totality, forming a connected and consistent whole. Such is even difficult of assumption by ordinary men;—the uncommon and extraordinary have, in all times, an enigmaticalness about them, and have therefore been more or less in their day misunderstood; but calmly-judging poste-

rity has done, or will do them justice. Where is the man, who clogged by his own errors and fallibilities, dares allow himself to pronounce judgment on the intrinsic worth of others?—We don't know ourselves!—Pray, what is tenderer, subtiler, or secretes itself more in the mysterious deeps of the bosom, than our religious feeling, with its forebodings and fears?—It is least felt by those who talk most about it, and oftenest found in the hearts of those who are silent on the holy matter.”

The King, looking upwards, ceased. I was about to speak, but he rejoined: “I’ve not done yet, you’ve got me for once into full swing, so I’ll have my say out. If we are aware of any one who possesses a clear and contemplative understanding, a feeling heart, a soul for the sublime, a reverence for laws and order, and who admits of the Christian religion being the best,—then I should like to know who has more inherent qualifications for holiness than he? But instead of that disposition being awakened in a manner suitable to Frederick’s individuality of character, and proper blendment with his other studies,—in which his mind made rapid and delighted advancement,—so that it might freely develop itself; he was fettered in that respect, by a limiting and pinching authority, strongly partaking of compulsion; which he could not, and would not, bear!

“The instruction he received in the Christian religion

was what I would not censure, had it been inducted in a right manner ;—but it was according to the doctrines of the Calvinistic church, and surrounded by forced and harsh constraints. The whole cut of it was after the spirit of those times—more controversial than instructive. This intolerant polemic, which assumed to itself the power of opening and shutting Heaven, was far from satisfying his manly mind, then occupied with the study of Wolff's Philosophy ; his heart therefore remained untouched.

“Thence came it, that the fundamental dogmas of our church proved disagreeable to him, and his distaste for them increased greatly, by being compelled to commit to memory all the catechisms. The more that he from filial respect assumed appearances, the more his heart revolted. When his rising powers in unguarded moments burst through the burthensome limitations—the unworthy punishments which never failed to follow, embittered him still more,—so that in his soul was collected the tinder of scepticism, scorn, and derision. Every morning, as a task, he was required to learn by heart large portions of the Bible, without particular selection, or being accompanied by explanations ; and every Sunday he was constrained to hear a tedious and sterile sermon preached in the Garrison Church. His immediate attendants professed profound and anxious

veneration for Divine worship ; but he found out that exactly those who were loudest about the matter, and would be taken for the most pious, were those who were least so in reality—being guilty of sinful outbreaks, intrigues, rogueries and vices, such as Paganism would have condemned. All this filled his soul with dislike and bitterness, and encased the healthful inward fruit with a harsh and prickly exterior, that hurt and offended many.

“ But his principles remained sound ;—truly, not nurtured by the infusions prescribed by the then forms of the church,—but refreshed and vivified by an earnest and deep feeling of reverence and respect for the laws of God and man. Of a truth one may say—in fulfilment of his duties, he was more practically religious than he seemed. There may have been, and still may be, such a thing as a theoretical atheism ; but I can form no idea of the possibility of any one being conscientiously an atheist. The reasonable being can no more divest himself of belief in a God, than he could withdraw himself from the influence of air, and retain health.

“ Truly—Frederick was many times guilty of deriding what mankind holds most holy ; and unfortunately those sarcastic insults reached the ears of the public. Such witty and intellectual heads are too often induced by circumstances to feel and give way to momentary im-

pulses—and forgetting themselves for a time, say what is never intended to be taken seriously, or promulgated ; much depends on time, place, circumstance, and company,—and the same witty scorner, who the evening before has kept “the table in a roar” with his jokes and derisions, is perchance to-morrow not only incapable of such flights, but repentant for having so transgressed.

“Has not this happened to the best of us ?—If we will be reasonable, we ought not to judge mankind,—more particularly one so distinguished as Frederick, by single and detached expressions uttered in unguarded moments ; but by the general tenour and direction of whole lives.

“The great Luther would appear small if we judged of him by his table-talk only. The world has been made acquainted with what Frederick—stimulated by ridiculous contrasts,—has said at table and elsewhere, of an irreverential and profane nature ; but what he thought and felt in his solitary walks of a lofty and divine nature, has never come to its knowledge :—it is the essence and genuine character of true and unvarnished piety, which lies deeply hid in the soul, to shun being talked about.”

“As respects this deep-seated piety of Frederick II., I remember an excellent anecdote :—will your Majesty permit me to relate it ?” “Anecdote about him ?” said the King ; “alas, of them there are too many. The

narrators shorten and lengthen as it may suit their fancies. If yours be of historic truth, let me hear it."

"Frederick II., after the successful termination of the Seven Years' War, was always pleased to see old General von Ziethen at his table, and whenever there were no foreign princes present, his appointed place was beside the King. On one occasion he was invited for Good Friday; Ziethen excused himself as not being able, inasmuch as he made it a point to partake of the sacrament on that great Church festival,—and desired to spend the remainder of the day in meditation.

"The next time he appeared at Sans-Souci to dinner, the conversation, as was usual, assumed an intellectual and merry course,—and the King jocosely turned it on his immediate neighbour in these words: 'Well, Ziethen, how did the Supper of Good Friday agree with you?—have you properly digested the veritable body and blood?'—The jovial table-guests set up a jeering laugh,—but the ancient Ziethen, after shaking his grey head indignantly, left his chair;—then bowing respectfully to His Majesty, he with loud and firm voice thus addressed the King:—

"Your Majesty well knows that in war I shun no danger,—and that whenever it has been necessary, I have not hesitated to risk my life for You and my country. The same sentiment animates me still, and

this very day, if you command it, I will suffer my hoary head to be cut off, and loyally laid at your feet. But there is One above who is more than you, and I, and all mankind;—and that One is the Saviour and Redeemer of the world, who died for all,—having purchased us by his precious blood.

“‘ I will therefore not submit to have the Holy One, on whom my Faith reposes,—who is my consolation in life, and hope after death, to be attacked and derided. In the strength of this Faith, your brave army courageously fought and conquered;—if it is your Majesty’s pleasure to undermine this Faith, then does your Majesty lend a hand to undermining the State’s welfare. What I have said is true—receive it graciously !’

“‘ The King was visibly agitated by this speech. He stood up, offered his right hand to the brave old Christian General, put his left hand on his shoulder, and said with emotion : ‘ Happy Ziethen ! would that I could believe as you do ! I have all respect for your faith,—hold fast to it ;—what has occurred, shall never happen again !’

“‘ A deep and solemn silence ensued ; none seemed to have courage to utter a word ; and even the King was so taken aback, that not readily hitting on an apt subject for further conversation, he broke up the half-finished dinner, by giving the dismissal signal. To Ziethen, how-

ever, he gave his hand, saying, ‘Come with me to my cabinet.’”

“Excellent, very excellent!” said the King, “I was not aware of that anecdote. I find it pleasing and instructive. Would that we knew the conversation that passed between the King and Ziethen in the cabinet!”

Thus conversing, the King had got back to the palace, and as we were standing on the upper terrace, the Court Marshal approached, asking His Majesty “If the supper should be served?” The King, punctual in all things, took out his watch, saying, “In ten minutes.” As I was about to take leave, he said, “I thank you; you have occasioned me an agreeable evening—you may as well stop supper!”—I excused myself, as having only a common upper coat on. The King rejoined smilingly, “I know very well that you’ve got a dollar and a dress-coat; you are the same person in either. I want *you*, not your coat; so go in!”

Fatigued and often vexed by the circumstances of the day, he would hurry with a degree of yearning to the peaceful Peacock-Island, to spend the hours of noon and evening in the circle of his family. Soon as he trod the ferry, he was wont to throw open his military coat, as if to give his clammed bosom a freer breathing;*—landed, he slowly paced, with hands crossed behind, to-

* Most likely after the return to Potsdam—1809 or 1810.—TR.

wards his toilet-chamber, where he re-dressed,—and his countenance assumed an air of perfect tranquillity.

After passing several hours in his cabinet, reading documents prepared for his inspection, and making marginal notes of interrogation and exclamation with his pencil, also remarks, generally containing the heads of the answers to be given,—he sought the free air; and then one must have seen him, to be aware how a burthened King may be a happy man, if he is of pure and noble mind. He now paced the Island in its breadth and length, generally with a book in his hand,—reading,—contemplating the landscape leaning against a tree,—or sitting on a rustic seat, observing a bed of flowers,—anon conversing with the shepherd, or amusing himself with the passing children.

Here did he pass many happy years with his beautiful and amiable consort, ere the blight of the times overtook them;—experiencing all the joys of husband and father.

Those who have been eye-witnesses of the freshness and harmony of soul that appeared in the conduct of the illustrious, then youthful royal pair, speak of them with rapture; and numerous anecdotes are told of those felicitous times,—of which the following is a sample:—

One fine day in the summer of 1799, two English gentlemen, strangers on their travels, rowed to the

Peacock-Island ;—uninformed of the royal family being there, and consequently of the interdiction,—they had landed at a point of the Island distant from the ferry, and were delightedly strolling about, when the then Court Marshal, von Massow, caught sight of them, and they were desired to quit the Island instant, by the way they came. They however deviated from the direct path to the boat, and were met by a gentleman and lady unattended, and so artless in their dress and deportment, that the strangers had no presentiment of who they were. When they met, the unknown gentleman said, “ how do you like the Island ? ”—Expressing themselves in rapture as to its position, and ornamental culture,—the unknown lady with much affability invited the strangers to accompany them—since, being well-known, they could point out all that was remarkable. “ We should be delighted,” replied the Englishmen ; had not the Marshal peremptorily ordered us to leave the Island—the King and Queen being here.”

“ Matters are not quite so formidable,” said the amiable lady ; “ Come along with us ; we will undertake to excuse you with Mr. von Massow, who is our intimate friend.”

A lively conversation ensued, in which the Lady spoke enthusiastically of England,—in return, both seemed to enjoy the free and critical remarks made by the

Englishmen:—but great was the latters' astonishment on nearing the château, to find the Royal Servants stationed; and the Marshal advancing to announce breakfast!—Aware now, that they had been in company of the King and Queen, they would have apologised; but the winning affability of the Queen calmed their apprehensions; and what little remained wholly ceased; on the King saying: “Enter, gentlemen! you'll take breakfast with us?—after so charming a stroll, methinks repast will be beneficial.”

The domestic life of the Royal pair was such as, perhaps, never blessed those filling a throne,—it was so pure—so joyful—so innocent. I recollect one of those family scenes; and it is a graceful picture of connubial blessedness. After a family dinner beneath the umbrageous oaks, the Queen asked,—“Where are the children?”—being answered, that they were all in the meadow which projects into the Havel, playing.”—“Cannot we manage to surprise them, my dearest friend?” said the Queen to the King. “Yes!” was the reply,—“but we must enter the gondola, and advance upon them through the reeds, that they see not our approaching.”

It was agreed: and the King taking the oars himself, pulled slowly through the reeds and rushes,—the Queen standing the while, that her maternal eye might get the first glimpse of the astonished group. Arrived, they

jumped ashore, and the joyous children ran to meet their parents, who embraced them as had they been away for days, instead of minutes.

“Papa!” shouted the Crown Prince—“how did you get here? The King replied, “through the reeds and rushes!”—“That is charming.” To the question,—“Why?” he answered: “Amongst reeds is good whistle cutting!”—“How understand you that?”—“It means, clever people know how to turn situations to the best account.” The King said, “If applied to yourself, what description of whistle would you choose to cut just now?” the Crown Prince, with his peculiar vivacity, answered—“my desire just *now*, is, that we take our evening’s milk together,—here, joyously on the grass!”

The King held out his fatherly hand to the noble youth; the Queen pressed him ardently to her delighted heart, and the request was granted.

The whole company ruralized on spread carpets. The Queen gently leaned her head on the King’s shoulder, her hand in his,—and we all enjoyed the frugal meal. The sun-set was beautiful; and from the adjacent underwood was heard the soft accords of the hautboys of the guards—sounding like eventide blessings. A holy calm hovered over the patriarchal scene, and every one present felt that the earth may be made the outer court of Heaven. That feeling expressed itself by a so-

lemn silence which none seemed inclined to disturb;*—language has no words for the indescribable. The Queen looked with serenity on the setting sun; her glance was a silent prayer of joy and thankfulness. At that moment her countenance had the stamp of beatification!—all that I have seen of portraiture before or since, gives but a faint resemblance of her *then* angelic aspect.†

The King treasured in his heart many reminiscences of serene hours spent on the Island in company of his adored Consort!—all that she, whilst still at his side, planned, ordered, and embellished, caused her beloved form to be ever present in his soul;—and highly prized by him was the spot that fed the soft melancholy he felt at loss of her.

On the eastern point of the Island, there, where all bears a sombre and pensive colouring, he, after the death of the Queen, caused an open temple to be erected; and therein placed her bust—excellently worked in marble. He often visited the hallowed spot, and would linger there in solitary contemplation. He was generally unattended,—but on one occasion requested me to accompany him. Having entered, he said: “In this

* The Prussians have a pleasing manner of explaining the cause of such silence:—“*An Angel has passed by!*” Even in *talkative* company, moments of stillness may have been remarked.—TR.

† Bishop Eylert does not *date* the above anecdote:—it most probably occurred before the autumn of 1806.—TR.

hallowed place I prefer to think and feel, rather than to hear and speak." Nothing was therefore said. After observing the effigy for a time, he rose, and drawing a deep breath, said, "The fashion of this world passeth away."—I would have added a few comforting words, but it was not agreeable to him; on the contrary, he motioned his hand, indicative of not wishing to be disturbed. He was of a nature to keep locked within his bosom that which employed his mind, and moved him most. Silence was with him a more important art than speaking, and nothing was so annoying to him as empty talk;—what was beyond the clear, and to the purpose, he naïvely called "emballage."

Mute and slowly we returned to the château, where he dismissed me,—countermanding at the same time the evening tea which we were to have partaken of together. Next day Colonel Witzleben informed me, that the King had again visited the temple by moonlight.

Charlottenburg was also a favourite resort of the King's, particularly in autumn. What Paretz offered in respect of rusticity and retired quiet—Neugarten in its loveliness, Sans-Souci in its solemnity, and the Peacock-Island, in its separation and feeling of comfort,—that did Charlottenburg, in the amplitude of its palace, and extensive grounds—reaching to the banks of the Spree.

But the magnitude and pomp of that regal palace was

not suited to his taste after the death of his Queen ; the rooms and halls were too lofty and large—what he personally required appeared too distant and away ; therefore, following his inclination, he had a small dwelling-house built near the palace for his own occupation, containing few rooms, but combining all that one may call inviting, agreeable and comfortable.

It breathed the air of peace and quietude, and its adornments fostered affection, and resignation. There could one live and improve ; and that has been the feeling of every noble mind when beneath its roof : yet is the abode, only one which every independent private gentleman might possess. The King dwelt there as such, and was, so long as he remained, unapproachable to all, — save his trusty and confidential servants on duty. On the table of his dwelling-room lay letters from his children, principally his absent daughters,—together with beautiful samples of their handiwork in knitting and embroidery, wherewith they had gladdened their august father on his birthdays. The adjoining small room served for his bed-chamber, and the outer coverlid of his bed was a large shawl, which the deceased Queen delighted to wear. The servant was enjoined to fold up the precious relic carefully every morning, and place it on a particular chair ;—

and the King, with his own hands, unfolded it, and spread it on his bed every night before retiring to rest.

Charlottenburg, after demise of the Queen, became more dear to him. Genuine sorrow, fed by amiable remembrances, seemed to atmosphere him there. He was used to stroll along the dark avenue of fir-trees, that led to her mausoleum ; and *he* only had a key to the lower vault.—A holy stillness pervades the spot where the good and beautiful Queen Louisa found an early grave.

If the King inclined not to have about him the highly learned,—it proceeded mainly from their general want of manner and tact for such intercourse ;—failing of the right measure of respect, they are apt to display a too anxious reverence ; and above all, their huge mass of learned lore too often unfits them on the score of temper. That Frederick William III. honoured learning and the sciences, and highly esteemed their promoters,—is manifest by what during his long and paternal reign, he did for museums, universities, gymnasias and schools.

But for his heart, and close intercourse, he required something more than scientific and learned formations ;—tone and temper, veracity and simplicity, single-mindedness and childlike feeling, were the attractions,—the

polar angle to which his mental magnet staunchly pointed.

Quick as were his sympathies, even so were his feelings of dislike,—which once felt, he abandoned all sentiments of assimilation. I was eye-witness thereof at the presentation of a celebrated, but wordy and complimentary scholar,—who was moreover recommended to him. The learned man soon became visibly embarrassed by the King's short and fragmental manner, and could not work the ceremonial conference into anything like a flowing conversation;—on the other hand, with Alexander von Humbolt it was a lively stream of electrifying thoughts, blending and exchanging.

It was difficult to hit on the right measure of homage to be paid the King on occasions of public rejoicings. For he disliked anything that approached servility or excessive noise,—and that which savoured of adulation was sure to cast a gloom over his face and mind.

On his return from Paris, fatigued by the jubilating distinctions prepared for him in every town and village of the reconquered provinces through which he passed,—he said to General von Witzleben when leaving Magdeburgh,—“ Thank God ! we have outlived it ! ”—thinking *that* the last ; but approaching the small town of Burg where the magistracy, clergy, schoolmasters, &c. were

drawn out to receive him, he reluctantly ordered the postilion to gallop through the town.

Nevertheless, where he saw the inhabitants of hamlet or village, dressed in their Sunday clothes, standing quietly at their respective doors greeting him as he passed, his regal feelings were touched, and he bowed to them most cordially.

A few years before his death, a dealer in singing-birds, from the Prussian part of the Harz-mountains, came to Berlin, and called at the Palace to express, in what he thought the best way, his thanks for the kindnesses which had been shown his sons, who were soldiers; *viz.*, by presenting to the King a so-called piping bullfinch,* which with enduring patience he had taught to pipe the national air of "Hail! Frederick William," &c.† *throughout*, and correctly,—this being the only instance of perfect success. The King smiled, and ordered the bird-fancier to be shown up,—who having placed the cage containing the interesting songster on the table; the bird, after some kindly words from its music-master, went through the practised air with all the solemnity of a Cathedral priest—to the surprise and amusement of the King;

* In the German, "Dompfaff," or "Cathedral priest."—TR.

† Answering to our "God save the King," being the same tune.—TR.

whose delight increased, when, on his saying "Da Capo," the bird piped the air again. To the question, "What's the price?" the pleased Papageno* replied, "I won't take money for him. But if my dear King will accept the bird, and love him;—the bare thought of his piping in the King's chamber will make me the happiest man of our Harz, and the first bird-catcher in the world." The King felt good-will towards the honest fellow, who stood before him unabashed in his linen jacket; and Timm, who had been summoned, received his Majesty's commands to have a room prepared for the birdfancier in the adjoining wing of the Palace,—to show him every hospitality, and to take care that he saw the sights of Berlin. At the same time Timm was instructed to find out what boon would be most acceptable to Papageno. For several days he remained in the Palace, and was more than once summoned into the King's presence,—who inquired minutely as to the localities of his part of the Harz, and was amazed with his sensible and frank replies. During this stay, Timm adroitly obtained such knowledge of his private circumstances and views, as contented the King. When the time for the man's departure came, Timm franked him back by the diligence. Arrived at home, he found,

* The name of the Bird-catcher, in Mozart's opera of *The Magic Flute*.—TR.

to his utter astonishment, that the mortgage of 500 dollars on his house had been paid off by command of his Majesty :—thus was his unhopèd-for but highest earthly desire accomplished, whilst he was enjoying the sights in Berlin.

Those only who have seen the King, as man, giving rein to his kindly feelings, can draw his true picture. His under-chamberlains therefore had the best opportunities of knowing him—who being about his person, could see and observe what may be called his life's *négligé*.

One of them, who for many years had been his immediate attendant in Berlin, was advanced to the easier and more lucrative post of Keeper of the Potsdam-plate-chamber. The first time the King saw him, after the appointment, he said, "Content?"—"I am," replied he, "as much so as my position will permit of; but may it please your Majesty, there is one thing in the change which causes me great sorrow." "Well, what's that?"—"I no longer come into your Majesty's presence; moreover, I don't see your Majesty so often as heretofore," and the tears fell from his eyes. When the King remarked *that*, he said, "My good fellow, I thank you! we always suited each other. I don't like new faces: but it could not well be otherwise. Calm yourself! In Potsdam, we shall often meet." Such kindly display

of feeling increased with his years.—Although the King's bodily falling-off was visible, he still remained healthy, for his constitution according to the assurance of the medical gentlemen was of the best,—therefore his life's taper burnt brightly to the last. He was nevertheless aware of, and felt that the time of his departure was near—for he often told me so.

As an instance:—on occasion of the Coronation-and-Order Festival, in the Spring of 1840,* I took the opportunity, in the address I had penned for the occasion, of drawing an historical analogy between that epoch, and the years 1640 and 1740,—the former being the year when the Great Elector came to the government,—the latter, the year when Frederick the Great on the death of *his* father, ascended the throne. Some friends to whom I communicated my address, earnestly besought me to change the subject, being of opinion that it might affect the King—perchance displease him, as being an indirect exhortation to think of death. But I thought I knew the Christian King better, and did not deceive myself;—for not only did he praise the subject-matter of my oration, in presence of all about him, but said to me afterwards privately, “ You will see,—even so will it happen in 1840!—Contemplating

* About four months before his death.—TR.

and expecting the approach of that great change, he nevertheless commanded the significant festal ceremony of laying the foundation-stone for a monument in honour of Frederick the Great, to take place. His death occurred shortly after the ceremony.* With what serene resignation he long looked forward to its approach, may be best gathered from "his last will."†

Gifted by nature with a vivid temperament, it had become, through great experience and true piety, so tempered and re-moulded, that he felt exalted beyond the sphere of minor things; and even circumstances that vex and untune princes, no longer discomposed him. Truly he retained irritability in old age;—not when he was opposed by sound argument, which he always calmly listened to; but when his intentions were wilfully misconstrued, and such as were foreign to his breast, substituted. Then, the indignation which filled his noble mind became visible, even in his countenance. That was the case, in the matter relative to the unfortunate Archbishop of Cologne;—not in respect of the difference of church confession, which difference *he*, as Protestant Christian, perfectly understood; and which, as King, he suffered not to bias his mind, governing as

* Namely, 15th June, 1840: consequently only a few days before his death.

† See Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III.

he did, his Roman Catholic and Evangelical subjects with equal justice and mildness:—but because uncalled-for meddlers, contrary to facts known to all the world, and ungrateful for benefits received, boldly maintained the contrary;—even attributing to our straightforward, honest, and inoffensive King, cunning and deceitful purposes. That was a calumny which caused his pure soul amazement and grief. He nevertheless found support and consolation in the consciousness of having laboured uprightly, and left with confidence to the Heir-apparent, his illustrious successor,—the extrication of *that* complicated matter,—instigated and fostered as it was by malignant powers. The love of his subjects was his greatest treasure. His resignation, and tender-heartedness, grew daily more prominent;—each small attention, and even delicate handing of refreshment, was received with thanks, and all his farewell looks were, verily, benedictory loving-kindnesses. His genuine affection and childlike-mindedness were remarkably displayed towards his under-chamberlain the day before his death. When Kienast presented him a cup of bouillé,—the dying King motioned it away, saying: “I cannot take it!”—But the trusty and anxious man desisted not, adding: “The medical gentlemen have ordered it, and sinking strength requires support;”—the invalid rejoined, “My children, I desire it not—do not trouble

me !”—The attached servant nevertheless continued to beseech him to take the broth ; and with pitiful expression of sorrow, such as is often used towards beloved equals, he said, “ Well then, your Majesty, do drink it, if only to please me !”—Tears at the same time gushing from his eyes, he left the room hastily, placing the cup in the hands of his constant nurse, and affectionate Consort, the Princess of Liegnitz,* who was sitting close to the bed. “ The kindly-meaning man !” uttered the dying King ;—“ did you remark his tears, my dear Augusta ?—Drink it instead of me, that on his return, seeing the cup empty, he may feel consoled.”

Never did our memorable King wound the feelings of any one intentionally ; and when dying, he treated his attending servant with the same mild consideration and good-will as when in health. To acquire such evenness of mind, and having acquired it, to preserve it ; is what happens to few in so exalted a degree. Power too often produces egotism—strength, severity—and love, weakness.

So perfect a character as Frederick William III.

* The King was married a second time, namely, to the Countess Augusta Harrock. She did not take the title of Queen, or Royal Highness—the latter rank, however, was conferred on her by the present Sovereign, on his accession. There were no children by this latter marriage ;—had there been any, they would not have been in the line of succession.—Tr.

acquired in life's school,—is a phenomenon partaking of the antique grandiose, and such as is rarely met with on the broad page of history.

RESIGNATION is not wholly a passive power, as shown under sufferings—but active, in its efficacious working. There is a resignation proceeding from Philosophy, which acquainted with the laws and power of necessity, produces in strong minds stoical energy, and though insufficient to rule destiny, is capable of looking it boldly in the face,—thereby lessening its strength. The noble Garvé was for years a martyr to incessant *tic-doloureux*; and his treatise on “Patience” developes such a mass of deep and powerful philosophic-resignation, that one cannot help loving and honouring the resolute sufferer. But there is a more lofty state of resignation, attainable to all, and of which we may say, “verily, this is beyond the teachings of Solomon, Socrates and Plato!” simple in its name, deep in its meaning, and of inexhaustible riches;—’tis called Christian-resignation—the soothing angel of human life!

Such pious Christian resignation, forming itself in the mind and understanding, becomes a lively faith in a Divine Providence, which encompasses and inspires the immeasurable WHOLE, even as the natural atmosphere surrounds and vivifies each bosom. This highest power, at the same time highest wisdom and goodness—

is near to every one ; for in it we live, and move, and have our being. It equally loves and values *all* ; esteeming not the illustrious owner of palaces more than the humble inhabitant of the cottage : for *all* are the works of its hands, and its grace is the chief good. Although it numbereth the stars, and calleth them by name—leading forth the immeasurable host, as a shepherd doth his flock,—it is mindful of every wounded heart, and assuageth its pangs. As without its will no sparrow falleth from the house-top, so no hair from our heads droppeth to the earth without its knowledge. The days of our lives, with their alternations of joy and sorrow, are written in its book before we are born. Under its guidance and disposition, there is no destiny, no fate, no chance, nothing fortuitous.—*All*, whether contemplated from the bright or shadowy side, is of its permission, sending, ordaining. The seeming entanglements and confusions that in a million of ways mark an historical century—even as the perplexed hours of individuals are purposed, and firmly—though silently—led by *one* hand, to *one* great terminus—a heaven of eternal Hallelujahs ! It knows not of compulsion, gains the whole heart, and all breathe in it the freedom of love.

This love banishes every fear, and by this love, as if carried in maternal arms—everything—even the bitterest circumstance in life—must work for good. This love

harmonizes freedom-of-will with the direction and march-route of life—also with the most enigmatical; so that only the one great watchword remaineth: “ALL BY THE GRACE OF GOD! ALL ACCORDING TO HIS WILL!” In this resignation to, and dependence on God, centres the brightness and power, the joy and comfort, of life; and from it flows an animating peace, infinitely surpassing that produced by reason. With this peace, in which the visible and invisible harmonize, the poor become rich; without it, harassed by hidden contradictions, the rich are poor indeed.

This resignation makes no noise, no show; its glance is freely and stedfastly above, whence it came, and whence it receives new strength. It is suited to every calling; exalts the master, and reins-in the servant; it humbles the rich; consoles the poor; makes the wife silent, gentle, and confiding; protects from despair the hopeless; revives the sick, and heartens-up those who are weary of life. However oppressive the burdens and duties of life may be, Christian resignation lightens them; sheds a ray o’er every gloom, and is, to the darkness of the sepulchre, the aurora of an everlasting day.

These psychological remarks have been necessary, that the ground-work of the King’s character—resignation—might not only be placed in its right light, but that its

importance, strength and mellowness, as developed in his conduct, should be duly appreciated.

Now that he has disappeared from the theatre of the world, and his field of action open to our view—the object and direction of his career unveiled, we see how he grew to what he became ; the parts being collected, the whole forms a beautiful picture, on which the eye dwells with satisfaction.

From the historical lives of great potentates analogies might be produced, but we will choose an anomalous example, namely, the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, in whom the contrast makes the truth of the axiom more apparent.

He was, beyond dispute, a remarkable man ; and possessed within himself a mass of powers, such as rendered him equal, if not superior, to most of the heroes of history. So he appeared to the world, on the world's wide stage ;—fearfully great, so long as the sun of fortune shone upon him ; but not so when the night of adversity set in.

Instead of reconciling himself to his destiny, and by the power of resignation acquiring mental treasures for lost possessions,—thereby remaining in himself great and independent ; he brawled with his misfortunes and succumbed.

A few days before the decisive attack on Montmartre, he sent back, with disdain, the proposals for an honourable peace, made to him by the allied powers; adding the arrogant threat that he would dictate the peace at the gates of Vienna and Berlin.*

* Arrogance and resignation were never more interestingly contrasted, than in the remarkable, though little known historical scene which took place between the Emperor Napoleon and Pope Pius VII., in 1804. The latter being in Paris, the Emperor became anxious to gain over the Holy Father to his object and purposes;—he therefore left no means untried, whether of kindness or severity, to make the firm Prince of the Church more pliable. Determined to open his mind to the Pope, he invited him to a secret conference, and awaited the arrival of the Holy Father in the Chamber of Audience. Napoleon (so relates one of his Chamberlains, who was all the time in an adjoining alcove unremarked) paced the room much agitated, and with an iron instrument stabbed and bored the chairs and tables, as he was wont when excited. At last the Holy Father entered, calmly, and with much solemnity:—with due respect the Emperor offered him a magnificent chair, whereupon he seated himself. The then recently anointed Emperor, in a confidential and agreeable manner, stated to the Holy Father his wishes, begging and advising him to transfer the Papal chair from Rome to Paris, and inhabit one of the imperial palaces, that so, in community with himself, the whole earth might be governed from the world's metropolis!—that his revenue should be doubled; moreover, he should have a brilliant body-guard appointed, and share with him in all worldly dominion, power, and glory, as confrater.

Pope Pius VII. heard this high-flown speech and promises with the utmost serenity, and when finished, merely uttered the word,

“Comediante!”

“What!” cried the enraged Emperor, starting from his chair; “I a comedian! Priest, our friendship is ended.” Snorting, and

Frederick William III. learned and practised resignation to a degree, and in a manner never recorded in the annals of history:—and it was tested to the utmost during the years 1811, 1812.

All that he then suffered and bore, was only known to those who were immediately about the King's person; for he was limited to Charlottenburg and Potsdam, nay, almost a prisoner,—watched as he was, by the Argus-eyes of Corsican craftiness. Exposed to offences from the French marshals—nearly amounting to personal insult—which were intended to stimulate him to wrath and thereby to open rupture—that so he might give a desired pretext for the annihilation of the kingdom of Prussia:—his clear glance, and heaven-directed mind, penetrated the same,—and he was enabled to avoid with wisdom every diabolical enticement to open resentment.

pacing the room, he seized on a beautiful piece of mosaic work, representing St. Peter's Church in Rome, which stood on the table, and dashing it on the floor, thundered out, "Dost see!—even so will I break thee, thy chair, thy church, and thy rule. The day of wrath (*dies irae*) is o'er thee."

The Holy Father, with the same serenity as before, replied by a single word,

"*Tragediante !*"

at the same time with perfect coolness and dignity, he left the room.

And the Pope lived to witness the downfall of Napoleon, his cause, rule, and dynasty, whilst Pius VII. continued at the head of the hierarchy, and died at a great age in his Vatican.

He well knew himself, was aware of his situation, and remained collected. The urgency advanced, the complications increased, and the monstrous state of affairs unveiled themselves when accounts arrived that the Emperor Napoleon—armed more formidably than ever—purposed to invade Russia. The potentates of Germany were summoned to meet him in Dresden, as were they so many feudal Lords,—from them he demanded contingent troops, and even the King was compelled through his position, to promise a corps-d'armée to act against his personal friend and ally, the Emperor Alexander.

The arrogant demands on the one side, and the necessary yielding to the force of circumstances on the other, rose to the unnatural,—so that the resignation, and political compliance, of the heavily-tested sufferer was tried to the very uttermost.

Those who suppose that the King, during this frightful state of affairs,—was passive, constrained, and spiritless, have formed a most erroneous opinion of him. His lofty and noble nature remained free, calm, and collected; and he developed at this very time a moral strength, which possibly assisted more than anything else, to bring about the GREAT RESULT.

During this oppressive and ignominious time, I had occasion to preach in his presence, and chose for my text: “Blessed is the man,” &c.

After the public worship was ended, I was summoned to the King, who expressed himself satisfied with the address. Truly he said nothing about the then situation of political affairs, but he spoke animatedly of the invigorating and calming power of Christian resignation, ending his remark with these memorable words, "Come what will—through *it* I shall be best able to benefit others and myself:—tranquil confidence in HIM, who holds the future in his hand, and who can and will extricate—is wisdom and duty."

Brought into sorrows through the narrow-mindedness, weakness, and sinfulness of caste and party-spirit, he saw that the true power of a people consisted in the totality and unison of *all* its strengths; he therefore gave to every order in the state a free action within due limitations,—and burst asunder the fetters of favouring privileges. He hung on the breast of the brave Landwehrman, the same Iron-cross that adorned the loyal bosom of the valiant General, for both were to him equally dear and worthy: and to the burgesses he gave freedom and power, in Municipal Affairs. He emancipated from serfism the peasantry, and freed the yeoman from vassal dependence on the whims of manorial lords. Hence Prussia contains none but Freemen.

Worried by exorbitant demands, pressed down by overwhelming contributions, and himself and family

limited to bare necessities,—he nevertheless spurned the proposition of declaring a national bankruptcy, in these words, “In misfortune; but not dishonourable!”—He sent his gold service to the Mint, and forbade the use of costly wines at his table.

Deep and smartingly did he lament, that even Saxons, Brunswickers, Hessians, Bavarians, Wirtemburgers, &c. &c., should be found in the ranks of the enemy; and he, a true german, felt for the ignominy and real state of Germany. The great desire of his soul was, that German Fatherland should be *one* in interest as in language; and he established, to his own financial loss, the German Customs-Union, as a sure and powerful means of binding and advancing the mercantile prosperity and political greatness of Germany.

He kept the rudder of the state in his experienced hand to the last, and never ceased to take an active part in the Government. He had reached the high and venerated position of senior potentate of Europe; and his reputation materially maintained the peace of the world;—for he stood in the middle point of public affairs, where his will and sagacity decided. His eye contemplated the Government in the hands of his Illustrious Son with calmness and hope; and he could write down with serenity and exalted fatherly joy several years before his death, the important words—

“Thy principles and intentions, my beloved son, are pledges for me that thou wilt be a father unto thy people.”

Even so did he loosen himself from earthly ties,—acquiring a freedom of mind which knew no sublunary limitations. He still possessed,—but, as if he had resigned;—and was glad—without rejoicing.

This RESIGNATION exalted Frederick William III., in the latter years of his life, above temporalities. The clouds and storms which enveloped his destiny had subsided, and were now beneath his feet. On its height he stood in holy calmness—behind him a life full of labour and trouble; around him a rich harvest-field; before him a near eternity, with its promises; and HIMSELF, now greater than his work—which was finished—had become “ripe for a loftier order of things.”

“And in 1840, when the day of Pentecost was come, all stood, all his children together, with one accord”—near to his death-bed, atmosphered by the peace of God;—and in communion with their prayers and tears, he calmly and blessedly breathed his last.

THE
RELIGIOUS LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
FREDERICK WILLIAM III.
LATE
KING OF PRUSSIA

Autograph - niedmiller

DEDICATION.

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

MADAM,

THE high estimation in which Your Majesty is held by the people of this Nation for your many virtues, renders my gratitude most lively for your condescension in granting me permission to dedicate this volume to Your Majesty.

THE gracious assurance of Your Majesty's august Patronage of this Translation from the copious and energetic German language, will undoubtedly secure general approbation of my effort to do justice to the truthfulness and simplicity of a narrative,—the greater part of which falls from

the lips of the wise, pious, and excellent, departed Monarch, Frederick William III., King of Prussia.

THAT the blessing of improved health may be vouchsafed to Your Majesty, is the dutiful, and sincere wish of the translator,—who rejoices at having the honour of thus publicly recording that hope,—and of subscribing himself,

May it please your Majesty,

Madam,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Most devoted and most humble Servant,

JONATHAN BIRCH.

PREFACE.

THAT a Translation of the religious life and opinions of Frederick William III., late King of Prussia, as embodied in the venerable Bishop Eylert's Characteristic Traits of that Monarch, would be acceptable to the British public, was the conviction of my mind when perusing his interesting and elaborate compilation of Facts : therefore have I selected therefrom, all that relates to that branch of the King's character ; constituting thereby, in small compass, an important historical work of the highest Authority—the present volume.

I have gone to my labour most cordially ; because, having resided many years in Prussia,—particularly those of 1806, 7, and 8, the Bishop's graphic and delightful descriptions—true to life—come home to me,—and the opinions I then formed of his Majesty ; so that, after a lapse of 36

years, I can think I see, as then, the bowed, but ever Great Monarch.

Neither time, nor victories, appear to have altered him in voice, manner, dress, or gait ; for there he is, admirably portrayed by the good Bishop,—the kind, indomitable, deep-thinking Father of his People.

Many a time, in those days, have I observed* His late Majesty pass to and fro the Linden avenue—his usual place of promenade—in his long, undress military coat, without attendant : calm, dignified, and sombre,—as one seriously communing with self,—to appearance not noticing, and certainly not wishing to be noticed.

The strength and elasticity of mind displayed by the King during those times of accumulated and undeserved misfortunes, which weighed so heavily on His Royal House and People, has ever been my admiration, and wonderment.

I have felt another stimulus, powerfully urging me to the compilation of this volume, namely,—desire of introducing that illustrious Monarch to my countrymen, in his character of a true Christian, and conscientious Church Reformer.

* From the dwelling-house of the late honourable and respected merchant, John Argelander, of Memel,—the most northern city in Prussia.—TR.

The translation of religious opinions is at all times a matter of great delicacy,—more particularly so in this instance, coming, as they chiefly do, from the lips of royalty, in almost apostolic aphorisms. There is a conventionality in religious expressions, and tender shades of meaning attached to words, as well as to sentences, which to translate, requires a knowledge of the persons, and peculiar turn of mind, of the party represented, and the party representing ;—a divergence therefore from the exact barter-value of a term, or sentiment intended to be expressed by the sentence, might clothe wisdom in the garb of folly, or take from the Clergyman, or pious King his scriptural orthodoxy.

My anxiety on the score of nicety of translation, has been pleasingly relieved by the kind offer of a Prussian Clergyman, to solve any difficulties that might arise. I avail myself therefore of this opportunity, to offer to the Rev. A. Sydow, the estimable colleague of the venerable Bishop Eylert in the Court-and-Garrison Church of Potsdam, my sincere thanks for the assistance his intimate knowledge of the Parties, and the two languages, has enabled him to render me.

I have introduced the following “ Religious Life and Opinions of the King,” by

some remarks made by the Bishop on the first French Revolution, which naturally leading to Napoleon, and through him to the temporary prostrate state of the Prussian Monarchy, exhibits the immediate cause of the King's becoming so decidedly pious. The oppressions Prussia had to endure, lasted full six years, during which the King's faith was established; and he planned and carried out many sweeping improvements in the State,—and purposed a reforming-union of the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches, which in 1817, October 31st,* he brought to bear. But during that time, the King did not allow the Civil Re-formations to engross his attention; he had his eye ever fixed on the military; and although he was not allowed by his oppressor more than a standing army of 40,000 men, nevertheless he prepared for an interposition of Divine Providence by drawing in, exercising, and sending home again, many more recruits than were necessary for contingencies: I am certain that that was the case with the Fusileer

* That being the third centenary of the Reformation; for on that day, namely, October 31, 1517, did Luther nail on the door of the Palace Church in Wittenberg—of which university he was a Doctor of Divinity—90 theses for disputation.—TR.

Battalion stationed in Memel, in 1810 and 1811. The King was determined on the redemption of his country, and he knew how to prepare for, and await the appointed time.

It may be stated without impugning the King's educational Christianity, that his conversion to the true spiritualities of the Christian Faith took place in the years 1808 and 1809, in Königsberg, through the frank preaching and conversations of the good Dr. Borowsky, of which the King gives so pleasing a description. See pages 7 and 8, and 14 to 17.

The genuineness and historical importance of this portion of the King's character will be readily admitted,—the greater part being the King's own narrations, and aphorisms committed to paper almost immediately after utterance,—consequently as nearly as possible his actual words.

I must here allude to a point, much dwelt on, and which the King had conscientiously at heart: the very terms used having a tendency to stagger timorous Christians,—therefore requiring from me a few explanatory words, as to its real bearings in the King's mind. I mean "Confessor and Special Confession;"—the King's

wish that the latter should supersede “general confession at the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper,” emanated from his own experience—he, having felt peculiar consolation and comfort from the honest outpourings of his heart and mind, not only to God, but to a Christian Clergyman :—he therefore believed, that comfort and consolation, advice and admonition so derived, would be beneficial to the people at large in a still more essential degree,—inasmuch as *they*, living amongst their equals, would, from the exhortations and faithful counsel given by a minister of the Gospel, become better Christians and neighbours ; and many village discords and litigations be thereby avoided. Certainly the King had no intention to make it a *political* engine. The word *Confessor*, which is given as I found it—has no weightier meaning than the same title borne by the resident Clergyman at St. James’s Palace, until 1833, who was styled “Confessor of His Majesty’s Household.” But his duties were and are, neither more nor less than those of every parish priest ; and amongst them are to be reckoned a readiness to attend, and to give counsel to the troubled in conscience, and to move the sick penitent to a special confession of his

sins.*—On the decease of the Reverend Dr. Fly, in the above-mentioned year, the word “Confessor” was exchanged for that of Chaplain—nevertheless many of the old school, not dreaming of a confessional, rosary, or scourge, designate the present chaplain by the title his predecessor bore.

The circumstance of the King appearing at the theatre, on the Sunday evening of the day in which he reprimands non-attendance at Church in the morning, see page 51, may seem strange to many: yet all over the Continent—not excepting the Calvinistic Dutch, and Lutheran Swedes—the holy observation of the Sunday is considered to be over with the afternoon service, and the remainder of the day devoted to relaxation and amusement, particularly the theatre,—as was formerly the case in this country. I verily believe that Napoleon, aware of our national respect for the Sabbath, hastened on the battle of Waterloo—calculating that to attack on a Sunday might prove an extra chance in his favour. But he found our lads all ready, and ardent for the fight.†

* See the first exhortation to the Holy Communion, and the Office for the Visitation of the Sick.

† He was used to stigmatize us as a nation of shopkeepers, and possibly thought we might, in degree, prove akin to the Jews of

In this work many texts from the Bible are either quoted or referred to,—the Bishop not always marking them as “quotations,” I have preferred to translate the passages as I found them, rather than to give them after our version,—for even if intended to be *correct* quotations; they, being from Luther’s translation, on which their immediate applicability depends, would vary, and require notes of explanation.

As to the origin of the work, and the dependence to be placed on what is recorded; a few quotations from the Bishop’s preface may prove agreeable and satisfactory—this small volume being an integral part.

The Bishop, strongly impressed with the delicacy of his undertaking, both as relates to himself, and the memory of the late King, hesitated much; for he says in his preface :—

“Timorously and bashfully I commenced the work, and to arrange my memoranda, I sought this summer (1842), the undisturbed quiet of country solitude. Often, when affrighted at the importance of my under-

Modin, who suffered themselves to be cut to pieces, unresistingly, by the soldiers of Antiochus, because attacked on the Sabbath. 1 Macc. chap. ii. ver. 38. But his presumptuous experimenting cost him loss of glory, throne, liberty, and eventually, life!—TR.

taking, I felt inclined to give it up ; but, it had become to me a matter of conscience, and my endeavours have been wholly directed *so* to keep the illustrious original in view, as to give with clearness, simplicity, and voidance of extraneous colouring, what I have seen and known.”

Speaking of the King, according to his more intimate knowledge of him, he says further on, “Many appear in the distance great, in the approximation little ; it was not so with the late King : for those who were nearest to him, and knew him best, honoured and loved him most : his calmness and mildness increased with his years.”

With respect to the integrity of the work, he says, “I have thought, that giving what I witnessed and heard, as nearly as possible in his own words—ever scrupulously his own ideas—to be the best, and justest mode of characterizing the King.”

The world may be rather astonished at the length of some of the narratives falling from the King’s lips : the Bishop, anticipating such surprise, says,

“The King is many times introduced as speaking, and often with diffusiveness;—this

will appear, to all who have known him from a distance, or only heard him at presentations, as improbable, or foreign and adorned, in which the compiler, not the King, speaks. Truly he was naturally taciturn, and the *Brevitas Imperatoria* was in the highest degree peculiar to him; and he delighted to speak in aphorisms and axioms, dropping even combining words, by which he often became incomprehensible: also he was an enemy to empty verbiage, which he called ‘phraseology and speechifying,’ becoming then, laconic and sententious:—but when the King remarked servility, ceremoniousness, and no coming to the point, he abruptly turned away, leaving expectation unsatisfied. Which often happening in the early part of his reign, when he travelled;—impressions were left behind, causing the opinion to become almost universal, that he had a reserved mind, and failed of the gift of colloquy so desirable and agreeable in a sovereign. But they erred therein greatly; and in that respect, as in many others, he has been vexatiously misrepresented, and unjustly judged.”

The affair of the union of the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches throughout the

monarchy, and the thereout constituted "United Evangelical Church," was a work of time, anxiety, and determined perseverance. That Bishop Eylert came in for a ponderous share of the labour, difficulties, and vexations, connected with the bringing about, and carrying out the King's plans ; appears by the following extract :—

"To give one's opinion with decisiveness, and to counsel when at the highest point, and in the last instance, is a ticklish affair ; and may well occasion distress and anxiety to the most conscientious. Those feelings were my spirit's companions for years. Many a sad journey have I made to the Palace, full of disquietude of soul, at not having been able to effect satisfactorily the high matters committed to my charge—in-
deed I always felt as if I were not by nature constituted for the post assigned me ;—also, added to my other trials, I had to bear the burthen of never-ceasing charges and insinuations ; moreover, to present, and support such petitions as were immediately addressed to the King ; whereby I was often placed in the most distressing dilemmas.—But what I may have borne and forborne in those times, now that I have

nearly reached the end of my earthly pilgrimage, I interpret differently ; and hold the circumstance of my having stood in such connection, to be the most honourable and beneficial event of my life."

" Now that all *that* is past,—the venerated King departed,—and placed in the grave ; the pure tears of pious respect and heartfelt thankfulness flow apace at remembrance of him,—and nothing remains for *me* but to bear righteous testimony, namely, THAT I HAVE NEVER KNOWN A BETTER MAN,—NOR A MORE SINCERE CHRISTIAN."

THE
RELIGIOUS LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF HIS LATE MAJESTY
FREDERICK WILLIAM III.
OF PRUSSIA.

UNOBSERVED—save in the after traces of the havoc and desolation she had left behind—was the advance of the dark and gloomy Nemesis, armed for the castigation of states and people!—and unheeded was her warning voice, even when she shrieked in the ears of princes the mysterious admonition, “Draw not the strings too tightly!—extremes destroy themselves!”

———— Appalling was it to witness a whole people, fired by party spirit, suffer itself to be hurried on—now by feelings of aristocratic haughtiness—now by democratic insolence—to frightful excesses;—despising laws human and divine, and wholly forgetful of the truth hallowed by experience:—“A just measure of veneration

towards existing rulers is a duty indispensably necessary to the firmly upholding of social order, national security, and the general welfare and happiness of mankind."

If heretofore the attendants on, and subjects of royalty, have basely and slavishly renounced their inherent rights—seeing, and honouring in their princes, gods o' th' earth!—offering to them selfish submission and unqualified adulation, and estimating as of highest value the condescending graciousness of smiles;—so it is of historical notoriety, that such shallowness, inanity, deceit, and abandonment of character, has ever been liable to out-bursts which terminate in the opposite extreme.

The jubilating, incense-breathing acclamations of past centuries, "Hosanna in the Highest! blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!"—have in our times been changed by the middle and lower classes of the people to the horrific shout of—Crucify! Crucify him!

Resulting from the French Revolution (which Lichtenberg prophesied would make the round of Europe)—more particularly after the revolting murder of the king,—when the bounds of accustomed reverence which had existed for ages were broken in upon, and trodden under foot; there arose amongst the people—not confined to political partizanship, but spread throughout the masses—such feelings of spitefulness and antipathy

—such recklessness, criticism, and condemnation of crowned heads, as was never before displayed,—and which perseveringly continued during the great Buonapartean Drama, even to the ending of its last Act: which was consummated on the Island of St. Helena.

In conformity to the eternal and unalterable laws and powers of the physical and moral worlds, the apathetic malady of the state-body, relaxed and lethargic through long tranquillity, (in this instance roughly shaken by the powerful arm of that extraordinary man,) does, after the crisis has been sustained, develop the stamina necessary to recovery and rejuvenescence; (*similia curantur similibus*).

The same man who worked his way from lieutenant to consul, and from consul to emperor—who opened the eyes of purblind princes to briny tears, humbling their superciliousness,*—who subjugated people and countries, placing his crushing foot on their necks, by overturning

* At the jocund and witty table of a certain intellectual Crown Prince, the conversation turned on Napoleon Buonaparte; it was suggested that each should give something extemporaneously, and pointed, on the subject, as relative to him; when the turn came to the Prince, he said:—

He roughly treated Princes' sons,
And princes made of Myrmidons.

The distich in German is inimitable, and defies satisfactory translation; being as follows:—

Er buerstete die Fuersten-Kinder,
Und fuerstete die Buersten-Binder.

thrones and constitutions that had existed for ages, and filling their places with dynasties of his own; who fashioned anew the order of worldly circumstance, and created an empire which, to all appearance, was firmly founded for centuries: yet did that same man destroy his own gigantic work, by the sins of egotism, haughtiness, ambition, vanity, imperiousness, and immoderation, which he so severely punished in other rulers; and he who rent and sundered the connection between hereditary and righteous rulers and their attached people in many instances, on all occasions weakening such ties, was, after that they had passed through the severe ordeal, and become purified and healed of their earlier faults, made the instrument of *their* re-establishment and blessing-bringing restoration.

The sublime and indescribable glory of the Almighty's government of the occurrences of this world, is peculiarly evident. He, working by, to us, unlikely and strange means, advances and brings about his holy purpose: as in all great restituting worldly matters, so in this instance is the hand of the Deity sufficiently apparent,—and to the annalist is clearly marked out the only satisfactory and comprehensive point of view from which the historical study of the times may be taken and pragmatically unravelled—if he is not inclined to content himself with a fragmental aggregate, but to produce a his-

tory that shall instruct mankind, by its ascending lines,* forming a combined and progressive whole.

Impressed by that exalted and strengthening idea, Frederick William III. seized on the years of national calamity, extending from 1806 to 1813, to be the purifying period of himself and people. Such being his frame of mind, purpose, and aim; we can in a measure account for the mental power, moral strength, quiet and soul-greatness wherewith he bore, without bitterness, the reiterated blows of misfortune that fell on his country in rapid succession, and the magnanimity wherewith he endured the many personal mortifications to which he was subjected. It is possible that no sovereign throughout seven long years of oppression has had, like to him, the bitter cup of suffering ever at his lips: truly the bitterness sunk deeply into his whole being; but he recognized the Almighty hand which presented it, and with resolution he drank of it to the dregs with eye of faith directed to heaven, and it was vouchsafed him to bear and act towards his personal opponents and slanderers, with resignation and magnanimity.

The sorrow-seeds which produced this precious and heavenly fruit were sown and germed whilst still blessed with the companionship of his angelic consort, the ex-

* This has reference to a publication, entitled "*Leben's läufe in aufsteigende Linie.*"—TR.

cellent Queen, in Königsberg, during the years 1806, 1807, 1808, and 1809,* to which city his powerful enemy had driven him back;—it was there, on the edge of a yawning and frightful abyss, the great and merciful Refiner had placed on the seething fire of adversity the crucible of his purification,—where, freed from alloy and dross, the silver glance of the pure metal developed itself, brightly shining to the end of his earthly career.

At that important period—virtually the rubicon of his public as of his spiritual life—it happened that Dr. Borowsky (afterwards Archbishop in Königsberg) filled the offices of principal court preacher and superintendent of that place: in him the King found, to his great joy, a very apostle of Jesus Christ.

To no ecclesiastic has his Majesty been so spiritually indebted as to that original and remarkable man;—and none did the King personally value and love equal to him, for no one's individualities of mind, so suited the King's temper and liking, as did his.

In the anguish moments of the King's regeneration, that divine was ever near and by him, to foster and strengthen the fresh and healthful life-shoot, that in a few years later was to bring forth the regeneration of

* The Bishop has fallen into mistake here, for the King and royal family left Königsberg for Memel in the early part of 1807, and did not return to Königsberg until the summer of 1808.—TR.

the Prussian monarchy;—for what the immortal and illustrious minister, von Stein,* effected politically, was materially aided and furthered by Dr. Borowsky's spiritual and encouraging teaching. It was a very luxury to hear the otherwise word-chary and praise-sparing King expatiate on his favourite, in what may be termed eloquent fondness;—a confidential correspondence was maintained between them, which ceased only at the prelate's death.

A few years before the Archbishop's demise, the King asked me if I had seen the recently opened exhibition of paintings and works of art in Berlin,—my answer being in the affirmative, he gave me to understand that he required not a succinct description of what had riveted my attention, but solely to know whether I had observed a small copper-plate engraving of Dr. Borowsky? Having answered "Yes," adding, that it was no novelty to me, inasmuch as the Doctor had presented me with one—"Ei, Ei," rejoined the King, "and not one for me? the naughty, excellent man! he knows not how strongly I am attached to him, and how much I prize even his likeness. I have, however, possessed myself of one, and at this moment it

* v. Stein aided the King in the civil branch of his reformati-
ons. The King was compelled to dismiss that great minister,
at the desire of Napoleon.—Tr.

hangs in my bed-chamber;—you may tell him so—you correspond with him?”—“ Yes, many years.”—“ I am glad of it—continue to do so:—he is a man from whom much is to be learned. You sent him your last coronation-and-order oration?”*

I hankered to know what had been the real cause of the decided attachment which the King displayed towards that ecclesiastic; but as the above expressions had taken place at table, in the presence of many guests, I suppressed my curiosity, determined to await a more fitting opportunity—when the King might be alone. This happened ere long at Paretz;†—being invited to accompany his Majesty on one of his solitary strolls, I then received from his own lips the following remarkable and never-to-be-forgotten narration:—

“ You must picture to yourself Borowsky as a prophet of the Old, or an apostle of the New Testament; but as that may be saying rather too much, you may value him as a counterpart of those great originals. Everything about him carries the impress of his station,—fertile and solid,—meek and serene,—artless and single-minded,—genuine and candid;—in him is to be

* A festival held every year to commemorate the coronation, and the founding of the several Prussian orders of knighthood.—Tr.

† A retired village, about 12 miles from Potsdam, where there is a royal château—the King’s favourite resort in summer.—Tr.

seen the veritable Christian churchman, void of distasteful affectation and pedantry. And so it ought and must be, if the man is so thoroughly imbued with the calling of his adoption as to feel it is a part of himself: this is what I sorely miss in the divines of the present day. Every profession gives to those whose whole souls are in it—a peculiar something, by which they are readily distinguished. The lawyer grounds himself in, and rests on his positive law. The philosopher on his insight into *all* that he draws into the forum of his speculative reasoning. The naturalist on his researches into the laws and powers of nature. The soldier on the word of command, which is the form and rule of his life. Each of those callings has its own peculiar sphere; and its limitation is what gives it consistency, solidity, and repose, in the centre point of the periphery. On the other hand, I find in the evangelical clergymen of our times, an evident and palpable liquefaction and divergency, a wavering, guessing, presuming, imagining; with the one so, with another so, as suits the colouring and blending of the shifting ideas of the day. I well know that in the empire of religious truth, slothfulness is death; but mutability begets insecurity, and in the wavering loses all firm footing. The desire to attain to perfection is a never-resting, original impulse of human nature; but without a deep-laid foundation it throws

up no safe advance towards improvement ; and what in the desire for novelty may for a time *so* appear, is nothing more than a rambling and erring about, whereby experience loses itself ; it is, after all, but a daring experimentalizing. I require of a Christian clergyman, at least, that he carry the impress, and is, in word and deed—a servant of the Church.

“ In too many this appears only when clad in their official garments,—and disappears the moment they put on the less sombre coat of modern fashion,—and mix in company as of the world. I am, however, not of opinion that our church doctrine, according to the symbolical books* of the Church, should be considered so definitive in form, as to admit of no change : on the contrary, I am convinced that fructified from the inexhaustible fulness of the Holy Scriptures, and limited by its decisive authority—making use of the result commensurate with advance of the times—rejuvenescence would be obtained, and the evangelical Church would develop and preserve a never-failing healthy life, powerful for good works.

* Might be rendered, standard books, of which are chiefly:—

LUTHERAN.	REFORMED.
The Confession of Augsburg. Apology of the Confession. Schmalkalder's Articles. Luther's Catechism.	The Catechism of Heidelberg. Confession of Siegismond. <div data-bbox="884 1379 928 1406" style="text-align: right;">TR.</div>

“ But she must have a positive system, showing whereon she is, will be, and shall be,—what she is, and by which she may be distinguished from all other churches: such to be guarded and watched over as the Holy Thing; for communion is the only binding and concentrating power of the community.

“ Is, however, the grand object of the Church lost, or split into countless vistas,—each dissentient making a religion for himself, instead of receiving in faith that which is given in the Divine revelation,—understanding under the word freedom of conscience, a liberty and right to do so, calling it Protestantism,—then will there be a never-ending protesting, until nothing remains of the positive value and contents of biblical Christianity. Such direction and disposition of the spirit of the times would undoubtedly place the evangelical Church in an anarchical position.

“ Whilst those of the higher and educated degrees content themselves with philosophy, æsthetics, and literature of the day—being hardly conscious of having fallen from connection with the Church,—the middle and under classes of the people—who at least feel a church requisite on Sundays and festivals—go astray not knowing whereon they are, or what they should hold to.

“ The belief of our forefathers in the fundamental

dogmas of our holy religion, is (thanks to the variety of systems and parish pastors who preach them) no more the belief of the children. The inclination for domestic devotion which heretofore was the order of the day in Christian families, is consequently dropped; where, however, such is no longer honoured and practised, the warm desire for public worship is all but extinct.

“ The clergyman loses his earlier respect and the trust reposed in him, when he ceases to officiate in conformity to the binding rules of the Church, substituting personal views, which he knows he cannot uphold as proceeding from authority.

“ I hate from my soul tyranny and wavering in weighty matters; and at the same time it is unbearable when the servants of the Church, whose holy calling is to strengthen, confirm, and uphold, are themselves not firmly established in the faith:—yet how can they be firm in transcendental affairs, not having a faith fixed; and being ready to barter the unchangeable and eternal authority of God’s Word for the transient phantasmagorias of human authority; and the Word of God, which can never be overthrown—interpret, model, and daub over with the varnish of modern times—having no analogy to the doctrines of our Church?

“ I have myself gathered sad experience in that respect.

“ When travelling, I have ever found pleasure in inspecting churches ; and whenever I can so arrange it, I rejoice to attend the public worship ; yet seldom have I been comforted and edified on such occasions.

“ The majority of the clerical gentlemen that I have heard when journeying, have used the biblical text as a merely selected motto : instead of practically explaining and pressing the vivifying essence of the same on the hearts of their hearers, they have fretted and fumed themselves into a heat by empty declamation and far-fetched oratorical flourishes, to my grievous annoyance. But I have experienced still greater vexation, when conversing with them on their being presented to me.

“ Few stood before me like men ! the majority suited themselves by manner and word to my expressions—determined to say only that which they presumed would prove agreeable—scarcely *one* differed with me : flexibly they acquiesced in all my opinions, even such as I threw off only to prove their insincerity. Flattery is at all times disagreeable to me, but most so from the lips of a clergyman, who, though standing before his country’s King, should never forget that he, filling the exalted office of a servant of Jesus Christ, should be there and everywhere the frank attestator of truth.

“ Such a man was and is my beloved Borowsky ; and for that reason is he so dear to me. He stood by me, and I by him, during the dark and *oppressive time*, when I had need of comfort, and verily felt a yearning for consolation ; but he administered no calming palliatives—his were radical remedies, even when they were harsh and occasioned pain.

“ The circumstances that led to the *unfortunate times*, when I, my house and people, were struck down, he sought not to gloss with opiative excuses, but frankly laid bare the fundamental causes, and placed them in their true colours before my eyes—not sparing me.

“ Whatever he said was not the so called submissive advice,—neither the well-intentioned counsel, where the adoption or non-adoption depended on my will and pleasure. No: all he said was clothed in biblical sentences, having the power of the will and commands of God—and I valued what he said as such.

“ He made me conversant with prophetic theology, of which I was wholly ignorant until then. He proved to me, from the world’s history and its annalled transactions, illumined by the light of biblical prophecy, that in conformity to the Divine government of the world, a regenerated and improved people would always rise again, and that an immoral and arrogant people had ever been abased.

“ With a serene and inspired confidence he announced to me better and more happy times ! fully convinced that the heavy dispensation that had befallen our country, if well turned and bravely borne, would prove the means and way to greater national prosperity than ever.

“ If, in those awful times, big with the fate of Prussia, when all appeared dark and gloomy, I doubted—and fretfully asked after the how, where, and when? the good man displayed, in the most amiable manner, his discontent ;—took hold of the button of my coat, patted me on the shoulder, shook me by the hand, and spoke with the earnestness and dignity of a Nathan : ‘ You must learn to believe. It happens to man according to his faith.’ All this was factly and personally new to me ; so had I never been addressed before.

“ His earnestness and severe frankness estranged me not ; on the contrary, they drew me nearer to him, for they were evidently the outflowing of purest sympathy. I must say that a certain pious, tender anxiety, was so apparent in that original and excellent man, that his society became to me indispensable. Also the Queen, in her noble and pure spirit, who had so active a sympathy for all that was true and exalting, delighted in him ; and requested that he should be our daily evening guest at the tea-table, whether invited or not ; he never came

however, unless especially requested,—and too often he excused himself, saying frankly, ‘I *cannot* spare the time.’

“He had not visited us for many days; when he came, the Queen, in her friendly manner, chid him for absenting himself so long; his reply was, ‘I have but followed the counsel of Holy Writ! which says, Press not thyself into Kings’ houses;’ but this was uttered in such a true-hearted tone, and with such sincerity and meekness, that *that*, and all other searching truths falling from his lips, offended not—on the contrary, they verily did one good. There was keenness of point too in all he said; which not being intended to wound, merely awakened me to reflection.

“Withal he is an agreeable, entertaining, often witty associate,—possessing a frank and childlike simplicity; and owing to his temperate and frugal habits he then felt no dyspepsia or bodily ailings:* in fact he was always cheerful.

“Never did he request anything of me—never hinted at any boon for himself; it was therefore evident, that nothing but the purest, disinterested heart-affection bound him to me.

* Dr. Borowsky, Archbishop in Königsberg, lived to the age of ninety, and to the last went through his official duties with vigour and cheerfulness.—TR.

“Such was the conduct of this peculiarly excellent man towards me in every situation ; even when I was most dejected, and would fain have been alone, his visits were ever new, and agreeable to me. I have no one so greatly to thank for my Christian knowledge and strength, as that good man.

“He nurtured in me a decidedness and positive firmness, without lessening my feelings of regard and indulgence, for free and liberal views in general.

“Knowing whereon I am as relates to myself, and what I have to believe, guard, and perfect,—I have become more composed and tolerant towards the inexhaustible, inimical, and ever varying judgments of men.

“Borowsky, by continually leading my thoughts towards the Most High, helped me, in an especial manner, to moderate the bitterness that had seized on my heart in the crushing year 1806, and which threatened to *fix* itself there ; whereby I was rendered able and inclined to forgive my personal opponents and enemies ; and consequently, more fitted to do good.”

So spake the never-to-be-forgotten King,—with earnestness, dignity, and perfect open-heartedness relative to the time of his heaviest sufferings,—sometimes walking, sometimes standing,—now sitting, and anon leaning against a tree.

If I have here recorded with perspicuity and truth,

what fell from his lips,—so do I own my incapability of imparting to the reader the charm of that noble simplicity and nature, wherewith he thought, felt, and expressed himself on this occasion. He ended, fixing his eyes above and clasping his hands, with these words: “So did God, at all times and seasons, even during my heaviest calamity, miraculously help and bless. To HIM alone be the honour and praise.”

Fear-of-God,—in its primitive and fullest meaning, is the real and appropriate term by which we may designate the King’s religious feelings, as they really were; and thereby may be discovered the moving cause which led to that pious awe, so noticeable in his practice of the forms of religion.

With him, as with all distinguished and delicate-minded men, it was a peculiar characteristic feature of his individuality—being interwoven with his thoughts, opinions, and transactions; and often, I might say always observable: yet only those who knew him well, could rightly understand and appreciate the hidden source whence it flowed.

However imposing and truly royal was his form and bearing—however firm and composed his look and manner—however categorical his mode of speech, and energetic his operations,—so was his being imbued with a certain indescribable something, an on-breath,—a soft

colouring, in which not seldom, an almost bashful coyness bordering on humbleness appeared:—a modesty and unassuming, in which all self-confidence seemed to be lost.

Yet was it not embarrassment, want of adroitness, nor fear of man—such formed no portion of his character—he knew not the feeling: even when in contact with his most powerful enemies,—those by whom he had been defeated,—he never lost consciousness of his high destiny or royal dignity; on the contrary, a noble haughtiness and manly defiance beamed out when in the presence of opposing powers:—to see him in anger was appalling.

No—this pious awe, the *verecundia* of the ancients, was in him, as it were the pure deep sonance and resonance of the veritable fear of God, which, pervading his whole being, became visibly suffused over his lineaments in a peculiar manner, like to the bashful blush of innocence,—most apparent in success;—a sure testimony of genuineness and sincerity.

Having reached the pinnacle of good fortune;—’t was visible at the triumphal entries into Leipsig and Paris,—and later when the Emperors Alexander and Francis, at the head of their respective guard-regiments, presented themselves before him, and respectfully saluted him by lowering their swords;—he appeared as though such

mark of honour was not intended for himself, but some one else. Every on-breathing of arrogance was far from him ; and as to presumption,—he knew it not.

His Fear-of-God—that lively sense of dependence on the Almighty,—caused him to be moderate in every respect, and preserved him from egotism to such a degree, that many, not aware of the holy source whence it sprang, have attributed to him a positive want of self-confidence.

From the self-same source proceeded his dislike of praise and flattery ; and those who would offer him the adulation of merit he sternly repulsed, referring all results to God's help.

He designated conscience as the speaker—God's representative in the breast of man ;—he therefore held self-dissatisfaction and perturbation, to be the worst of misfortunes.

He watched over himself with a circumspection bordering on anxiety ; so that those who often saw and well knew him, could observe the secret moral struggle he maintained, amidst the varying situations of a monarch's life.

His piety, was by no means the ripened fruit of a happy temperament ; on the contrary, he was obliged to go through many internal and external purifications, before he became fireproof, and attained with his san-

guine impulses, to that positive piety which he really possessed.

Fear-of-God led him to fear of sin. Although meek and indulgent in his judgments with respect to the errings and weaknesses of human nature, yet had he an utter abhorrence of those sins which he called *coarse*; of such, he named three in particular, viz.—the sin of *premeditated lying*, with all its akin; *unjust possession of property*, through trickery and chicanery; and *breach of connubial vow*;—these he called “deadly sins”—placing strongest emphasis on those words.

His fear of God in the latter respect, partook of the fearful anxiety of our forefathers on that subject: modern irreligion would call it superstitious.

His heart turned from those guilty of such sins; for he was of opinion that where the fear of God was not, there also, failed submissiveness to the laws, and those placed in authority. He knew the sophisms of the human heart and mind, and was aware, how by literal legality, the laws of God and man may be wrested, avoided, and eluded in a thousand different ways; and in every instance where no pure principle was evident, he withheld confidence: therefore had the word *legality* but a conditional worth with him. He hoped for blessings singly and collectively, *alone*, from the operation of a sincere and practical fear of God.

I have often heard him say:—"God is the alone creating and glorious point whence all goodness flows,—and the source whence all must seek firmness and strength, if improvement and eventual good shall take place in human affairs; that fear, is the vivifying principle, and thereto indispensable; inasmuch as it takes us in training—instils into man veneration for divine things, and a horror of sinning,—which carried out, begets *disgust* of sin,—thence virtue."

For that reason the expressions religion and piety were not so adequate and agreeable to him as the stronger and more identifying term, Fear-of-God; which everywhere and at all times insures the blissful feeling of God's presence—the latter being a consequence of the former: "That," added he with mental acuteness, "should the theological gentlemen of the day have more seriously thought of when maintaining their lengthy disputes about faith and morality, and the preferable benefit to be derived from dogmatical or ethical preaching:—without root there is no growth, no blossoming, no fruit!"

Therefore had he no taste and confidence in the numerous plans and propositions presented to him for the improvement and ennobling of human nature, wherever that healthy root was wanting: and if such projects were ushered in by a promising preface, and

pompous diction—to him insupportably offensive—he usually dismissed such, merely writing on the margin, “Whited Sepulchres.”

On one occasion a splendid plan for the erection of an educational establishment on a new system was laid before him for approbation;—in it, a mass of objects considered suitable to the wants of the times, was clearly and systematically set forth; closing with religion and religious instruction, by the way only: on the margin thereof the King wrote with his own hand, “Ei, ei! and indirectly a compliment for religion, doubtlessly, out of pure respect (!) that won’t do: *it*, must be the vivifying soul of the whole project, if any good is to come of it. First, lessons in Augustus Hermann Franke’s school!”*

On the other hand, he was ready to help and further munificently every object, where the character and principles of the true fear of God were obvious;—but all requests and petitions were sternly refused, if forgetfulness of God, impiety, or traces of the before-mentioned three deadly sins were observable in them. All, of whatever station they might be, did well to

* A. H. Franke founded an Orphan Asylum at Halle, now a very large and most useful establishment. The King alludes to the practical piety in which the children were instructed. Franke with propriety might be designated a German Methodist.—Tr.

accompany a request or petition, by the commendatory testimony of some worthy clergyman.

In points where the fear of God enjoins moral purity, the King was severe, and swerved not from his principles;—if in single instances he moderated, the stern character of his moral earnestness was decidedly apparent. I have had remarkable opportunities of knowing him in that respect;—one anecdote shall suffice.

A government officer, now dead, who held a high post, and was noted for punctual and efficient performance of his duties, had been thoughtless in his youth; but in his maturer years becoming serious and conscience-stricken, he ardently wished that his four children—two sons and two daughters which he had by a mistress who was dead—should be legitimized: he having recently married an amiable widow beyond the middle age, and without children of her own.

He addressed a petition to his Majesty, and motivated it by stating, that he sincerely repented of his early youthful indiscretions, and wished to make (if possible) reparation, by doing an act of justice towards his innocent, talented, and well-disposed children; but which could only be realized if they were permitted to take his name, and possess in every respect the rights of children born in wedlock. Furthermore, that the

restoration of his lost peace of mind, and happy spending of the remaining years of life, depended wholly on his Majesty's vouchsafing his humble petition. I had known this officer to be a highly worthy man in every other respect for many years,—and felt that I could not refuse his request, to watch a favourable opportunity for presenting his petition to his Majesty, accompanied by my own recommendation.

No sooner had I done so, than the King looked at me with stern severity, and said, “I am astonished that you, a Christian clergyman, could for a moment think of recommending to me a matter, originating in impiety and impurity.” I said, “Sire, it is the *cause*, not the *sin* that I recommend,—I have recommended *only* the conscious repentance of an amended man, and his praiseworthy desire to see the blot of illegitimacy taken from his innocent children, as forerunner for them of a more favourable destiny.”—“Ei, what!” said the King, almost in anger, “those are the severe, but just and castigating results of that flagitious and accursed mistress-keeping economy!—It hinders and poisons sooner or later connubial life, leading from one sin to another;—those who have had recourse to it may bear its consequences;—were I to remove or mitigate, I should be showing a culpable indifference,—besides, it might lead to fatal exemplifications, of which I do not see the end.”

Disconcerted and affrighted, I felt the truth of the King's expressions; nevertheless I risked another attempt, saying, "The repentant and reformed man petitions for innocent children!" The King turned from me with dislike—took not the petition, and left me considerably abashed, and resolved in future to be more cautious about what I recommended.

A few weeks had elapsed, when one morning I was summoned to his Majesty's presence, who thus addressed me :—

"I have caused secret inquiries to be made relative to that man, and am given to understand that he was not fickle, but confined himself to *one*, who was of superior stamp to the usual run of those unfortunate beings,—and that in all other respects his life has been irreproachable. The report touching his children too, speaks of their being well disposed, and morally regulated.

"All therefore hinges hereon,—whether his present lawful wife has been made acquainted with the existence of her husband's four illegitimate children. Is she not, and must she not be thereof informed,—such fatal mystery will only mar marriage happiness, and thus one might be doing evil with one hand, whilst trying to help with the other.

"Is she however acquainted with *all* the circum-

stances, and has a mind superior ; and she, not expecting to be a mother herself, will live in harmony with, kindly treat, and properly bring up her husband's children,—then, all being clearly, openly, and honestly understood,—I will vouchsafe his request, legitimatizing his children. In that case they may conjointly—husband and wife—send in an appropriate petition ;—but it must be accompanied by an attestation from some worthy ecclesiastic.”

The same took place through my assistance, and the difficult affair was ended to the mutual and perfect satisfaction of the couple ; happy to the end of their lives : it also proved a blessing to the children, who have all turned out well, and are still living.

The King was a vigilant observer of the signs of the times, and kept a watchful eye on passing events and combinations ; these were to him as divine intimations ; for all that unbelief and ignorance call chance and contingency, were according to his *sensus numinis*, Divine dispensation : when they progressed propitiously, he rejoiced—when otherwise, his bearing was of a negative character. Were weighty matters on the tapis, the practical consummation of which was the general wish, he nevertheless held back, saying, “the furtherance moment is not yet here.” Upright and candid, yet in such impending matter reserved and inflexible,

solely depending on himself, no one could divine his intentions.* Was, however, the desired moment arrived, then was he the *Deus ex machinâ*, who could give a fortunate turn to complicated affairs.

Well knowing that good fortune in this world's strange concatenations often proceeds from apparently insignificant causes—and, on the other hand, that misfortunes through altered junctions, often attend the most cautious and seemingly wise measures,—he placed little reliance on political speculations and combinations, and diplomatical tergiversation he abominated.

On one occasion, when council was held relative to a weighty matter about to be terminated, I permitted myself to remark—"It appears to me to be desirable in a political point of view, and would give new and important combinations." He replied, "I don't value that; such human calculations generally throw up *minus* instead of *plus*. So long as politics are nothing more than expediency, all political wisdom will concentrate in being cheated, only to be cheated again, owing to the mutability of men, things, and combinations; the probable does not take place, and the improbable is realized.

"To do that which is right—to fear God and confidently trust in Him—is the best of all policy; that

* Chiefly referring to the years 1812 and 1813.—TR.

alone brings a blessing ; at least, we preserve therein pureness of conscience :—If God be for us, who can be against us ?”

On that rock-foundation of bold and childlike confidence, he stood composed and firm, with head erect : never did his manly comportment forsake him, not even in the dark depths of his greatest misfortunes ; neither did humble demeanour leave him when on the bright heights of exalting good fortune. His ally was God, and he believed that all help emanated from Him who made and governs the heavens and the earth.

The eagle which decorated his breast was engloried by these divine words—Those who wait for the Lord shall receive strength as of an eagle, so that they soar and are not faint—they shall run and not be wearied.

The piety which pervaded his whole being had a positive Christian stamp ; everything in and about him connected with religion, was kept, supported, and fructified by a lively faith in the divine revelation of the Holy Scriptures.

Indeed, how could it be otherwise with an unprejudiced, clear-thinking mind, and an impartial, grateful, and really pious heart ? Scriptural Christianity is the sole element and ferment, which permanently preserves, marshals, and supports nations, states, governments, and

institutions, and may be compared to the breath of life, giving health and strength.

What philosophy and æsthetics, the arts and sciences, and the political economy and power of the Greeks and Romans could not effect, namely, the overthrow of deeply rooted polytheism, with its superstitions and sinful terrorisms,—was brought about and perfected by the simple, unadorned preaching of the Cross, in its world-overcoming, heart-captivating omnipotence. Socrates lived and taught in Athens, but the Athenians remained idolaters.

The victory—the ever restless and ever advancing victory of Christianity over Paganism, by means of poor messengers with no weapon but The Word—marks an origin whose creative power, so surpassing human ability, must of course centre in a higher, invisible, and divine world. That it was Christianity,—through its inexhaustible depths, ennobling equality, exalted earnestness, encouraging mildness, divine sublimity, and pure humanity,—first brought the human race to a consciousness of inherent rights, cannot be doubted; and that it labours on and on, to spread that consciousness throughout all ranks and degrees of the people, by its vivifying strength, is equally sure. In the universality of its humanity, it acknowledges no spirit of

castes, roots out despotism and all arbitrariness, produces right and justice, and wills that *all*, from the highest to the lowest, and from the lowest to the highest, shall receive help and succour, and be brought to the knowledge and enjoyment of the truth. That *all* may be radically healed and improved, and made happy in the barter of love,—it commences with the *heart*, and works to the surface.

It therefore bans barbarism, promotes culture, produces morality and dignity, and is in alliance with science; moreover, it is the fresh life-principle that is urging man's strivings towards the highest degree of human perfection.

It was Christianity that firmly fixed monogamy, sanctified marriage, emancipated woman, placed the rights and dignity of wives and mothers on a fast footing, and took children under its protection, that connubial and domestic happiness might be established; as being the only immoveable foundation of social and public welfare.

From this dogmatical and sublime position his late Majesty viewed Christianity. It was to him an historical fact, a given thing, which thinking man ought to receive. "It is impossible," said he, "to make and arrange a religion for one's self. If any one attempts to form a Deity pleasing to his own mind, he will find in the end that he egotistically worships himself in his own ideal.

The Christian only is privileged to worship God in spirit and in truth."

The King honoured the Christian religion because he felt fully convinced that it is a Divine revelation immediately emanating from God,—moreover because it is the decisive and ultimate tribunal:—he was pleased to call it the only *Jus non appellando*.

All that harmonized with its spirit and contents, was to him truth—all that opposed its spirit, error; and on those points he admitted of no debates or compromises. "The Lord's Word is truth, and what He has promised, that will He certainly bring to pass:" this conviction was to him an axiom, and the really permanent—and on all occasions valid scale, whereby he discriminated, proofed, chose and judged. He became so *sure* in his belief, and possessed so firm a tact, that no mooted doubts ever incommoded him. He lived according to his faith; the Holy Scriptures ever lay on his writing table; and both the Old and New Testaments were to him an intimately connected and inseparable whole,—the former the announcement, the latter the fulfilment. He was particularly delighted with the Book of Proverbs, because of its categorical precision and pregnant meaning; and in the Psalms he found a treasury of comfort, particularly in those before mentioned days of national suffering. During

the unfortunate years 1810 and 1811—particularly after the death of the ever memorable Queen,*—I have often heard him say, “Had not thy Holy Word comforted me in my misery, I should have passed away;” and that was uttered in such tone of anguish, as penetrated my very soul.

The Holy Bible was to him so dear, important, and indispensable, that to those he particularly loved he knew of no better present than a superbly bound copy,—and when on the festival of the Reformation in 1817, he presented a large folio copy for the use of the altar in the Court and Garrison Church, Potsdam, he pressinglly enjoined me to “guard it heedfully.”

The Historical Christ was the soul of his Christianity, and he rejoiced in a growing faith in Him. He honoured in Christ, the eternal Son of the living God—saw in Him the Deity, and directed his prayers to Him.

The faith of Christians relative to the Saviour and Redeemer, was to him not factly, only in respect of His doctrine, but personality; for in the divinity of His Person, he found the exalted and divine certainty of His doctrine, and in the divinity of the doctrine, proof of the divinity of His Person. The darkness and mystery which surround this belief, instead of weakening, rather strengthened and established him.

* The good and beautiful Queen died June 19th, 1810.

Many a time, before, and after participating in the Lord's Supper, has he said to me, "What I worship and reverence—before what I clasp my hands and bend my knees, I cannot draw down, neither dare to place on a level with myself,—it necessarily must be higher and more sublime if I am to be exalted: could I comprehend its mysteries, my veneration must cease. That which shall make me better, more elevated, and more certain, must be unto me a something that is, and gives what I cannot give unto myself, or receive from any other equally sinful with myself.

"A revelation, having nothing to reveal beyond the scope of man's knowledge and science, would cease to be a Divine revelation. Its mysteries are to me, witnesses of its divinity, and I should cease to believe in revelation were the mysteries not there. They have, as in the great book of Nature, a clear and a dark page. We see, wonderful power, wisdom, and goodness displayed in creation, in numberless splendid forms;—they appear and disappear, but we see alone the appearances, not the original power, or know the laws which produce them, for they are surrounded by a mysterious and impenetrable veil:—into the soul of Nature no created mind can force itself.

"Every tree, plant, flower, and fruit are, in respect of the original power whence their thousand beauties, pro-

perties, and manifold forms, yet sublime unity emanated, an impenetrable mystery : even the light of the sun which gives to the whole world life and growth, and whose benevolence we all enjoy, is a power, that no naturalist has as yet been able to comprehend, much less explain : shall we therefore cease to look up to, and with thankfulness pray to Him who has created it ?

“ The precious and glorious, ever visible and innate crescentive analogy between the wonders and mysteries in Nature, and those of Revelation, is to me a shining and exalted evidence that it was the same God who created the one and gave to us the other. Both great and excellent and the gifts of the same Almighty hand. There is so much of the elevating, instructive, and delightful in this truth, that I am verily astonished at how so many theologians, mistaking the impassable, soon reached, boundary of human reason, make a to-do-about, and desire to expunge from the Christian Religion its wonders and mysteries. Whom would they benefit thereby ? The philosopher ?—he has always been at loggerheads with himself. The human race ?—it has manifestly found itself, from the cradle to the grave, in such a darkness-visible state, that a during faith is indispensable ; for without it, they fall into incredulity or superstition.

“ Is it the Christian Church, which is firmly esta-

blished on the authority of the Holy Bible, and which without that binding and adhesive authority would fall to pieces? Yet, as in heaven so on earth, it stands written with stellar durability in the Holy Scriptures; and what *therein* is written, no puny human power can obliterate." So spake our faith-confident King, with captivating eloquence;—after a pause, he thus continued:—

"All that I have seen of glorious in life, and however much of excellence I have found in the books of divine authors, is as nothing, compared to the exalted sensations I experience when reading the Bible with devotion. Everything *therein* is of another quality. A peculiar spirit of certainty and decision, of repose and peace, seems to breathe and govern there,—and one feels eased of the smaller and greater cares of life: everything assumes a different aspect, and one acquires imperceptibly a good and refreshed state of mind—more stern towards self, and milder towards all the world. Every word is truth, and every small sentence is pregnant with ideas. The Sermon on the Mount—what a treasure! why, it contains more wisdom in a few pages, than all the folio volumes of ancient and modern theologians:—He, the Redeemer of the World, who could so, and did so speak, shall He not also have told us truth when He spake of His divine nature, and

of things which are beyond our clouded and confined horizon? and shall we dare to say, because we have not seen those things,—they are not there? Alas, for the poor and daring child of man, who layeth his pigmy staff of measurement on the vast and imperishable; and who thinks to obtain the purity of light by taking up the beams of the world-illuminating sun, through the rectangular-prowess of the ground and burnished prism of his intelligence!—yet delighteth in the transient and varied colouring of a soapen bubble!—who to-day audaciously challenges, and to-morrow stricken by the hand of death, swooningly implores for mercy!

“Doubtlessly our march of intellect takes but a partial view of human nature; for although instruction of the understanding, towards the attainment of a clear insight into things, be of paramount necessity, yet is not *that* all that is requisite to make good and happy. That the heart can alone be improved, and the character ennobled, by extensive intelligence, is to me highly problematical.

“Moral nature has its own laws, and is eccentric in its developement and advances—often remarkable in the middle and lower classes of society—amongst whom we meet with intellectual and very worthy men, who have had little or no mental culture; but be that as it may, certain it is, that every worldly sharpening of the

understanding makes keen and egotistical, contracts the heart, robs human nature of its simplicity, fills man with cunning and deceit, and too often exterminates both truth and faith ; so that, instead of improving by infusion of what is called ‘ Wisdom,’ they have, through its operation, become deteriorated, and had, therefore, better remained in a rude and uneducated state ;—neither extreme has worthiness,—both destroy.

“ Christianity, however, occupies a middle ground, and is the only effectual and sure expedient—I mean positive Biblical Christianity—that which received in faith, takes hold of, ennobles, and forms the whole man ; giving understanding, and heart and thought, and will and deed, in an harmonious and proportional ratio, —making wise, and good, and happy ; but then, all depends on combination and a right perception of the matter.

“ Is Christianity adopted after a one-sided manner, namely, only in as far as it can be made to square with the rationality of human intellect, we shall produce nothing but cavilling reasoners. Is Christianity adopted only on supernatural views, we then originate Phantasts, Enthusiasts, Separatists, Mystics, and Pietists ; and as the former make all dry and arid, the latter scorch and burn up everything ;—neither has worthiness,—both are destructive.

“ The due amalgamation of light and warmth is the desideratum. Light for the understanding, that man may see with clearness,—and warmth for the heart, that it may become good and pure ; for they produce, according to the testimony of experience, the most abundant measure of acquiescing faith in the Historical Christ: taught in His school, the understanding is awakened, sharpened, practised, and satisfied,—and inclination for godliness is vouchsafed, without which the truth cannot be rightly known and loved. In the divine and wonderful sublimity of His Person he captivates the heart, and is to it Mediator, Redeemer, and Reconciler. That gratitude and love, so generated, become the creative powers which bring about resemblance: He, at the same time, giving to all those who dedicate their lives to Him, and desire to do His commands in purity and singleness of heart, courage, strength and comfort ; preparing them for Eternity, and leading them, with tender hand and powerful arm, to their ultimate destination: such is agreeable to ‘ *the Word!* ’ and experience has confirmed it.

“ But,” continued the King, on another occasion, “ the people of our day desire extremes, and move in an opposite direction. They separate and tear that which in its connection is fitting and complete, and which alone in its combined state can produce desirable results ; as

that takes place in most exalted and blessed things, so has the internal rending trenched on the affairs of human life, and all has therefore become jogged and shaky.

“Not behindhand is party spirit and factious opposition,—and Will-be-right is on all sides chief word-swaggerer, therefore does indulgence and reasonableness disappear, and from all sides one hears nothing but rancorous disputation.

“By turning from authorities, and each one endeavouring to establish a school of his own, it stands to reason that there can no longer exist a firm union-point.

“The object truth has in view vanishes, and all is split and separated into a thousand diverging conceits and opinions:—that which was of sterling value is no longer esteemed, and novelties are set up only to be mobbed by fresh novelties: because of the number of thinking heads, the end of these struggles is not to be clearly seen, and this number is greater now than ever: *but* a mighty One—a Hero, who is capable of gathering them under his wing, is wanting. He will, however, appear.

“Had one not preserved the good testimony of former days, one might go astray, and make shipwreck of one's faith. We, who have had for predecessors such men as Luther, Melanchthon, Gustavus Adolphus, the Great

Elector, Newton, Grotius, Spener, Leibnitz, and Haller, need not, as their successors, fear the reproach of ‘stupidity,’ for holding firmly to our creed.

“I have often earnestly meditated on—force being out of question—whether some appropriate and efficient remedy might not be discovered, by which the evil could be let off, and a better state of things produced: to accomplish that end I have had the pre-eminent, and best theologians (of course in respect of choosing, I have depended much on the recommendation of others) summoned to me,—placed them in office, and given them good incomes; but I have not found matters improved thereby,—on the contrary, controversies have increased, and verily become more audacious.

“For my own part I am convinced, that, notwithstanding the efforts of malicious insolence to degrade the character of Christ, and ban His Holy History to the province of myths and fable, His Word will lose no particle of the eternal life found in it, but remain the power of God to make blessed those who put their faith in Him.

“For eighteen centuries have the people of the earth found in it that which their consciences sought and required: and His kingdom, founded on the rock of faith, hope, and love, needs fear no power pertaining to books of sceptical theology, whose authors will have passed

away and been long forgotten, when millions of accorded hearts and tongues shall be acknowledging 'Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

That biblical text, together with others of like establishing authority, he treasured in his memory, and was pleased to quote them whenever the changing ideas and novel views of the day were the subject of conversation.

On expressing my joy—the King said, "Shortly before our passage of the Rhine during the winter of 1813, my head quarters being in Frankfort, I heard Parson Spiess deliver an excellent New Year's Day Sermon from that text, and felt greatly edified and supported. I would willingly have engaged the faithful man for our Cathedral Church in Berlin, but he declined leaving his pleasant Frankfort."

However exalted and decided was the King's veneration for the Holy Scriptures, yet was he far from all species of idolatry towards it, as possessing holiness in its dead letters; the vivifying spirit which pervades it, was the all-in-all to him.

Conversant with, and nurtured by it, he disliked all hair-splitting and microscopic explanations, and therein his views and judgments were free, exalted, and tolerant: not without a savour of irony he recounted "how, when he was in Holland, he heard a Dutch Domine

preach—who expounded every word of his text even to the conjunctions and articles, and then elaborately discussed what quality of stones those were on which Christ stood when before Pontius Pilate, in the great hall of the palace—pronouncing them to be mosaic !”

The worthy Parson Engel sent me his well-known “Selections from the Bible,” enclosing at the same time a copy for his Majesty, which he requested me to present;—doing so the King asked me “what I thought of such extracts in general?” According to my conviction, I replied, “Not much; they appear to me of doubtful benefit; and as they must of necessity partake, more or less, of the epitomizer’s views, a natural consequence would be, that that which might be highly valued by one person will be lightly esteemed by another;—that one reluctantly moves the smallest stone from a time-honoured temple—looking on the combined whole as a sacred thing, to be preserved *as* it is.

“In the case of extracts, the most beautiful and glorious texts are often found amidst others of apparently less consequence, like bright stars, giving the appropriate and necessary light to all adjoining; yet, taken from the context, themselves become too often dark. Hufeland, in his “Macrobiotics,” treating of physical aliment, throws out the quintessences as nothing worth.

Shall the soul, then, be efficiently nurtured by such *extracted* quintessences?"

A few weeks afterwards, the King said, "Upon the whole you may be right; but the Bible extracts of Parson Engel, who appears to be a pious, evangelical man, please me nevertheless.

"I like, when the cause don't suffer thereby, the compendious." He ordered several copies to be forwarded to him for distribution, and presented the compiler a costly snuff-box, accompanied by a friendly letter—who, on his part, gave the value, in coin, to the poor of his parish. So lived in the soul of his Majesty, by all his firm and positive decisions, void of heart-contractedness, a serene breadth of view; and he valued with liberality, that which is good, wherever found;—for inasmuch as his sight was firm, so was it tranquil and embracing.

He once said to me, "Whence come the startling differences which I often discover in the interpretations of the theologians, not only in subordinate but even in fundamental points?" I replied, "If you will rightly understand the Holy Writings, they must be read in the same spirit in which they are written: The best expounder of the Bible is the Bible. The Old and New Testaments must be read as a testamentary document—

that is to say, as the testament of a father ; not as a lawyer would be wont to do, *viz.* to discover a flaw,—but as a son who thankfully inherits.”—“ Ei, Ei ! ” said the King, “ that’s a charming idea ! ” Then archly smiling, he said, “ Did you draw that from your own well ? ” “ No,” was my answer ; “ I have to thank my memorable and worthy teacher professor, Dr. Knapp, of Halle, for it ! ” With indescribable kindness he fixed his eyes on me, put his hand on my shoulder, and said in an affectionate tone, “ Do you see, to-day brings forth the fruit of what was planted in youth ;—a charming idea ! I will bear it in mind.”

That the King, possessing such an unbounded veneration for the Holy Writings, should be with heart and soul an Evangelical Protestant Christian, requires no assurance.

Dr. Martin Luther’s translation of the Bible was, to him, on account of its clearness, pith, and unction, a great and perfected masterpiece : also in respect of the German language, which reigns there in all its native fulness.

In that translation, which is at the same time satisfactory to the scholar, and intelligible to the people ; moreover, true-hearted and simple, exalted and forcible,—he saw the presence of the finger of God. “ Luther’s tri-

umph is visible in his translation; to have accomplished which, he must have been under the guidance and influence of the Holy Ghost. There is no greater human achievement beneath the sun. Luther is to be seen in every line!—there he is as he lived and moved!—the very representative, and true type of German national character. He has thrown into his translation the overflowing German heart,—and through its straightforwardness of expression, may be discovered the righteousness of the matter.

“One is pleased to speak of the advancement made in our times,—I am not unmindful of it; but I must say that all subsequent translations of the Bible, down to the very last and newest, are, as compared with Luther’s, wishy-washy and flat: the pithy and sententious form he has given to its contents, cannot be surpassed,—so that his translation is, and ever must remain, the palladium of the Germanic Evangelical Church.”

Next to the introduction of Christianity, the King held the Reformation to be the greatest and most important worldly circumstance: he kept his eyes fixed thereon with true veneration.

With the liveliest interest, he not only read, but pondered over its sources; and that portion of its history connected with his house and country, he knew in an

especial manner, remembering every name and date: indeed, his memory was so capacious and trustworthy, that he never erred in those particulars.

With purest ambition he preserved, one may say, the Protestant sacredness of his crown: and what he acquired in that respect from one of his favourite predecessors,—the Great Elector!—whose faith, operations, deeds, and blessed end, he knew even to the smallest detail,—he carried in his bosom as a sacred inheritance.

In no case was difference of opinion so displeasing to him, as on that point; and he made an end of every adverse observation relative to the Elector, in a manner very unusual with him, “Ei, what, I know better!”

On no subject did he feel himself so exalted, and electric, as at thought of filling, in virtue of his political power and position, the elevated office of protector of the Evangelical Church, in Evangelical Germany: so susceptible was he on that score, that he felt discomposed, when, on occasion of the approaching Third Secular Festival of the Reformation, in 1817, it was publicly reported that other Evangelical countries were about to excel him in respect of the Church ordinances to be observed on that occasion: to be beforehand with them, he commissioned me in the morning to elaborate a programme on the subject, requiring it to be finished by the evening of the same day; and was not a little vexed,

because I did not, and in fact could not, get it ready before the *third* day.

When one reflects on the important daily business that rested on his shoulders, the multitude of new works from all parts of Germany that were sent to him, and the incessant interruption, unavoidably connected with his exalted position,—it appears almost impossible—yet is it true to the letter—that he could have carefully studied and digested the writings of the great Reformers,—especially Luther and Melancthon.

The Excerpta, which he drew out in reference to Church Constitution, and for easier inspection brought into synchronical Tables himself, filled whole quires of folio. Having been summoned to his presence one day, I found the King busily employed thereon, and being already in the same room, was advised by the assistant to wait a little. His Majesty's table was covered with Luther's works. He carefully turned over some, leaf after leaf, in search of what it appeared he could not find. Ignorant of my being present, he read sometimes aloud, sometimes otherwise, then asked himself, "Shall I not find it presently?" When after about an hour he found what he sought, he cried out in a paroxysm of joy, "Ha ! I've got it at last !—Excellent ! excellent !"

Well acquainted with all that Luther purposed, did, and arranged, even to the details,—he was angry when

forced to read in theological writings, opinions relative to that great Reformer, the very reverse of what he knew, and had found in Luther ; when that occurred he would shout out “ Ignoramuses !—they would instruct me in Luther.”

Versed as he was in the establishment, and ecclesiastical institutions of the first century of the Church according to the records of Scripture—especially the Acts of the Apostles,—and taught through Professor Dr. Neander’s writings on Church History : he had acquired a clear insight into the spirit and tendency of the Reformation ; and he looked to it as the great work for restoring what Christ and his Apostles had preached and ordained :—Actively to labour for the promotion thereof, he acknowledged and felt to be his calling and duty.

Familiar with the cheerful blessings which flowed from private devotion, the King was nevertheless a warm reverer of public worship on Sundays. He and his family regularly attended the same, and he knew how to remove all circumstances that could prove a hindrance. “ Sunday,” said he, “ governs the week ; and were I not to go to church I should fail of my solemn Sabbath feeling, consequently lose the essence of the day.” He, the much occupied and continually sought, could find the necessary time,—and was ever punct-

tual to the minute. The lukewarmness displayed by the civil officers he emphatically blamed,—and apology of “want of time,” he designated “a miserable excuse, behind which lurked the true cause, indifference: that the time spent at church was far from lost—on the contrary it edified, refreshed, strengthened, and rendered one more efficiently capable for future labours.” He was well pleased to see his attendants follow his example—and none of his family dared be missing. He forbade all such species of trading as could profane the Sunday,—and made, in consequence of increased pleasure-hunting on Sundays and high festivals, the church police regulations more stringent; but there the matter rested, for he never allowed himself directly or indirectly to use compulsion,—well knowing that force made hypocrites; and hypocrisy was to him one of the worst of impieties.

Therefore he put no value on imitation of his own church-going example, when it appeared to be a purposed imitation; on the contrary he expressed himself with severity on that score,—“They are much mistaken, if they think to attract my favour by their church-going;—when such does not flow from spiritual interest therein, and love of the matter, no benefit will proceed therefrom,—’twere better dropped, *if the heart is not in it.*”

The constancy and steadfastness with which the respectable middle class of the people cling to the parish

church, and remain invariably faithful to their pastor and cure of souls, pleased him much. To a clergyman who had such good fortune, he said, "I rejoice to see that you have so many come-again hearers and communicants!"

On the other hand, he disliked the changing and choosing whimminess of the higher ranks,—and he sharply reproved those who ran from church to church as the breeze of public approbation set in favour of this or that preacher: "'tis nothing," added he, "but the titillations of curiosity—as with theatrical representation: shocking! shocking!"

On occasion of my asking him if he had yet heard the newly ordained clergyman in Berlin preach, who had caused such general sensation? he answered, "Not yet; I shall let the first wild water run off, then will the surface be more calm; I am well acquainted with that sort of thing!"

He was himself a constant attendant at church, even when the weather proved most unfavourable. One stormy December forenoon he found the church nearly empty, but in the evening the theatres* full to overflowing, although 'twas a drifting snow-fall. He felt much grieved thereat, and expressed himself so, repeatedly. From that time he held as invalid, all

* See Preface.

excuses for neglect of public worship founded on the weather.

Until the commencement of his reign, it was usual for the Prussian Court, as well as other courts connected with it by relationship, to have private worship performed in their respective palaces. For *that* purpose, and for divine service in the Berlin Cathedral, six ecclesiastics had permanent appointments.

Frederick William III. disapproved of, and altered that arrangement, declaring it to be an abuse;—"For the Church of Christ," said he, "is the property and sanctuary of every member of Christianity of whatsoever degree,—and public worship amidst assembled parishioners of all ranks and classes, is infinitely more edifying, exalting, and awakening, than separate worship. Public and collective worship brings more forcibly home to the heart, how near akin man is to man—and that there is something loftier and higher, in which we all, without reference to rank and station, are connected with equal right by one holy communion.

"Proud separation is everywhere, but more so in such places, excessively unbecoming and unfitting: those who for a short time are the great of this earth will know no other heaven than the poor man's heaven,—in their *own* hearts will each one find it."

But in what manner did he appear when attending

publicly, divine service?—not with pomp and bustle, not adorned by star or order, not attended by a brilliant suite—but on foot, surrounded by his children, meditative, and simply clad, as a true Christian, whose humility was even outwardly visible.

He admired the proverb, Watch thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, remembering that thou comest there to worship. When he had reached his accustomed pew, and inwardly prayed, there was a mild expression of deep veneration before God, visible, not only in his open, noble countenance, but also in his position and demeanour.

He stood, sat, and listened—not as a king, but as a man—a Christian who felt the necessity of God's grace. He was punctual as the clock, and ever in church before the service commenced: on one occasion, however, he was behindhand, and I waited for his arrival from five to ten minutes; on his entering I gave the organist notice by ringing the vestry bell;—the service over, he sent Colonel von Witzleben, to inform me, "The King was hindered on his way to church by arrival of a courier with despatches,—that his Majesty thanked me for my attention in waiting until his arrival, but that should such case re-happen, never to do so again:—for he held that the many should not and ought not to wait for the *one*, and

that in the church, he only wished to be considered as a simple member of the parish community."

It was easy and agreeable enough to preach before such a master. The sermon to please him could not be too clear, too simple, too impressive, scriptural, pointed, and frank. With a pious composedness of mind he was on all occasions a most attentive listener, and as his judgment with respect to the delivered addresses was correct and fundamental, so was it ever of the mildest. What he sought for, was religious edification and strengthening, and that he found in the explanation and practical application of the biblical text: synthetical oratory disgusted him. It was not awe of royalty and regal parades—for far distant was the King, his family, and retinue from any species of bustle, pomp, or theatrical show, in their participation in the public worship of God: on the contrary it was his high earnestness, his quiet attention to the holy subject, and his example,—which caused the peaceful devotion and elevation so visible in the ever numerous assemblage of the parishioners, during the whole service. The thought and consciousness that they were met in a holy place for general edification, with their revered and dearly loved country's King and father, acted on every heart; and every one, the distinguished as the lowest, felt himself piously raised and vivified.

This was more particularly observable at the celebration of the Lord's Supper on Good Friday, afterwards changed to Maundy Thursday, when the King, his house, and the parishioners, communicated in common.*

He termed the Eucharist "a concentrated Christendom in its most inly appropriation," and to him it was so.

Is any one intent on a matter, his appearance indicates his earnestness; and the deep interest the King took in the celebration of the Holy Sacrament showed itself in lineaments of peace, mildness, and desire:—over his form and face was suffused the glory of devotion.

In the forty-eighth year of my official duties—on occasion of my administering the holy elements—I was most instructively and agreeably led to contemplate the features of the pious communicants of all ranks and sexes,—the deep feeling and sacred awe of the hallowed service was to be read in every countenance. Klopstock desig-

* On that day it is nothing uncommon for 1200 persons to communicate: two clergymen officiate, and the communicants advance to the altar by eights. The bread used, is white unleavened wheaten, which obviates the necessity of the wafer, and the heretofore Calvinist and Lutheran partake of the elements according to the usage of their churches,—the former taking the bread and cup from the clergyman in his own hand—the latter receiving both the bread and wine in his lips from the clergyman's hand. Without mentioning their faith, the clergyman is made aware of their desires by their motions.—Tr.

nated the tear of thankfulness and repentance, of love and desire, dedicated to the Redeemer ; standing in the eye of the Christian in the hallowed moment of being united to Him in the ceremony of the Lord's Supper, —to be “the most beautiful and sublime expression of human nature.” I shall never forget, however impossible to describe, the comfort-bringing sign of pure piety developed by the King, when standing before his Saviour at the communion-table, receiving the hallowed cup, and consecrated bread.

His full blue eye swimming in heart's emotion, glanced upwards, adoring the Almighty with humility and confidence of heart ; visibly evidencing that what he wished he strove for—what he sought he found. Then did a holy stillness reign throughout the crowded church, and every heart's beat was for him, and every look was affectionately directed towards him, supplicating from on high blessings on his honoured head.

When amidst the parishioners he knelt before the King of kings, and Lord of lords, not the most abject of his subjects could display more upright and humble adoration ; and he to whom it had become a necessity and second nature, in all and every thing to be true and honest, received from the power of Christianity “the powers of the world to come.”*

* Hebrews.

As a characteristic feature in respect of this holy matter I cannot refrain from offering another anecdote. When I presented to his Majesty the formula * relative to the ceremony of the Lord's Supper, he at the end of the same, and immediately before the communion, wrote the following inviting and precious words, "Come unto me all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burthen is light."

To take part in the public service and its holinesses, which had become an indispensable necessity with the King, was painfully disturbed and for a long time suspended, owing to the fracture of his leg bone, on the 14th of December, 1826.† Naturally susceptible of changes in the weather, this susceptibility increased since his misfortune, and he became very subject to colds and rheumatism: although recovered, he felt much weakness in the injured leg; so much so that the doctors recommended him to forego his attendance at church, at least during the winter months: but with-

* It has ever since formed part of the Liturgy, still holding the place assigned to it by the King, as above.—TR.

† It was in the palace that the King broke his leg—descending a carpeted staircase, his spur got hampered therein, and he fell.—TR.

out his church and its consolations, he could not exist. Being constrained to give up public worship, he desired to enjoy its domestic performance surrounded by his family and household, and therefore ordered a chapel to be fitted up in a room of the palace adjacent to his chamber.

The hall selected for that family worship was a middling sized oblong ; which being arranged, a spirit of peace and devotion came over every one who trod its *terra sancta*. The high gothic windows admitted the light, softened and sombred through the stained glass representations of holy subjects. The floor was carpeted, and had about forty chairs equally divided, on each side the approach to the desk, that the sexes might sit apart. At the further end was the altar, on which were the Holy Bible, the Prayer Book, and a crucifix between two high candlesticks ; over the altar hung the " *Ecce homo* " of Raphael, and before the altar stood the desk covered with velvet. The hall of worship required no organ, for in the adjoining room, which opened with folding doors, were stationed the choir, consisting of six men and six boys, who sang the Liturgical Hymns under the direction of an approved musician, the small congregation joining in. When the King became sufficiently convalescent to leave his room, and the preparations were completed ; I was commanded to open the chapel in presence of him-

self and family, by performing the first divine service therein.

It was an affecting, memorable, sacred solemnization ; an important epoch in the King's life, and characteristic of his feelings and intentions. I took for my text the words of Joshua, "I and my house, we will serve the Lord," and it gave me an apt opportunity to express *indirectly* all we felt towards his Majesty;—there sat the royal father, surrounded by his family and attendants in earnest meditation—humbly bringing the sacrifice of thanks to a protecting and gracious God who had rescued him out of great bodily danger, and solemnly dedicating himself and house anew, to the Lord of hosts.

The King's palace became a peaceful temple of God, the nation's father a venerated patriarch, he and his family patterns for all the people,—and the soft notes of pious psalmody there raised, sounded as from æolian harps throughout our father-land.

The King's heart was much comforted by the ceremony. "Now am I," said he, "more at home in my house, since I have a chapel therein:—let me have a copy of this initiation sermon—I will put it amongst my family memoranda."

He made me a present on that occasion of a splendidly

bound copy of the Bible,* and spoke delightfully on its precious contents, saying, "It has for every occurrence in life an aptly analogous fact, and an applicable passage. It is the holy Book of Life, for life : truly all depends on taking a right view of the matter." He continued, "It will give me great pleasure to hear that you make use of this Bible for church and home,"—at the same time, accompanying the gift with a look and motion of his hands, which seemed to say, I give to one I love that which I most dearly prize.

Divine service was performed in the Chapel Royal every Sunday and festival day during the winter months. The royal children worshipped there also, but never all together, because it was the King's command that they, being young and healthy, should frequent the public church. Relatives and other princely visitors ; his consort, the Princess of Liegnitz,† and her small court ; his old and tried friend the first chamberlain, Prince von Wittgenstein ; the chief steward, von Schilden, who had been his constant and even-tempered attendant,

* The King was a great admirer of the English Prayer Book, a copy of which always lay on his writing table.—TR.

† The Countess Augusta Harrock, a noble lady of Bohemia, to whom the King was married in the Chapel in Charlottenburg, having created her Princess of Liegnitz, a small dukedom in Silesia : there are no children resulting from that marriage.—TR.

during good and evil fortune; the gentlemen of the Cabinet; the adjutant, physician, &c. &c.; formed the little community, from which none of his household were excluded:—strangers were, however, not admitted.

When the King recovered and felt stronger, his desire and love for public worship in common with his Christian people, returned.

Participation in the Lord's Supper was to him, what it is, and should be,—a holy communion, a Christian association, a public solemn avowal, a symbolical operation, by which the communicant most intimately feels himself connected with the Christian Church, and its Head and Founder. Also it was to him a heartfelt want, to indicate to all his subjects how deeply and firmly he held himself connected with them through the holy bands of Christianity—and how he more especially looked for blessings from that sublime and spiritual communion.*

Would that I were able to communicate all he said on that subject, in the even, simple, and concise manner it flowed from his lips!

True to his convictions and feelings, he made known, in the Spring of 1828, that he purposed participating in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with the United congregation, in the Court and Garrison Church, on

* Suiting it to the prejudices of the Lutherans, was the greatest difficulty his reformation experienced.

Maundy Thursday. The weather was still raw, cold, and stormy—so much so, that the doctors advised him to postpone his visit to the church, more particularly as he had had a renewed attack of rheumatism ; moreover, Dr. Hufeland* begged of me to combine my remonstrances with his to that effect. It was urged that the church air was damp, and would prove detrimental to him, in the yet delicate state of his health—but to no purpose ; for a few days before Maundy Thursday the King required that I should accompany him to the church ;—having entered, he said, “ I do not find it damp,” he therefore maintained his determination of communing publicly, to the great joy of the town and parishioners—to the fearful anxiety of his family and those about him.

The service on Maundy Thursday began at 9 o'clock, and continued until 12 ; the King in earnest devotional feelings, remained standing the whole time, even to the end. All being over, he said, “ Even as the participation in the Holy Sacrament has profited me, so also has the sight of the numerous communicants truly edified and comforted me,—undoubtedly I do not feel myself bodily well—but a small sacrifice on my part was justly due to my people.”

* The court physician—a very celebrated and much honoured man.—Tr.

The doctors were right,—what they had feared and prognosticated ensued,—the King became worse, and kept his room for several weeks. Truly, after that time, he regularly attended church in Summer and Autumn when the weather was mild—but in consequence of increasing susceptibility of cold, he did not take the Sacrament again within the walls of the church, but to the end of his life in the Palace Chapel.

From 1829 the King vouchsafed me increase of personal confidence, and placed me in the intimate position of a so-called father confessor*—in the purest evangelical sense of the word.

So soon as the human heart becomes duly impressed with the importance of religion, it naturally feels the necessity of some one with whom it can commune in an open and confidential manner on its most holy concerns. Every one, who is not a mere respecer of forms and observer of ceremonies, but who desires, loves, and seeks the holy matter; cannot keep the bosom locked during such spiritual yearnings and strivings,—he must open to some one. Reservedness stifles, free communication nurtures, the holy flame. Every Christian has, and the best the most, in the changing circumstances which sway outward and internal life, alternations of mind, when perception is now clearer, now darker,—his faith now

* See Preface.

stronger, now weaker,—his courage now buoyant, now feeble. Subject to a thousand impressions, and assailed by temptations, which changing form meet us in every situation and at every age ;—there arise, as out of mysterious abysses, doubts and enigmas that darken Heaven and dismay the soul. Think we one enemy is overcome, we unexpectedly find ourselves beset by others requiring renewed conflict. Often do we lose in a short moment the good which we have slowly, and with trouble acquired.

The real Christian is never wholly satisfied with himself—and the further he is advanced in godliness, the deeper is his sorrow on account thereof.

No one is free from self-reproach and remorse, and every heart accessible to life's changing snares, has the gnawing worm within. We all crouch beneath some burden—and where so borne as not to be obvious to others, 'tis often heaviest. Every one requires strengthening and stirring up—encouraging and establishing.

So does it ebb and flow in the human heart, whether under stars and ribands, or the ploughman's frock :—man, as man, is everywhere the same.

Truly, insight into the workings of our innermost, can only be accorded to a confidential and familiar friend ; therefore when we would openly and candidly lay bare

our whole heart's weaknesses, and secret sorrows, its struggles and repentances,—the holy seal of inviolable silence is indispensable. The godly, can confide, only in the godly ;—religious reciprocity, alone sanctions unconditional confidence.

From such general and humane point of view, the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures proceeds relative to the moral necessity of confession of sins,—and the Church's desire, that confession be an ordinance at the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

Verily, the early and later Fathers of the Christian Church knew its force, and the construction of the human heart, when they enjoined confession as the *power* of the spiritual cure of souls. Certes, it is not a sacrament, as are Baptism and the Lord's Supper, nevertheless it may be received as a holy ordinance of the Church.

The reader will not be angry at my having dilated on the subject of confession, when I inform him that the foregoing, in its extent and meaning, contains almost to the letter the deceased King's ideas and wishes.

In the year 1831, he had me called to his cabinet, and then handed me a document of two folio sheets, wholly concocted and written by himself,—bearing the antique title, “On the Power of the Keys, or, the Binding and Loosening Powers of the Church.”

Having read it through attentively, the King, after referring to Luther, and making several quotations from his writings,—expressed a wish to see energetic special confession again introduced, instead of (what he termed) “*dull*, general confession ;”—when he had ended his remarks, he desired to know my opinion.

Taken by surprise as to the whole subject matter, I replied to the best of my ability—“The idea in itself was excellent, and carried with it the principles of a greater Church-vitality than existed at present ;—but inasmuch as it grasped deeply into the present order of things, many obstacles would be raised to hinder its carrying out ;—and that it presumed a state of the Church decidedly different from what it is at present.

“That in the provinces where the Presbyterian Synodical Constitution exists, such as Cleves, Julich, Berg, and Mark,—the Church-vitality proceeding in a great degree from the parishioners themselves, the introduction would be easily effected ;—but, wherever the Royal Consistorial Constitution reigned, it would be attended by difficulties: that the whole affair attacked the tenderest points of the people’s religious feelings ; that nothing could be effected by compulsion ; and moreover, I feared the higher grades of society would prove the least acquiescent.

“In such case an opposite result might occur,

whereby lukewarmness in respect of the Lord's Supper would be increased.

“That the present state of things is not what it ought to be, and left much to be wished for; yet it had this preference—that all who communed, did so from free determination and heart-interest. That in the present state of things, neither external honour nor dishonour is connected with the participating in the Sacrament as now ordained, or the staying away;—that, notwithstanding each person followed his own views, the communicants were very numerous in town and country parishes, on Sundays and great festival days.

“My chief doubts, however, arose from the condition of the clergy itself—especially the younger portion; inasmuch as special confession, to be what it should be, and effect its object,—would require much personal staidness, a full measure of experience, knowledge of mankind, and adroit wisdom, such as few possess;—failing in those respects, the matter would become offensive.”

Although the King heard me quietly and allowed me to finish—he nevertheless admitted not my representation to be of value.

“Luther,” said he, “was better informed; will you contradict him?” I replied, “That cannot and will not enter the head of any of our Church,—the best of whom

is not worthy to untie the shoe-latchets of that great man : but of this I am sure,—were Luther now, in the nineteenth century, standing before your Majesty, as he courageously and confidently stood before the Emperor in the sixteenth, he would on this subject, as on many others, alter his opinion.”

With displeasure the King rejoined, “Those are imaginary ideas—you know I dislike empty talk !” Then in a sonorous tone, he said, “ You would have me drop the whole matter—that which I have so greatly at heart ?”

“Not so,” I replied, after taking breath; “ would to God that that which your Majesty contemplates and would willingly give the Church, could be brought about ; Christendom would then be better off ; but as things are, the public is not attuned and ripe for such a measure.

“The good intentioned matter requires, in the first place, adroit introduction and wide promulgation. I would propose its being submitted to the Minister of Church Affairs and General Instruction, von Altenstein, and his suffrage required.”

“ Good,” replied the King; “speak with him, and give him my project.” He then dismissed me ; but scarcely had I left the room when the door was re-opened, and as if the King had in the elapsed moment felt the possibility of having caused me pain, he said, “ You may as

well take your dinner with me to-day?"—a short and characteristic trait, again demonstrating how earnestness and mildness, firmness and tenderness, harmonized in his heart. If on the one hand he feared no man—so, on the other, he would be the cause of sadness to none; and did he surmise it possible, owing to some rash remark, his heart dictated immediate reparation.

Next day I conversed with the minister von Altenstein on the King's project, who, although he expressed himself edified and rejoiced, as respected the importance, and the noble object to be attained; nevertheless it was visible on his countenance, that he keenly felt the manifold difficulties and hinderances that would oppose its accomplishment.

Von Altenstein was quick-thoughted and long-sighted in respect of discovering, estimating, and comparing the adverse strength which every improvement has to struggle with.

Having passed through manifold official duties, he was much experienced,—knew the world and mankind well, and proofed every arising change with great carefulness; in fact, he often weighed and pondered so long before he decided, that his caution verged on timidity.

Animated by a lively interest for knowledge and the arts, he had acquired almost universal information, and in most departments of state affairs he was well versed.

Between him and the King, the messenger had a difficult task to perform; and many a time, urged by them both, I have not known what to do, or what to leave undone—what to communicate or what to withhold,—so that the intended beneficial object might not suffer.

The King was concise, firm, and peremptory,—the minister prosy, hypothetical, and procrastinating. Often when the elaboration of a cabinet resolve has been entrusted to me, I have striven and struggled to hit on the right and mediatory adjustment; and on my many years' laborious career relative thereto, now that it is ended, I can look back to the time with inward satisfaction—conscious that I have often, by my management, rendered useful service to both parties, as well as to the good cause agitated.

The difficulties and anxieties attendant on such a go-between position were made bearable, and the mediatory feelings practicable, owing to the purity of both the King and his minister's intentions.

Whenever their views, judgments and measures were divergent, their strivings ever converged towards the same object; and valued and beloved as Altenstein was by the King, he maintained his position, though sometimes experiencing momentary sadness,—on the whole he was well supported, and favourably received to the end of his life.

No one could have served his King and country with more trustworthiness, devotion, persevering and enduring labour than did Altenstein; and his memory is respected for his many good acts,—such as beneficial foundations and originations, which the present and future generations are, and will be, thankful for.

It is not to be denied that von Altenstein's circum-spection, and doubting, proved at times very troublesome and limiting to the King and his affairs: yet more than *once* very serviceable.

Many a Church matter did our beloved Sovereign think of easy execution when his heart was warm on the subject, which, by the existing spirit of contradiction pervading all ranks, foreboded much opposition. Although the King honoured liberty of thought and freedom of conscience, leaving them unmeddled with; on the other hand, when he found the ways impassable and locked, which he expected would be open and lead to the accomplishment of the good object he purposed, the beneficial effects of which he had made clear to his own mind, he grew fretful and out of humour;—under such circumstances I have often heard him say, “It can’t be borne!—It’s enough to drive one mad!—It is as though mankind were struck with blindness!” Still, with him it did not happen as it has happened many times with other Rulers, who possessed,

as fixed ideas,—obstinacy and tenaciousness ; (a dangerous state of things when combined with power ;) for the totality of his character came into operation, and *therein lay safety and strength.*

Even so in this instance ; for after numerous written and *virâ voce* debates,—he, becoming dubious through the doubts and remonstrances of his minister von Altenstein, allowed the projected idea of changing general confession into special confession, and the thereto connected alteration in Church discipline, to fall to the ground for the present ;—but by no means did he abandon his intention.

Although it was not mooted afterwards, the circumstance could not well be omitted in these characteristics ; and his treasuring it in his own bosom with almost rigid earnestness, clearly proves, how important the King held the matter, and how deeply he had dived into it ;—moreover, how warmly he had at heart—not only the outward which strikes the eye—but the inward increase, of the spiritual prosperity of the Church. That which for *all* he had not been able to accomplish, he held beneficial for himself, and hesitated not to adopt it, in purity of thought, and noble uprightness.

What, in reference to this matter, I witnessed during the last twelve years of his life, owing to the gracious confidence he vouchsafed me whenever I officiated at the

sacramental table in the Palace Chapel, and what I heard from his lips as confession, by virtue of my official position as *Confessionarius*, permitted me to take a deep view into his pure and lofty soul ; which in such earnest and holy hours opened, and spoke out unreservedly a state of mind and life's aim, which more than all else put together developed his veritable greatness.

On these occasions he had nothing to mask or hide ; he put aside his earthly majesty and glory ;—they held him not back—they deceived him not—dazzled him not ;—he was purely man, and desired and struggled to become a very Christian.

What he spake during hours of meditation, after the solemnity, in the private apartments of his palace in Berlin, and Potsdam, is not imperatively a secret ; on the contrary, I feel called on to impart the same to my countrymen, that they may more vividly and thankfully know what a King they have had in him, and how it has happened, that God in a signal manner has blessed the royal house, and the whole country through him.

Therefore dare I make public those communications without violating in the slightest degree the duty of discretion ; indeed, I hold it to be a sacred charge entrusted to me ; and thank my God, as for one of the greatest benevolences of my life, that it has fallen to my lot to be able to do so. That which I have

preserved in detached memoranda, during the last long space of twelve years, I here present in a more consecutive form, and permit myself to say, that I give what I myself heard from the King's own lips—if not in his peculiar, concise, and original manner of expression—who could? yet truly and fully, agreeing in contents and meaning; and in aphorisms as he delivered them.

“You must not suppose that I attend worship from mere habit, or that it is custom which occasions me to go to the Lord's Supper. Even were it mere habit, it were not to be repudiated,—for there are many good and praiseworthy habits:—it is to me no simple Church ceremony, but a matter of the highest importance—a concern of faith, heart, and life.

“He who is a Christian, knowing himself to be so,—to him it is duty, honour, and joy, to declare openly his belief in Christ, and to renew the same from time to time: that through such refreshings, the mind may be enlivened and strengthened.

“Everything that is not nourished becomes weak and sickly. It is requisite, amidst the bustles of life, lured and repulsed in a thousand ways, pulled here, then there, distracted and weakened, that we get home to ourselves again. Are we once more ourselves, then require we assistance from a something more exalted and better than ourselves. To be enamoured of self—to be

vain of self—is a pitiful and worse than childish condition.

“ I know nothing that revives and exalts the weary soul so much, as a pious self-assembling, a re-collecting of something from all,—that is to say, a re-uniting of the dispersed, and dismembered,—that so, through the re-union, we become stronger: nothing lures more powerfully or more tenderly—nothing is more humiliating, at the same time more exalting—than the solemnity of the Holy Supper when the heart is in it: there is no institution in which the divine and human are so intimately blended—so ONE—as therein.

“ That there are strong minds who can do without it,—is what I can’t understand!—for just then, when I find myself inwardly best conditioned, I more strongly feel the necessity of livelily uniting myself closer to the Everlasting and Most High; and can alone thereby find out the right source of safety. You recently held forth on ‘ When I am weak, then am I strong,’—verily you did so—in the very language of *my* soul.

“ And yet there are amongst my attendants, talented, intellectual, and exemplary men, who think nothing of that holy matter—never so much as feel the want of it; singular!—they must in their organization be different from me. However, I appear not to remark it in them; that no one may feel constrained by me. In men who

otherwise have done the state brave service, such profane ways may be bearable—but profanation I endure not. Profanity in the female sex I abhor. Irreligious and godless women I cannot admire—for they are no longer women;—what will become of them?

“But God be praised!—Christianity, and especially the Holy Supper, has in its divine tenderness found its best and general abode to be, in the kind heart of woman. It is, as if the female sex, in its childlike and feeling character, were more akin to Christianity than the male sex. Their greater faith-aptitude it is, which makes them so amiable and worthy of love. I know nothing more beautiful, than to behold a pious mother instructing her children in piety. Her merit is noiseless and tranquil, and peradventure of higher importance than man’s best deeds on the tumultuous stage of the world. Does the most celebrated man believe in nothing loftier than himself, then is he meritless, and poor indeed.

“As far as relates to myself, I cannot do without my Christianity; nay, I should be wretched if I knew not of it, and knowing, possessed it not. I do not comprehend how we otherwise should come at certainty and confidence, exaltation and dignity, enlightenment, comfort, and hope. All this comes more home to me, appears of paramount importance, and grasps me faster,

when I prepare to go to the Lord's table, am before it, at it, and after partaking of the elements ;—then my sensations are peculiar and indescribable ;—and I invariably feel that I would, if I could, retain such state of mind longer.

“The most sorry and miserable view taken of Christianity and its holy ordinances, is to assume that learned and well informed people only hold religion in respect because they consider it so far indispensable and good, as that through the superstition which it infuses into the middle, and more especially the lower classes, they may thereby be more easily held in rein and position ; but that the higher and highest rank are permitted to put aside such bugbear. If that is to be called enlightenment, then know I not what darkenment means !—such *light*, is *coup de soleil*, and maddens.”

“Man, who is endowed with reason and conscience, and a heart full of fear and hope ; is incessantly, as it were by instinct, urged on to the invisible, and allured by a something unknown : remains he notwithstanding void of religion and faith, then is his condition worse than the condition of the animals—and to end the sad matter, he quickly degenerates to the brute-estate.

“Although I willingly occupy myself with Christianity, go regularly to church, and attend the Lord's Supper—and that purely and alone on my own account (and were

I a private man I should do so, more undividedly and undisturbedly)—nevertheless, I wish thereby to set to others a good and cheering example, not for mine, but for the holy cause, and the people's sake.

“ I could wish to see all my subjects happy ; but no human being can be truly happy who is not good ; and to be good from heart and soul, the tranquillizing, regenerating power of religion is indispensable. There can be no doubt about it, when the question relates to the connection in which man stands in respect of God ; it is also true in respect of the connection between man and man ; but in this instance, if those powers which are implanted in human nature by divine grace, do not awaken, urge, and vivify him, his natural powers will soon flag and lose strength.

“ It is delusion to suppose that knowledge of the sciences and fine arts, is sufficient to make men good. To cultivate, to polish, to make agreeable,—O yes ! but to make the heart pure and upright, true and stedfast ! that must come from another quarter.

“ Is religion not added, does it not in domestic and school instruction keep step for step with science,—is it not made the leading power, then does another power take possession of mankind ; and that is the aboriginal power of self-love, which growing apace, produces the poisonous fruit, Egotism. Egotism then renders the

intellectual powers sophistical and pettifogging ; and strange to say, it singles out the most sagacious and learned, as the readier victims ; it teaches them to play at bo-peep in a thousand ways ; and the understanding so operated on, the individual loses character and becomes crafty, sly, and deceitful. Everything born of egotism deteriorates man ; that only which humbles him (Christianity), betters him. Culture of intellect, without moral ennoblement, poisons human society. It is like a bundle of figurantes, whose study is to cheat and deceive each other in the most courteous manner ; still worse,—for cultivated minds practise like them deceptions,—being mutually conscious of deceit. Man no longer trusts to man's word. All transactions must be settled by mortgage, deposit, and insurance. The precious Word, and our forefathers' honest hand giving '*On Truth and Faith*,' has become a tale of other times. Where there is no longer faith, there is no longer truth.

“ I find myself, with reference to the loudly expressed desire of the spirit of the times for the education of the people, through improvement of the schools, in a disagreeable position ; and I often feel inquietude on that score. Undoubtedly, instruction of the people is the basis on which must rest the people's welfare. A neglected, rude, ignorant people can effect nothing good, consequently can be no happy people. Therefore have I

in that respect slackened rein, and given and granted as much as is justifiable, and consistent with state-house-keeping. I hear with pleasure the praises bestowed on the advance of education in the Prussian States. A curious statistical parallel amused me the other day; according to it—as compared with other countries—the greatest number of children receive education in mine;—on the other hand, there are said to be regions in Europe where there are no schools.

“Even where they are in the best and most flourishing condition, many doubts and scruples press o’er my mind. May one be allowed to ask in respect of instruction of the people—has it limitations or not? If it have no bounds, then must one not interfere, delay, or hem in, but let the matter go on, in whatsoever direction it will, and as far as it can. I am, however, not inclined to agree thereto unconditionally. But a more knotty point arises;—having decreed that there shall be limits—the question is, where are they to be fixed? There has been so much written and sent for my perusal by the gentlemen pamphleteers on that subject, that I am almost become confused, and can hardly take a broad, and comprehending view of it, in all its bearings. I talked much when in Königsberg with Professor Zeller on the matter: afterwards Director Snethlage* proved of a different

* Director of the great Joachimsthal Gymnasium in Berlin.

opinion, and his refutation of Pestalozzi verily staggered me.

“It is really confounding when gentlemen who have made a given subject their study do not agree, nay, diametrically oppose each other,—so that what the one recommends as beneficial, the other denounces as highly dangerous. Thus one becomes wearied and vexed, loses desire, and at length feels inclined to give up the matter altogether. But that won’t do ; the matter in itself is of too high importance.

“I have my own thoughts on the subject—at the same time know that I should not be able to carry them out. The deceased Bishop Sack * published a pamphlet containing similar ideas to my own,—he got unmercifully criticised, and obtained the now hacknied appellation of ‘Obscurator ;’ yet was he a worthy, clear-headed man, and one who meant well towards all mankind.

“My opinion is this :—Every man, without exception, has in every grade, as man, a twofold calling : the one for heaven—everlasting ! the other for earth—social ! Considered as a reasonable and immortal being, there can be no bounds for his moral culture,—the career opened to him is without end, and without halt,—he must endeavour more and more to improve, that is, to become

* The former Court Chaplain in Potsdam. Bishop Eylert, the author of these characteristics, succeeded him.—TR.

more and more acceptable to his Maker, and more like to the Saviour in purity of intention and deed. Man is never so good that he may not be better—therefore his strivings must in nowise relax. The greater his moral improvement is and grows, so much greater are his individual comforts and peace of mind—and his usefulness, and general worth as a member of society.

“The capability of human nature to acquire unlimited improvement, is to me its loftiest point, and the clearest proof of its being from God; and that drawn by Him, it will as a necessary result be united again to Him. In that respect, stagnation, which in our day has obtained the affrighting name of ‘stupefaction,’ is hateful to me; and all that is called ‘advancement,’ in reference to the former, is welcome to me, and has ever had my liveliest interest; moreover it will receive, so long as I live and reign, my readiest support. I am of opinion that through and by means of schools and churches, there can never be too much done in that respect. Thereby to awaken, stir up, and advance the good cause, how, and whenever it can be brought about, is highly meritorious. All schoolmasters and clergymen, who have been effective in this pure sphere of action, have especially my good will, and I have distinguished them by rewards and honours, more abundantly than heretofore.

“All is beautiful and good so far; but from the

other point of view,—that which involves their earthly calling,—therein I am of a different opinion, and must contradict. The earthly destination of man forms itself according to the condition in which he is born, the connection in which he finds himself, the disposition and capabilities that Heaven has lent him, and the inclination he feels to this or that occupation. For such calling, he must be awakened, taught, and formed, so that he possess all the necessary knowledge and technical dexterity requisite; and (I have especially the middle and lower classes in view) be it merchant, manufacturer or artisan, farmer, peasant, day-labourer or servant (each in his degree), should know that which it behoves him to know, so that his calling become a pleasure, and he useful to others.

“ We neither do him nor society a benevolence, if we educate him beyond that which is consistent with his degree and calling; for we give him thereby useless information, and awaken in him pretensions and wants which his position in life permits not to be satisfied. Man cannot learn everything,—thereto, are the objects worthy of knowledge too many, and life too short. Let each one learn fundamentally and well, that which for his calling it is necessary he should know. More is not requisite for the attainment of his object in life,—on the contrary, it would disturb and hinder.

“ It robs them of that peace, composedness and limitation, which all mechanical callings pre-suppose and require, if they shall signally succeed. Acquirements beyond the boundary of rank and calling, make forward, presuming, and disputative: leading to the disastrous inclination of making ‘comparisons,’ and occasion, when awakened by feelings of *equal* human rights, unjust judgments, and dissatisfaction of mind. Instead of being comfortable within accustomed limits, they extend the circle of their wishes; and their lives become unsteady and disturbed. They miss what they have never had, and enjoy not what they have. There can be no order in the world without subordination; is this reluctantly borne because they choose to fancy they are clever enough for something higher,—then will the band which binds those in authority with those who are subaltern, and holds together domestic and private life, become loosened;—all those who, by their mounting pretensions, unwillingly bow to necessity, feel their present duties to be pinching fetters.

“ Beyond all doubt, a dark spirit of disquiet and excitement, of pulling down and hunting up, has come o’er the present generation. One class will equal and outdo another, and all are inclined to pass their boundaries; thence comes this stinging, stimulating turmoil.

“ With the ever domineering, and crescentive desire

for sensual enjoyment, and the thereout springing increase of poverty, there is a fermenting leaven below ; which, working to the surface, has already here and there shown an internal agitation, threateningly. I should not wish, by living long enough, to be an eyewitness of the explosion.

“ Is the feeling of equality and the rights of man awakened,—must not in like degree the power be awakened and organized which shall make *duty* of equal sanctity with rights?—if the former takes place without the latter, what result can be expected? The greatest danger of our times may be looked for, from the simultaneous advance of intelligence and pauperism.

“ The culture of intelligence in every direction, by means of public schools, is not to be repudiated ; but it must not be the highest—the ultimate aim. On aptness in calling, character, and conduct, will all eventually hinge.

“ Frightful is the diabolic power which resides in human nature. What has not been undertaken, and what is not continually undertaken, to hinder its outbreak, and keep it within limits ! We have scaffolds, jails, houses of correction, courts of justice and police, arms and sentinels ; yet in every monthly report from the provinces of the monarchy, I am forced to read, to

my great sorrow, that the jails are more and more crowded.

“If I see not the fruit of national education of the people, then can I place no confidence therein. But the error is not confined to the schools, *it must be sought elsewhere*. It is not true, at least not the whole truth, to say the fault lies in the rudeness and ignorance of the people; ‘teach and instruct them, awaken feelings of honour, make mankind happier—and they will necessarily become better!’ Oh no, the better-becoming must come from another quarter.

“Even in the higher classes, those we call educated,—where boasted intelligence is in superabundance,—have I, personally, found the greater quantity of moral corruption; not in that grade, as such, but in many individuals belonging thereto, who prided themselves on their rank: clever, discreet, adroit, useful, agreeable people. I have selected them, placed them in office, attached them to my person, given them honours, dignity and lands,—yet even they have acted towards me with ingratitude, neglect of duty, perfidy and malice. In good fortune they appeared as though they could, and would, do everything,—but in misfortune! which unmasked them, they treacherously and disloyally left me.

“Ambition and covetousness, when they seek to be

satisfied and are really appeased, appear all devotion to the cause and service of Father-land; but in the hour of need and danger, 'tis evident they only meant to serve themselves. The sting *ambition* is in egotism;—is a sacrifice necessary—then is that sting blunt;—covetousness retires, when there is nothing more to appropriate.

“Prudence is far from wisdom. Braggadocio is not courage. Fine words prove not character. Officiousness is not attachment. Obsequiousness is not love; and official cleverness is far from trustworthiness. The true, genuine, unvarnished virtue of mankind lies deeper, and springs from quite another source; which, not flowing within ourselves, all the kindness and favours of the best of rulers cannot produce it.

“Teach me to know mankind (?)—I have had experience enough of all descriptions. The truth of the whole matter is this:—the heart of man is fallen from God, and if it returns not to Him with earnestness and uprightness, all we do is a mental delusion—a life without root or substance. Is he born in Christendom, brought up and confirmed in Christendom—he can only find access to God through faith in Christ.

“Whosoever in Christendom, surrounded by its blessings, falls from Christ in thought and feeling, has a hard task before him, to become again reconciled to

God. He is in an evil position ; and nine times out of ten he becomes lukewarm, and mistakes the point of re-union. I am delighted to talk with Hufeland on such subjects ; had he lived in the days of Christ, I verily believe Christ would have chosen him for one of his disciples.

“It is not to be gainsaid that Christianity incommodes : are we willing to become what it will have us to be—then is it opposed to our natural desires. The conflict with temper is a difficult struggle. It is possible, by piously watching over self, to hold it in rein, and violent and sinful outbursts be thereby avoided : but effectually to drive back or entirely to repress impulses, therein very few succeed—for they ever and anon make their appearance again : has he plucked up one evil root,—in an unguarded moment another presents itself. Alas ! one has always abundantly to do with self:—’tis well that with years one grows quieter and more composed.

“The most grievous position is when man is in controversy with himself. The good and evil principles in his bosom are ever in conflict with each other.

“One must be always on the watch, that evil prevail not, and that we remain strong in righteousness. It’s a slow process—but we improve : well for us if, instead of falling back, we keep advancing, however little ! there is no better or more blissful feeling, than that of religious

growth; other joys, compared to the consciousness of internal improvement, are as nothing.

“Alas! such exalted state of mind remains not long. Before, at, and after the solemnity of the Holy Supper, we have good thoughts,—we take pious determinations and vows, with intent to keep them honestly and uprightly—but we soon relax—and before we are aware, we have got into the old path again. It is the sad destiny of life to be continually disturbed and intruded on. I would fain be oftener and longer alone—but that is impossible. Our duties never cease, and every morning the same routine, with variations, begins again. The delightful thoughts we have had, the pious feelings we have cherished, the good purposes we have entertained, are all carried away by the stream of earthly things; and we find ourselves but where we were: not a hair’s breadth further. This has often caused me sadness and vexation, and I have found solace solely in the conscientious performance of the duties of my position: even in the transitory nothingness of earthly circumstance there is a doing of God’s will. Would that one could get rid of tediously wordy, and useless communications. Often am I myself miscomprehended, on most trivial things.

“I could almost envy the comfortable contentedness of mind I see in some persons: I am never so: the more

earnestly I ponder o'er the matter, and investigate self, the more discontented am I with myself. I know from the Word of God what I should do, and I desire to do it; but I can never wholly succeed—I can never satisfy myself. Something unripe clings to all my endeavours—a defectiveness; 'tis all below the Christian idea of the matter. God has graciously kept me from coarse sins; nevertheless I know of no single transaction in my whole life that I can dare quote, in His holy presence, as being pure in thought and deed,—free from earthly blemish. For that reason is the praise and commendation of mankind hateful to me. All hinges on, how we stand in respect of God; that is the only standard.

“ The egotism and self-satisfaction of mankind often vex me; often, too, they have caused me to smile; for they call to my mind the straddling tail-vain peacocks, the strutting turkeys, and the self-ennamoured apes of the Peacock Island,*—just like them!—laughable folly! miserable self-delusion!—what is man? Has he given himself his undoubtedly glorious and multipotent talents and faculties? No, he received

* A beautiful and favourite small island, in the Havel, near to Potsdam, about four miles in circumference; on which the King has a *château*, aviaries, and domestic birds of all descriptions;—also a *menagerie*, and a celebrated garden, noted for its diversity of roses.—Tr.

them. The favourable connections through which, and circumstances under which, he is able to use and apply them? No, they were sent. Is he lord of them?—they may be taken from him any moment. And yet is he vain and arrogant! O stupidity!—Men who lose their reason, and those who use it wrongly, are greatly infected by a vain, unbounded ambition; when that tips over, snap go the strings, and the FIXED IDEA is established with all its discords.

“The egotist, having nothing but self-love to support him, is always weak of soul, and cowardly in danger; true, genuine courage, springs from humility. The gentlemen at Auerstadt* boasted and poltroned. The gentlemen at Culm, and Leipsig, and Belle Alliance† were ardent, silent, and reflective. The former looked with self-complacency on themselves,—the latter with humility towards God. Such is the distinction, and in it lies the result.

“When I hear a matter introduced as grand, and superlatively promising,—I directly lose confidence therein; therefore have I no great opinion of philosophy, which arrogantly pretends to know all and every thing, alone, and better than others. Obesity is not health.

“In humility alone resides true power and equipoise.

* The battle of, more generally known as the battle of Jena.

† Waterloo.

Not to overrate ourselves—to understand ourselves—to use the powers given us well and timely, and then to put confidence in God,—this presupposes and requires courage, and therefore the humble man is always the strongest and most courageous.

“For that reason I cannot join in the unqualified panegyrics of our times; their tendency is egotistic; now, no one duly honours the authorities, for every one will make himself an authority,—but that can’t be :—thus is life entangled, and lamed.

“God governs the whole. Every human being is an integral part, and his deeds fragmental. Every one an instrument;—the best is always and only that man who is and dares feel himself an instrument in the hands of God. There are also instruments of the Devil;—he is the Father of Lies, and untruth is the source of all sin.

“On God’s blessing all depends; I hold to that truth firmly—I know it, and have experienced it. In the years 1806, 7 and 8, a heavy curse was on us,—and every thing miscarried. In the years 1813 and 14, God’s blessing returned, and every thing succeeded. Even the errors then committed, the repulses we experienced, the misunderstandings that occurred, the confusions which arose, fell out, through a marvellous combination of fortunate circumstances, to our advantage,—

and led to the most unexpected and favourable results ; —so much so, that we were surprised and astounded.

“The important victory at Culm—so beneficial in its consequences,—common report, indeed historical works, have attributed to my insight and orders ; but the truth is quite otherwise. My ally the Emperor Alexander, and myself, had taken our stand on the day of the battle on the Castle Hill near Töplitz, whence we could survey the whole field of conflict. The balance fluctuated—indeed, was inclining towards the French—when at mid-day, at the very deciding moment, General v. Kleist appeared on the heights of Nollendorf with his corps, which insured us the victory. His arrival was by no means part of an arranged plan, but a fortunate circumstance. For in reality General v. Kleist was in full flight from the unfortunate affair near Dresden, followed by the French, and had constrainedly chosen the route through Bohemia for his retreat towards Silesia ;—that it was which brought him to the right spot, at the right moment, where help was needed. We knew nothing of him, neither did he know anything of us,—nothing was agreed upon. That he did not make his appearance earlier, nor later, nor more to the left, nor more to the right, but at the eventful hour, in the right place for deciding the battle—was help and salvation from God. My thankfulness and joy were therefore more inwardly pure ; and I do not feel inclined to have such sensations

disturbed and spoiled, by having attributed to me that which I had no part in;—to God be the honour and praise ! *

“God’s blessing on heart and calling is the best dower man can have ; so is it for a country and people. To obtain *that*, thereto must all our endeavours be directed.

“The disputes of theological gentlemen relative to prayer-answering,—whether such does, or does not, take place ? are to me vexatious, and have worked much harm. It is a matter of experience, as is all practical Christianity ; we cannot *think* ourselves into it ; no, we must *live* ourselves into it. To declare, and fix beforehand, whether God will hear and answer *my* supplication, is perversion, I might say blasphemy. Dare any man—be he the most penetrating—fix a boundary line, showing how far the Divine influence extends, or where it stops in respect of human affairs ?

“All religion and piety rest on the consciousness of a connection existing between man and God. The more we place confidence in Him, the more we may obtain from His grace ;—it happens to man according to his faith,—and he receives according to his receptibility.

* Although this book treats not of political or military affairs, the writer has felt it his duty to communicate this fact as it fell from the King’s lips, belonging as it does to history and truth, and is a beautiful addition to the characteristics of the King,—again showing how truth and piety were all in all to him.

This receptibility is awakened and extended through prayer:—*only* the supplicant shall receive, and the seeker find.

“ Experience alone decides the matter ; and those who have acquired it, hold it of value infinitely beyond all the doubts and objections that can be raised against it. They may carry it noiselessly and thankfully in their hearts, and profane it not. As in Christianity, so also in Christian life, there are mysteries ; there is an outer-court, a sanctuary, and the holy of holies. It depends on where we are stationed. One must not judge another, or presume to make his own ideas a dogma for others. Every one must know and feel whereon he himself is, and live on his own faith.

“ For the rest, the blessed words, Call on me in the time of need, and I will rescue thee, and thou shalt praise me ! will maintain their worth and their power. Experience in this matter is of more value than all theories. The subtilties and vanity of theory often block up the path of experience, particularly in youth. I should not like to be guilty of that. Holy things require a pious and delicate treatment.

“ We lay great stress on the literature of the teachers in churches and schools—we should lay equal stress on their pious conscientiousness. The former without the latter is nothing worth.

“ But how may it be remedied? A thousand times have I given my opinion on the subject, both in writing and by word of mouth, and the correctness of my opinion has been admitted; but there is no visible change and improvement. The fundamental error, ‘intelligence is paramount,’ maintains the upper hand; yet must church and school form mankind for life, and for practice.

“ Of what use is boasted knowledge, if it does not make men better? Our ancestors knew less, and did more; we know more, and do less.

“ No doctrine is more serious and difficult than that of Sin, yet none is so lightly treated. One analyzes it theoretically,—and all discuss it, instead of bringing the subject home to conscience. One asks and answers the difficult question, as if it related to a logical or arithmetical idea, and not to a matter which may occasion horrors to mankind. We define lies, and at the same time inoculate vain children with them, by praising their having *cleverly* answered a given question. Scientific instruction, has taken a direction which will decidedly awaken and foster that fundamental sin, egotism.

“ Concord, in which the whole exists and flourishes, springs chiefly from conformity of sentiment—partly conformity of views. When has the divergency of idea been wider, or the capability greater, to hold forth

and criticise, than in our times ! When I hear and read the controversies maintained by all classes of the people, I am astounded at their redundancy of words. I cannot, however, look on *that* as giving eminence or proving advancement ; for I have always remarked, that those who think most and deepest, speak the least.

“ A small fund of ideas is more quickly put into circulation than a large fund. When I was young, things were very differently ordered : then, every one kept within the limits of a single science, namely, that which he had studied, and purposed to follow through life,—his judgment on what related thereto, was as a consequence received with respect ;—but by our universality of education, as appears by every instruction-prospectus, good intellects are made conversant with every department of knowledge,—so as to be able to prate on all subjects,—vainly desiring that their opinions should be of current value. Does this many-sidedness of instruction, which cannot as a consequence be fundamental, benefit Life or Science ?

“ I have heard much in favour of Schulpforte,*—the officials there formed, are said to be, by comparison, the most fundamental and best educated. With spiritual food, it may be much the same as with bodily

* One of the old Saxon Electoral Colleges, near Naunburg, now belonging to Prussia.—Tr.

food;—it is not the quantity and diversity,—but that which is good, and what we enjoy and duly digest, that produces health and strength. Mankind, partially speaking, appear to be dreadfully crammed, and many suffer from paunchiness. Would that one were more rigid and cautious in respect of sinning! Sin is the evil out of which all other human evils spring. It is frightful to notice by how many provocatives, desire and inclination to sin are awakened. The paths are opened on all sides, instead of being barricaded. Could we see guilt, as it really is, every one would be shocked at its hideousness;—one is aware of it, and therefore is it decked out, painted, and obtains foreign and less repulsive names, that its odiousness may offend as little as possible.

“Such is resistance of God—by trespassing on His laws,—therefore the most formidable sin that can occur;—nevertheless the most universal.

“All—without exception,—truly, the one more, the other less,—carry in their bosoms the festering wound, and with the sin, the inward contradiction. On account of this moral sickness of human nature, did a Saviour and Redeemer appear, in the person of Jesus Christ, who can and will heal us, and free us from such disease. The doctrine of Sin, or rather the exposition of its destructive effects, is therefore the chief doctrine of

Christianity ; for which reason it is also an Evangelium, a glad tidings announcing recovery and deliverance. Disease, bondage and fetters are to be taken away. The world is full of joy at the suppression of serfism ;* yet how much more should it rejoice at the emancipation which Christianity can and will give. To become liberated from sin, from the lust and desire thereof ;—that is the grand desideratum.

“ The strength and readiness to strive for holiness develop—and can only be developed—after the greatest exigency which presses on mankind is removed—namely, guilt and punishment ; this lively consciousness of guilt is the inward worm that gnaws. Shall we have courage and gladness for the present and future ? We must first be tranquillized as to our past life,—and that in a clear and convincing manner.

“ Therefore is the doctrine contained in the Holy Scriptures relative to the forgiveness of sins, the chief teaching of Christendom, and the vivifying principle of the great work of Redemption, in which the fulness of grace concentrates.

“ Forgiveness is reconciliation ; a reconcilment with self, with God and mankind ; sin, and a sinful state of mind, put us in contradiction and struggle with our-

* This more particularly refers to the annulment of bondage, or serfism, in the Prussian States, which was decreed in 1810.—TR.

selves, God, and mankind;—this must be done away with, and harmony re-established, before mankind attains to internal peace, and the power of virtue.

“The assurance, and the consciousness of forgiveness of sins, man cannot give himself. His reason, on the contrary, leads him to the necessary concatenation of cause and effect; his conscience condemns him for ten thousand sins, committed in thought, word, and deed; and although physical nature manifests to him a benevolent God—yet does moral nature present to him no other than an angered Deity.

“For that reason, all nations, before the establishment of Christianity, felt anxiety on that score; and the whole tendency of their divine service and ceremonies was to find out an acceptable mode of propitiating the Most High, thereby to obtain reconciliation and forgiveness of sins, the whole extent of which could only be known to an Omniscient.

“So soon as conscience is awake, and we earnestly set about improvement, the necessity of forgiveness of sins is first on the list; without which—peace, courage, strength, and hope cannot be obtained.

“The glorious proclamation of total amnesty, and the world-liberating doctrine of general forgiveness of sins, are preached to the world by the reconciliation-death of Jesus Christ,—and fallen mankind is raised up again by

virtue of his cross. To many, all this is foolishness and a stumbling-block ; but to those who know what sins, and their forgiveness, have to do with conscience, it is divine power and wisdom. Therefore is the Holy Supper such an indescribable, solemn, and comforting matter. The Christian brings to the altar, confession of his sins—and receives the forgiveness.

“ O, what is not contained therein ! He who feels that he must die, and that such may happen at any moment—who believes in a judgment and an Eternity—can never know quiet as to the present and future until he feels conscious of being relieved of his past sin-score.

“ Who is to relieve him therefrom ? He himself has not the power ; for he is the debtor bending beneath accumulated debts.

“ Sophisms, and the delights of sense, may for a time silence the inward monitor,—but not for ever. He knows how to enforce his rights, and make himself felt, by means of anxious hours and sleepless nights. Old and long forgotten ulcers open afresh, and inward consciousness tells of penalties to come. Conscience never sleeps so soundly as not to awake at the approach of death.

“ It is in *these*, the soul's profoundest points, that Scriptural Christianity develops itself, in all its consoling

and helping fulness. The doctrine of the reconciliation-death of Jesus, and the therewith combined divine promise of forgiveness of sins,—fill believers with the blessed feelings of acquittal, of salvation, and of Redemption.

“The greatest of all benevolences,—that of internal freedom,—fills the soul with innermost reciprocity of love, and the most heartfelt gratitude. Love and gratitude are the whole morality of Christians, and love and gratitude make the most difficult duties easy. Love and gratitude are the fundamental powers of moral nature, and surpass every other motive, in purity, strength, and durability.

“Love and gratitude place mankind in the tender, and at the same time influential, position of child and father, and engender childlike simplicity of sentiment. When this childlike simplicity reigns, it leads to the blessed state of adoption; then, one has nothing to fear from God’s stern justice,—but everything to hope for from His fatherly love,—in time and eternity.

“The right of adoption spreads over the heart, life, and whole Christian existence, a serene quiet and an invigorating peace,—every thing is in accordance and harmony,—the outward and inward attuned. The miserable patchwork—the wretched labouring on single

virtues, ends ; the huddled together fragments of single ideas and images disappear ; the starts and ebullitions of changing motives vanish,—and the still, deep power of gratitude and love makes the stream of life clear and peaceful, and we know of a safety haven, to which we have—right of entrance.

“Single good works, whereby many think to benefit their account with God, and even merit reward, are no longer available ; being of no more value than new patches on an old garment, making the blemish larger. Luther admirably says, ‘Good works do not make a good man, but a good man makes good works.’ All depends on the feelings,—and one can arrive at union with God, only through the childlike feelings of love and gratitude.

“In His presence nothing on our part *can* be meritorious. The Christian is no servant, who does service and claims hire,—but a child in the Father’s house, who can and will inherit.

“These childlike dispositions of mind, this simplicity of life, all that is good in and about man, are the natural result of love and gratitude,—but can only appear through the consciousness of Divine Grace ; therefore is it the vivifying principle and cause of his acceptable condition—they the effect,—but in no respect *vice versâ*.

“So have I understood the Bible ; and that is the pure

substance and vivifying spirit of our Evangelical Church.* From the time that all this was made clear and important to me, I have become more confident in my faith, my duties have proved easier, my peace serener, and my power has gained more inward strength.

“I know of no other means by which it could be brought more home to mankind—made of more importance, and at the same time simpler to them. Yet have I remarked that the majority of clergymen fail to enforce sufficiently the main doctrinal points—the reconciliation-death of Jesus, the forgiveness of sins, the power of gratitude and love, and the state of adoption: on the other hand, they occupy themselves with non-essentials. Nevertheless, all depends on the childlike feeling of mankind: has one obtained that, then will everything relative to religious life prove lighter;—but has he not attained to that state of simplicity, no code of morals will be of help to him. Morality alone, is a tree without healthy roots.

“’Tis strange, but nevertheless true, that those weighty matters are often, more quickly seen and more fundamentally understood by pious and upright laymen, than by learned theologians who have studied deeply;

* The King in 1817 caused the union of the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches throughout the monarchy, which now form the United Evangelical Church.—Tr.

and consequently ought to know better all that relates to such holy subjects.

“There is no class of men more opinionated, and with which one has more difficulty, than with the theologians. In all transactions with them, bitterness and party-spirit never fail to show themselves : one has heard tell of theological hate ; said to be the most deadly of hates. That Luther experienced it, is matter of no great surprise, for he was a vehement, spare-nobody man ; but there must be something more in it,—some deeper cause,—for Melancthon, one of the most learned, meek and peace-loving of theologians, experienced it,—brought about by his own congregation ; whereat he complains bitterly. Not without emotion did I read lately the fervent prayer which burst from that venerated reformer when on his death-bed, and fully conscious of the near approach of death,—he therein thanks his God, for that he will soon free him from the fury of theological hate.—Dreadful ! and that within the pale of a mild religion, whose highest principle is love. I am sometimes inclined to think that there exists a theology void of religion. What has a Christian community, requiring edification and comfort, to do with the controversies of quarrelsome theologians ?

“I read somewhere this curious passage : ‘Artists have always been the most hurtful to the arts, and the servants of the Church the greatest enemies of the Church.’

“The misfortune is, such things are repeated, and so old stories become new. Touching the business of the Church union, I read with much interest transactions relative thereto, in what took place in the reign of the Great Elector, Frederick William I. I was inclined to believe, that we of the present day were further advanced, and better understood the pure spirit of Christianity, than they. But the same contradiction that my ancestors experienced, I am fated to hear two hundred years afterwards, with this difference,—that they were then ardently pondered o’er and more fundamental, whereas the now offered rubbish is without foundation and inward force,—a miserable prating.

“I have had divers treatises sent me, maintaining that the formula* of the Holy Supper according to the newly-arranged Prayer-Book, favours the doctrine of the Calvinistic Church more than the Lutheran,—and therefore the said Prayer Book is a hinderance to the Church union. There’s not a word of truth in what they say !

“I know well that the union depends much on that point ; therefore, to do away with all creeds and separating party-spirit, and to blend both parties into one Evangelical Church, the Holy thing is brought back to its fundamental authority,—where one alone can come at the primitive typification.

* See Appendix.

“ The Lutherans and Calvinists put not their faith in Luther and Calvin, but in Jesus Christ, whom they both have preached, and who is the only Lord and Master of all Christian Churches, confessions, and individual Christians. It is neither Luther’s nor Calvin’s Holy Supper that is solemnized, but Jesus Christ’s. Is it possible to solemnize the same in a purer and better,—a truer and a more awakening manner,—than when one exclusively takes the words—the only words—used by our Lord himself,—void of all human additions? Does this take place, then is neither the Lutheran nor the Calvinistic dogma violated. This has taken place,—and one had a right to hope that the unfortunate wall of separation would be thereby removed. But there are strange and astounding theologians, who would be more Christianly than Christ himself. The veritable foundation of their opposition, however, is this,—governed by old prejudices, bound to accustomed words sanctioned by the Church, and led by earlier impressions and sentiments, they can only think of the Holy matter in the inherited manner, and fancy and fear that they will lose the essence if they surrender the darling Old Form.

“ In plain, well-intentioned folks, such conduct may be explained and excused,—moreover *they* should be treated with delicate indulgence on all occasions. But Doctors of the Holy Scriptures, theologians, and pastors

of parishes, ought to know the vivifying, pure spirit of Christianity better ; and if they, obscured by the dead letters of the Confession, damp this spirit, and would separate the union and unity that Christ and His Apostles evidently intended, by hindering, disturbing, and originating discontent,—then do they heap on themselves grievous and heavy sins.

“ It doth appear to me that limitation of the Spirit of Christ to arbitrary human forms, and fettering to such forms this delicate, and at the same time potent matter is truly affrighting ; I see therein a violation and usurpation, which may be difficult to vindicate, and such as the conscientious lover of truth would not be guilty of.

“ Especially—the most delicate points are thereby wounded—the most glorious and precious thing that the Lord had in view, and what He desired to give them, is hindered, and denied to those who would come to Him. The all-encompassing sublimity of Christianity is shrivelled, and withers under the pressure of human formularies.

“ I cannot enough marvel at the deep wisdom and extensive benignity of the Redeemer, in respect of the Holy Supper, as displayed in the manner and form of its ordination, and the words which fell from His lips on the occasion. Like all His sayings,—so does this include within it the qualities of clearness and depth.

“Clearness, that every one, even the simplest, may comprehend ; and profoundness beyond the fathoming of the most penetrating thinker. Combining these two qualities, the words of the Holy Ordinances suit every degree of education and faith of the community, and give to every one from this abundance, what according to his aptness he can compass, and what according to his capacity he is capable of receiving and containing.

“The simple but honest peace-of-soul seeking Christian, the plain citizen, and the countryman, in their taking of the elements, show forth the death of the Lord with the same gratitude as a Newton, a Leibnitz, and a Haller ; and they, as well as these, feel themselves raised up, strengthened and advanced,—each according to his capability of comprehending.

“All, of whatever rank they may be, join in, and partake of the same elements ; but every one receives differently, each according to that which is in him.

“Marvellously doth the Holy solemnity suit itself to every individuality ; it encompasseth, taketh hold of, bendeth, and exalteth every one in his peculiarity ; each one otherwise, and yet all through a *one* grand animating power, are collected and united, notwithstanding differences of rank and mind,—in the GREAT ONE who died for all, and of whom all are in need.

“ Fruits common and rare, fostered by the light and warmth of One Sun, are awakened, enlivened and ripened, each according to its species and quality ; yet all proceed from, develop and grow, through the influence of a wonderful and divine power.

“ This has been the plan of the Creator, as well of the natural, as of the spiritual world : in and through the Cross He has established sublimest unity in richest manifoldness, — spreading the same beautifully, and gloriously, through thousand tongues, and languages, — from the rising to the setting sun ; — this and this alone is the profound, yet clear hieroglyph presented to us in the Holy Sacrament ; — the sun as it were of the spiritual heaven.

“ What have the theologians not made of it ? And what are they not continually making of it ? The clear and profound words of the Lord, they compress into forms of miserable dead letter, and as it were lace the powerful word of God, within constraining formularies of sectarian creeds.

“ What the Lord would unite and bring together as one flock under one shepherd, the theologians tear asunder ; sowing discord amongst the community, by tacking to *their* fabricated formularies blessing and curse, and occasioning the Holy banquet of Love to become a banquet of dispute and severance. — Frightful !

“Conscious of the pureness of my motive, and certain that the begun union of the Churches, in the manner I have pointed out, is a good and well-pleasing task in the sight of God, and suited to the spirit of Christianity, I feel sad and vexed at the renewed opposition manifested on the part of the so-called Old Lutherans, and which continues, instigated by ugly insinuations. But I will not let drop the good and holy matter—I have it too much at heart. Besides, it has already taken root, and is, although slowly, progressing. I hope to God it will continue more and more to thrive, even though I live not to see it flourish. But with respect to the theologians, the matter stands worse than I anticipated; and I must often damp my indignation by the divine supplication, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

“But it is part of the blessed working of the vouchsafed solemnity of the Holy Supper, that it, by its mysterious powers, exalts above all refractoriness, and obstinacy that *here* opposes and would oppress and limit,—transplanting to a realm of light and peace, where all is different and better. In this Holy solemnity one finds oneself on the boundary of two worlds, and one is inwardly quickened at the thought that life’s path leads through trials and troubles to an Eternal Home, where that will be made clear, which has been dark to

us here ! But the darkness affrights not those who are on the side of Him who is the Light of the World, &c. &c."

I find by my Diary, that I could extend such Royal Confessions of the last twelve years ; but enough is here communicated, to show on what foundation King Frederick William III. stood as a Christian, and in what sphere he breathed and lived.

Throughout we see that the holy matter was a sacred subject of highest earnestness with him. With that respectful God-fearing awe peculiar to himself, he looked up to it and treated it as a holy thing. If it was his practice to despatch all worldly business that came before him with clearness and promptitude on the spot, and without long consideration,—in his treatment of matters relative to religion he was anything but rash.

Before he began to speak, a pause ensued, and one could observe that he collected himself, and re-thought and arranged what he purposed to say. The movement of his body responded to the movement of his mind. He extended himself in his chair, the muscles of his face vibrated, his features became milder, his countenance was more lively, and his usual temperament, almost bor-

dering on coldness, went over to a placid yet increasing energy. By it animated, his aphoristic and fragmental manner of speaking was dropt, and so soon as the subject gained in interest, the same became a clear, deep stream—a stream however, which never flowed between flowery banks,—but truly through fruitful meads. Nothing in, or about him, was imaginary—all practical.

The truth and reality of his religiousness consisted therein,—that it broke not into isolated ideas and feelings, which, showing themselves for a moment, pass over—coming and going, as though they were only required for a fixed occasion, after which they could be put aside, until new circumstances demanded them again; no, it was to him an affair of the understanding, of the heart, and of life—an affair of the first and highest importance. It was the point from which he set out, the point to which he would go,—and inasmuch as he had a perfection in all things, so had he for all things a surest foundation. He treated religious matters, not as state affairs—which, conferred on, resolved on, and despatched, are no more disturbed, unless a new case occurs bearing thereon—no; for with him the fear of God was the one great condition, under which all that is good, of whatever name, can alone thrive; therefore was it the soul of his private as of his public life. As he will live in history,

so can he be signalized by no more suitable, complete, and true term, than, Frederick William III. the Pious.

During the last 25 years of his reign, he conducted, absolutely, the affairs of the Church; for all that has occurred with respect thereto, was pondered o'er, arranged and ordered by him, himself. The matter of the Liturgy, Common Prayer, and Union, was wholly his work,—so that one may say with certainty,—without his immediate, continual, and impulse-giving conduct, it could never have been accomplished, in face of so much inimical opposition. His personal investigation of the whole matter had been so decisive, and satisfactory to his mind, and his predilection for the work in hand so great, that he even became jealous of any one sharing in the honour of putting the important undertaking into activity;—and it is notorious, that he appointed, ordered, and introduced this affair into his parish church,—the Court-and-Garrison Church in Potsdam,—without previously informing, or mentioning a word thereof, to the then Minister of Spiritual Affairs. Minister, v. Altenstein, could hardly master the influx of business that fell to his department,—and considering his excessive caution and anxiety, his post proved one of great difficulty. The *How* was in this matter as embarrassing as the *What* was important. For the views and persuasions of Chris-

tianity, which the King had fostered and would make valid, were the simple and grandiose of the olden times,—but those ideas and forms did not fall in with the present state of things.

He had nourished his soul from the Holy Scriptures. Their vivifying, regenerating, and comforting power, he knew from his own experience,—and that was of more value to him than any system of theories.

His soul bent before the positive divine character of Christianity ; its wonders and mysteries filled him with deepest veneration ; for he saw in them, great and exalted analogies with nature's outspread book. With the same glance wherewith he scanned *that*, he contemplated the Divine Revelation ; and its holy authority was his rule and standard.

The Sacred History,—which gave to the world a new and spiritual life,—and which, as an immense fact, has, together with the wonders of its renewing power, stood for 1800 years firm as a rock, daily regenerating every believing mind,—was to him a fact ; and the attempt to refer this Holy History to the region of Fable, was highly offensive to him,—yet he believed such desire to be but a passing-over mental obscuration, which would soon clear up, before the light of Him, “who was, and is, and is to come !”

The ideal of the Christian Church he carried with

him,—and considered the bringing back the Evangelical Church of his country to the first faith-principles which gave it life, and thereby to its early apostolical simplicity and dignity; as the loftiest problem of his life.

At this time, when the King's character had so decidedly developed itself—surrounded by national prosperity and domestic comfort, having reached the pinnacle of fame, and become honoured by all Europe—he thought on death!—and wrote, on the 1st of December, 1827, his last Will and Testament. He was then 57 years of age, powerful and healthy.

And what a Testament!—it is the direct expression of his soul, such as only a Christian father of a family could write, and such as very few kings have written. It is the familiar outflowing of a heart that bids “farewell!” leaving behind words of peace and benediction;—of a heart reconciled to God, to itself, and the whole world; calmly looking forward to the last decisive hour!—therein is nothing sought, strained, or adorned. All, from the first word to the last, breathes of simplicity, truth, and faithfulness. Of that which he purposed, originated, and accomplished, there is no mention;—his praise and thankfulness were alone for God's grace and help,—and no other and higher wish did he cherish, than that “God might be unto him a merciful and gracious Judge.” 'Tis evident that that precious document was intended by

the August Testator, solely for the eyes of the members of his family. He, a friend to publicity in general, loved it not in relation to himself—even the outward splendour of royalty was far from being his personal desire : internal worth was his costliest ornament—and humility his garment.

Therefore is our joy greater, and our thankfulness more justly due to the now Reigning Monarch, for that, on his coming to the throne, he presented to the nation this Testament as a precious inheritance,—and like a stream of blessings it has flowed, and still flows, through the nation, edifying every inhabitant, whether of palace or hut,—knitting, if possible, more strongly all hearts to his August Successor, and the royal house. The following indulgent rescript was addressed to the ministers of state by his present Majesty.

“ I order the publication of two precious documents, which by the desire of my, now reposing in God, father and master, were put into my hands on the day of his death,—the one commencing with,

“ ‘ My Last Will ;’

the other with the words,

“ ‘ On Thee, my beloved Fritz,’—

both written by his own hand, and dated December 1st, 1827. The heroic King of our important period, is departed and gone to his rest, by the side of the fervently

lamented, and never to be forgotten Queen.* I beseech Almighty God, the Ruler of all hearts, that he permit, the love of the people, which sustained Frederick William III. in the hour of danger, cheered him in old age, and sweetened the bitterness of death, to pass to me his son and successor,—who with God's help is determined to tread in the steps of his father. My People! beseech with me for the preservation of that rich blessing of peace—the precious jewel which he by the sweat of his brow gained for us, and fostered with fatherly hand: this know I,—should that jewel ever be endangered—which God forbid—then will my people rise as one man at my call, as did his people when he called.

“So loyal a people is worthy and fitted to receive royal communications, such as follow; and will feel that I can signalize the commencement of my reign by no worthier act, than making them public.

Sans-Souci, 17th June, 1840.

(Signed) “FREDERICK WILLIAM.”

“My Last Will.

“My time with trouble, my hope in God!

* He was buried at Charlottenburg, in the Mausoleum built by him for the remains of his dearly beloved consort, the beautiful, good, and lamented Queen Louisa,—where is her whole length effigy—recumbent and sleeping;—the inimitable work of Rauch, marvellous for its likeness in form and face.—Tr.

“ On thy blessing Lord, all depends; also, *now*, in this matter.

“ When this my last Will shall meet your eyes, my dearly beloved children, my dear Augusta, and the rest of my loving relatives,—I am no more one of you, but belong to the departed. May you then, at sight of the well known inscription, ‘REMEMBER THE DEPARTED,’* think of me with loving-kindness.

“ May God be to me a merciful and gracious Judge, and receive my spirit, which I commit unto His hands. Yes, Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit !

“ In another world, Thou wilt unite us again; mayest Thou find us worthy through Thy grace, for the sake of Christ, Thy beloved Son, our Saviour. Amen.

“ Heavy and severe trials have I undergone according to the righteous will of God,—as well in my private and personal circumstances, (particularly seventeen years ago, when I was deprived of my dearest and best Beloved,) as by the events which so direfully struck down my much loved country. On the other hand, God has—eternal thanks be unto His name for it !—permitted me to witness glorious, joyful, and comforting circumstances. Under the first I reckon the victoriously ended struggles of the years 1813, 1814, and 1815, which our country may thank for its restoration. Under the last, the joyful and consoling, I peculiarly reckon the

* The superscription over the door of the Mausoleum.

hearty love, attachment, and well conditioned minds and conduct of my children ; so also the signal and unexpected providence of God, which gave to me in my fifth decennium a consort, whom I feel in duty bound thus publicly to mention as a pattern of constancy, and delicate attachment.

“ My true, cordial, and last thanks, to all who with love, faithfulness, and personal attachment have been devoted to me.

“ I forgive my enemies,—also those, who by malicious speeches, writings, or premeditated misrepresentations, have striven (but thanks to God, seldom with success) to rob me of the confidence of my people—my greatest treasure !

(Signed) “ FREDERICK WILLIAM.

“ Berlin, 1st Dec. 1827.”

“ On thee, my beloved Fritz, devolves the burthen of business incidental to governing, and with it the whole weight of its responsibility. Through the position in which I placed thee, in anticipation of this event, thou art more prepared for thy duties than many other Heirs-apparent.

“ It is now, with thee, to fulfil my just hopes, and the expectations of the country,—at least to strive to do so. Thy principles and sentiments are to me pledges, that thou wilt prove a father to thy subjects.

“Beware, however, of the so generally spreading desire for change. Beware of impracticable theories, which are flying about in every direction. Heed thee also for a too long pugnacious preference for that which is established, and which may prove almost as pernicious as the other,—for only then, if thou understandest to avoid both these rocks, do useful improvements take place.

“The army is now in a remarkably healthful condition;—since its re-organization it has fulfilled my expectations,—as in war, so also in peace;—may it never lose sight of its high destination; and may the country likewise never forget what it owes to it.

“Neglect not to further to the utmost of thy ability, union amongst the European powers; but above all, may Prussia, Russia, and Austria never separate;—their union may be considered as the keystone of the great European Alliance.

“All my dearly beloved children, justify me in the expectation, that their continual strivings will be directed towards, and be distinguished by,—a useful, active, pure, moral and religious course of life; for only *such*, brings a blessing;—in my last hour that thought will be my consolation.

“May God preserve and protect my dear country: may God preserve and protect our house, now and for evermore.

“May *He* bless thee, my dear son, and thy rule ; may He vouchsafe thee thereto strength and wisdom,—and give thee conscientious and attached councillors and servants, and dutiful subjects. Amen.

(Signed) “FREDERICK WILLIAM.

“Berlin, 1st Dec. 1827.”

In this Testament, nothing is overlooked, nothing forgotten. One sees in him, the plain man, the tender husband, the happy father, the heedful ruler, the decided Christian ; and all with simplicity, plainness, and humility. One sees in him the man whom God through crosses and sufferings wonderfully and gloriously led to the height of earthly greatness—on which he stands enveloped in inward and outward glory, gazed on and honoured by all the world. But he takes nothing to himself, attributing every thing to the grace of God.

The Testament was written by himself ; but what in silence he brought in order and settled with God, is in the archive of his own breast. The precious bequeathment was carefully folded up and placed in his desk—but so, that after his death it could readily be found. Thus prepared, God granted him to live full twelve years longer, amidst the blessings of peace and secured prosperity.

The King departed this life the 14th of June, 1840.

APPENDIX.

THE Translator presumes that the frequent mention of the Lord's Supper in the foregoing selections, may make that ceremony, as now practised in the United Evangelical Church by appointment of his late Majesty, of interest to the English reader ;— he therefore gives the following version of the Communion Service, from the authorized Agende, or Common Prayer Book :—

“(When there is no Communion, the Divine Service ends with the final hymn that follows the Blessing ; but if Communion,—then the Clergyman appointed to the administration of the Lord's Supper again steps in front of the altar during the singing, and says :)—

Beloved in the Lord ! Inasmuch as we are willing to hold the Commemoration Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ for the strengthening and confirming of our faith, as ordained by Him ;— therefore let every one examine himself, as admonished by the Apostle Paul ; for this Holy Sacrament is given the afflicted in conscience, the God-fearing, and salvation-seeking, to their strengthening and comfort,—if at the same time they take earnest determination to amend themselves, to eschew sins, and to lead an upright life. In that we must acknowledge ourselves sinful and guilty, and unable to help ourselves,—therefore has Christ, the Son of God, our beloved Lord, had mercy upon us, and is for our sin's-sake become man, that for us he might fulfil the law and will of God—taking and enduring, for our redemption, the death, and all that we are liable to on account of our sins. To confirm the same he hath appointed his Holy Supper, that every one who eateth of this bread and drinketh from this cup, may believe in the words then spoken by Jesus Christ ; that he in the Lord Christ, and Christ in him,

remain and live everlastingly. Thereby we are to remember him, and proclaim his death, namely, that he died for our sins, and is raised again for our justification. Thankful for this unspeakable mercy, let each one of us take up his cross and follow him; and, according to his commands, love one another, even as he hath loved us; for we are all of one body, *inasmuch* as we all partake of the same bread and drink out of the same cup. But those who are unworthy, *i. e.*, such as with impenitent hearts, being void of faith in the promises of God, and without reconciliatory spirit and determination to amend, eat of this bread and drink out of this cup;—make themselves guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, and reap the damnation,* from which may God in his mercy preserve us all.†

THE CLERGYMAN.—Kneel and hear the words of consecration : (*The Clergyman now turns to the altar, and reads the words of consecration. The congregation listen to the same kneeling, and do not rise until the blessing is pronounced.*) Our Lord Jesus Christ in the night—the same in which he was betrayed—took the bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave it to his disciples, saying, Take, eat: this is my body, which is given for you;—this do in remembrance of me. Likewise after supper he took the cup, gave thanks, and said: This cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you and for the many, for the remission of sins;—this do, as often as ye drink, in remembrance of me.

(*Hereupon the Clergyman turns again towards the congregation, and says,*)—The peace of the Lord be with you all.‡ Amen.

Let us pray.

Lord! Thou who by thy death hast given life to the world,

* Or, *himself eateth and drinketh the judgment.*

† Instead of this address, that on page 100 may be substituted. Also, the clergyman is at liberty to use the Lord's Prayer before or after the consecration.

‡ The choir may answer:—And with *thy* spirit. (*Implying a reciprocal wish.*)

deliver us from all our sins, and from all evil; vouchsafe us the strength of will to remain ever faithful to thy commandments; permit not that we separate from Thee, who reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost everlastingly. Amen.*

THE CHOIR.—Amen. Amen. Amen. (As above.)

O Lamb of God, which beareth the sin of the world.

Deliver us, good Lord God.

O Lamb of God, which beareth the sin of the world.

Hear us, good Lord God.

O Lamb of God, which beareth the sin of the world.

Vouchsafe us thy peace and blessing.

(During the singing of the choir, the distribution of the Holy Elements commences. It is accompanied by other appropriate sacred hymns, sung by the congregation until the end of the Communion.)

THE CLERGYMAN. *(At the distribution of the bread.)*—Take and eat, says our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is my body, which is given for you;—this do in remembrance of me. *(At the administration of the cup.)*—Take and drink all of ye thereout, says our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; this cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you;—this do in remembrance of me.

(After the Communion the Clergyman says.)—Let us pray.

Almighty, and Everlasting God! we return Thee our fervent thanks for the unspeakable mercy, that by our taking thy Holy Supper we have been made partakers thereof; we humbly beseech of Thee that Thou wouldst give us with equal certainty the working of thy Holy Spirit, as we have just now received thy Holy Sacrament: in order that we may embrace with faith and ever keep thy divine mercy, remission of sins, union with Christ, and everlasting life, as promised to all of us in the same.

We furthermore thank Thee, Lord Omnipotent! that Thou hast quickened us by thy divine mercy; and we beseech Thee that thy

* This prayer, in its earlier form, is found in 2nd part, page 113, and may be used in that form.

tender mercy may lead us by it to a vigorous faith in Thee, to brotherly love towards all mankind, and to a lively growth in godliness and all Christian virtues, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who, together with Thee and the Holy Ghost, reigneth everlastingly.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.*

The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen.

THE CHOIR.—Amen. Amen. Amen. (*The Communicants joining in.*)”

(*End of the Ceremony.*)

* In Silesia,—the so called Old Lutherans who opposed the Union, protested against the use of the plural pronoun,—nevertheless, the Clergyman is permitted to use in this place Thee or You, as he may think proper.—Tr.

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